The making of a Gentleman begins early

WHEN he is about three, Mother gently points out that it isn't good form to knock down a lady or to hit her over the head with her own teddy bear. Nor is it courtly, as Father suggests a year or so later, to run her down with his velocipede.

Now, as the boy grows older, comes dancing school (oh hated thought!) where, between emotional awakening and patient teaching, the rough social edges begin to wear off.

The little girls he used to belabor are now strangely changed . . . mysterious, delicate, and beautiful things, to be attended, cared for, and protected. For the small reward of their smile, his tie must be straight, his shoes aglow, his trousers pressed. For them he must rise, he must bow and perform a hundred other little gallantries which once he scorned. And while he learns that these gestures are the keys which unlock a woman's heart, he learns also one of the most important truths of all:

That good looks, agreeable manners and charm count for little when the breath is "off color," and that the nicest precaution against this offensive condition* is Listerine Antiseptic.

Start Him Early, Mother

If his mother is smart, she will start him on this delightful daily routine as early as she can. It's a breath freshening habit that may pay him rich dividends in health and popularity his whole life through . . . the standby of countless attractive men and women in the business and social world. A pretty sensible precaution for anyone to take, don't you think?

*Although systemic conditions sometimes cause halitosis (bad breath), fortunately, the most common cause, say some authorities, is fermentation of tiny food particles on the surfaces of the teeth, gums, and mouth. Listerine Antiseptic, used as a mouth rinse, quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes its odors. The breath quickly becomes sweeter, fresher, purer . . . less likely to offend. Use Listerine Antiseptic always before business and social engagements at which you want to appear at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE for Halitosis (BAD BREATH)

July 6 - 1940 -

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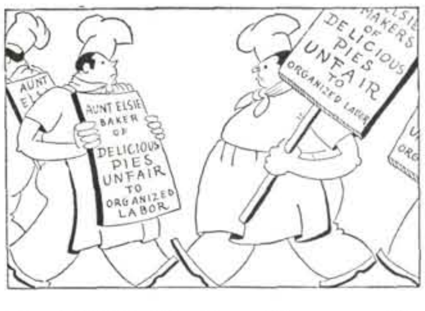
COVER ALAN FOSTER

ANY WEEK

WE'D just returned from Washington. For hours we'd been scared in the solemn, portentous hush of the State Department, in the rodeo of militarists in the War Department, in the swashbuckle of the Navy offices and the close rooms of quacking politicians who ask you to shudder at the prospect that they might not be elected or re-elected. Trying to pull ourselves together, we sat on a park bench trying hard not to be sick at our stomach. And we were rewarded by the sight of six large, contented fellows manning the handle of one small pump. A sign told us that they labored under the aegis of WPA, and as we watched it occurred to us that we were indeed silly to let ourselves become physically and emotionally depleted by government colliding with itself. There was scarcely room on that pump handle for all six of those workers and yet they were blissfully happy. They were pumping water out of a sewer and so joyfully that they did not notice that it ran right back into the sewer through a near-by drain. As we watched, charmed perhaps as Robert Bruce was by the persevering spider, we thought of calling upon others to enjoy the scene.

A GENTLEMAN named Graff was watching from a near-by bench. "Pay no attention to it," sniffed Mr. Graff. "If you told those boys they'd probably feel awfully bad. Maybe they'd refuse to accept their wages. Why, down where I live the government is running a household-assistance project. It occupies a six-room house. Well, they've got four watchmen in the place. Four watchmen! And this morning between nine and half past ten, my wife and I watched six different people come out of that house and, one at a time, sweep the sidewalk. No, not any watchmen. They just watched and talked politics. Now these boys here manning that pump—"


AUNT EL
AUNT ELSIE BAKER OF DELICIOUS PIES UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED LABOR
MAKERS OF DELICIOUS PIES UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED LABOR
ORG

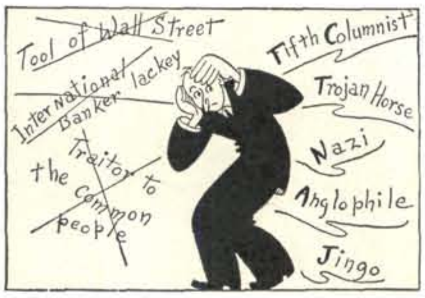
BUT WE had to be getting on. We paused but once—to talk to Mr. Robert Cook, the geneticist. Mr. Cook said he'd been looking everywhere for us because that afternoon he had passed the Aunt Elsie Pie Baking Company, which was being picketed. The pickets, said Mr. Cook, carried the following signs: "This Pie Baking Company, Makers of Those Delicious Aunt Elsie's Home Made Apple Pies, is Unfair to Organized Labor."

BEFORE we left Washington, Mr. George B. McCahan told us about some experience his sister was having on her first visit to the capital. She's from Ogden, Utah. Anyway, she was passing the new Supreme Court Building and, properly impressed, asked her taxi chauffeur what it was. "Sorry, lady," he said, "but I ain't allowed to tell you." A trifle nettled, she said: "Think I'm a spy?" Said he: "No, ma'am, I don't. But I ain't allowed to tell a fare what any place is without I got a sight-seeing license for fifteen bucks." And then, as if it had suddenly occurred to him that the authorities were much too busy worrying about national defense to bother about lesser sights, he added: But I'll call 'em as I pass 'em like I was practicing to be a sight-seeing jallopy."

BUT HE was wrong if he thought that the defense of the United States monopolized the minds of his betters. In our pursuit of military chills, we ran into one huddle of statesmen who were wringing their hands to think that the President had kicked the bottom out of their pork barrel by vetoing the $110,000,000 River and Harbors Bill. They told us that, after all, a mere $110,000,000 would never be missed what with billions being thrown around as they are. And think of an election coming and constituents to grease! It saddened us almost as much as the reproaches another group was heaping upon General Frank T. Hines, the Veterans Bureau Administrator, for saying that this country couldn't afford a bale of new veteran legislation—a shakedown to pension the families of veterans of 1918 whether the veteran's demise was traceable to his war services or not. Why, it would cost us only $28,000,000 the first year. And it wouldn't amount to fifty or a hundred millions annually for a long, long time. And an election coming on and constituents to grease!

SO WE called at the home of friends, thinking that a drink in pleasant surroundings would do us good. After dinner our hostess suggested the movies. She telephoned to ask what was showing. A weary male voice at the other end asked her to wait a minute while he took a look at the marquee. Presently he came back and told her what the show was. "Honest, lady," he sighed, "the damn' things come and go so fast that I can't keep track."

NOR CAN we. In the dear, dead pre-Munich days the worst we were ever called by irate customers was "tool of Wall Street" and "international banker lackey" and "traitor to the common people." We got so used to it that we became rather fond of such gentle abuse. But now those we displease have discovered that we're a fifth columnist, a Trojan horse, a Nazi, an Anglophile, a quisling and a jingo; and Mr. Ben Hilling of Boston, Massachusetts, is prepared to punch us in the nose. "Go ahead and holler for your bosses, the munitions makers," says Mr. Hilling. "See what it gets you. You are doing us a favor. Democracy is finished. The dictator of the United States is already picked, the greatest American of all, Father Coughlin." And we were about to ask what had become of him.



BUT ENOUGH of that. What do you think of this—a letter from Mr. Fuller Patterson whose address is "On Active Service with the Canadian Forces"? He writes: "As soon as war was declared I offered my services to the Allied cause. Because I was an American it was an endless maze of red tape. When I was enlisted, I lost a citizenship which you know I treasured dearly. It is because of the editorial in Collier's for April 20th, and the fact that I still cherish that citizenship that I am writing you. For eighteen years I went to private schools and college, graduating from Princeton in 1938, hanging up a national intercollegiate championship in the pole vault and receiving honorable mention for the prize given in political science to the graduating class. I've had all I could ever ask for and more; yet I have given all that up to fill a bounden duty. There are only three of us Americans up here in this first class of air crews to be called up—two of us pilots, the third a gunner. There will be countless others following in our wake. Why should we be penalized for what we're doing? Certainly it is a just cause. It isn't merely, however, that those of us who believe in a vital act rather than a verbal display should take such a licking from our own country, which quite obviously believes as we do. It is hard for us to believe that we are men without a country (having lost our American citizenship without gaining any in return) simply because we are willing to lay down our lives for justice and freedom. . . . For most of us who are already on the move it will be the final smashup; but just in case I'm fortunate enough to return, let Collier's see to it that my fatherland gives me a square deal. The editorial mentioned is a step in that direction. Many thanks. You carry on and we will do our bit."

GOOD LUCK, kid. . . . W. D.

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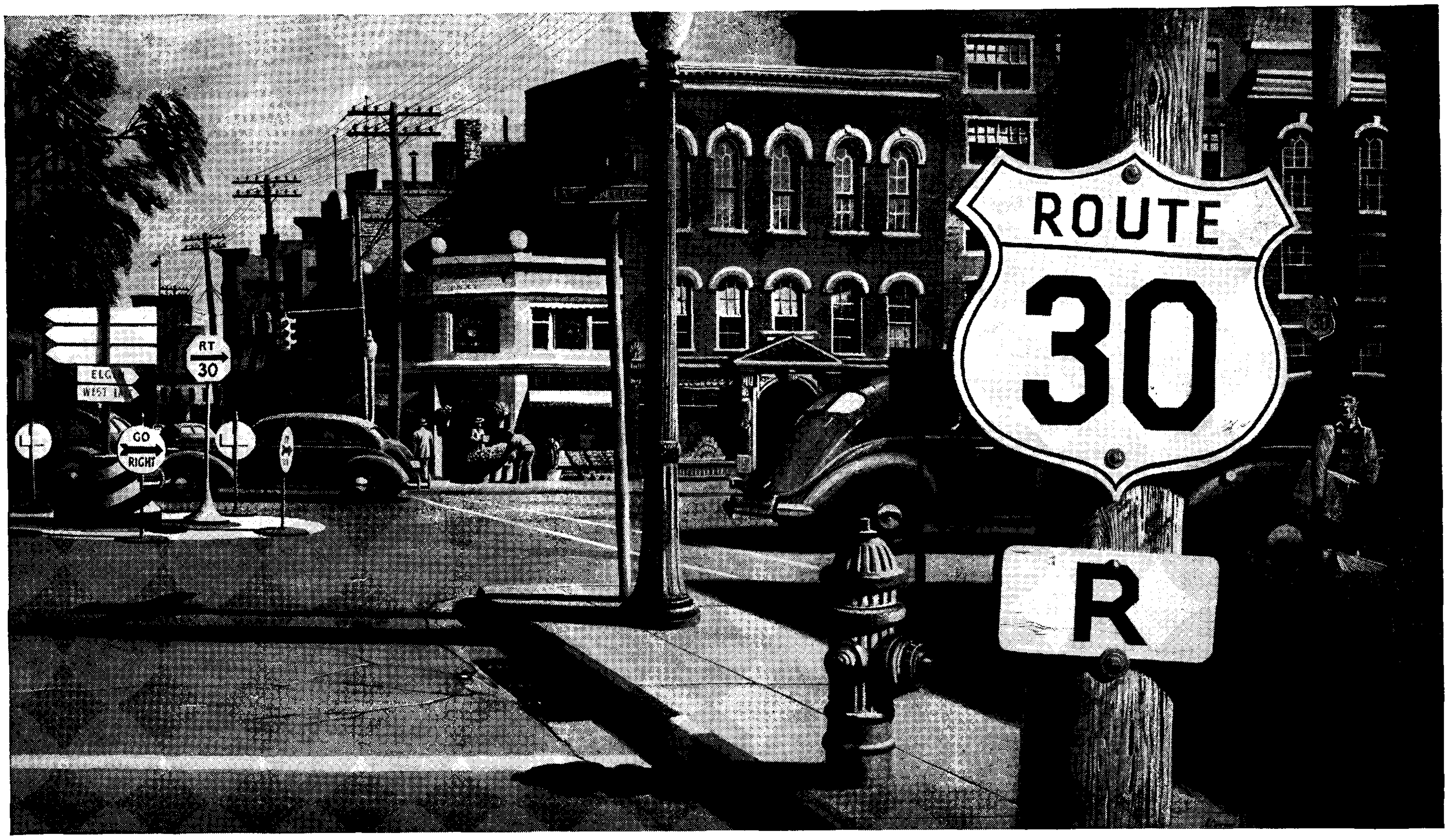


No need to get *LOST!*

THERE'S no guesswork about where you're going these days. If you stay on the main routes you can travel easily through the biggest and busiest of cities. Modern road-markers take the doubt out of driving. All you have to do is follow them. . . .

How often you have heard people say—"We came all the way on Route 30." Or, "We never missed a turn." And how often you have said it yourself!

Straight through on a main highway!

When you're out on a tire-buying tour it is equally important to keep to the main road. Otherwise you're apt to run into dead-end bargains, unimproved tires and confusing tire claims. . . . Too many times you have to travel at your own risk.

Before you buy tires, find out *who* made them, how *long* they have been making tires, how *many* tires they have made, and *how those tires have performed in service.* Find out what their production facilities are for making *quality* tires to sell at *low prices.*

The experience gained by Goodyear in making more than 300 million tires now brings you a complete line of Goodyear Tires—for every driving requirement—at *low prices.* For example, Goodyear's Great "G-3" All-Weather Tire, road-proved favorite of millions, is now made *better*—priced *lower*—in all popular sizes. And you get the same values in all Goodyear Tires.

You can't pay less than Goodyear's low prices and get the same safety and the same service—and you don't need to pay more!

Today, as for 25 years, it is still true: More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind. Are you one of them? Ask your nearby Goodyear Dealer about his "90-10" Offer and his Easy-Pay Plan.

GOOD YEAR
TIRES

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

"ALL-WEATHER"—T.M. THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.

Goodyear's "All-Weather" Tread — Proved for Driving Safety — Under *All* Conditions — By *More* People — Over *More* Miles — Than *Any* Other.

GOODYEAR TIRES

Always as good as you think.
Now cost less than you imagine.

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
MAKES CARS STAY BEAUTIFUL
NEW EASY WAY TO USE
SIMONIZ
KLEENER

Builds Up Your Car's Beauty!

..Besides Saving the Finish

Your car's beauty is always safe under Simoniz. It takes all the wear and tear the finish ordinarily gets. Weather, dirt, and the sun's rays can't dull and destroy the lacquer or enamel . . . so it lasts longer. And Simoniz, with each application, adds more beauty. It keeps your car new-looking for years. Does away with endless washing and polishing. A dry cloth easily wipes off dust and dirt without scratching. Think of the time and money you'll save by Simonizing your car! Do it today . . . it's easier than ever the new quick way!

If Your Car is Dull, clean the finish first with Simoniz Kleener to restore its natural lustre and color.

Insist on the world-famous Simoniz and the wonderful Simoniz Kleener for your car. Sold at hardware, drug, grocery, and auto supply stores, filling stations and garages everywhere.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY CHICAGO, U. S. A.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

New York City's bird lovers who, equipped with binoculars, make regular tours through Central Park to study the free bird life in its trees have seen and recorded, in a single spring season, as many as two hundred different species of migratory and local birds.—*By Mrs. R. W. Beardslee, Scarsdale, New York.*

A new city ordinance in Indianapolis requires pawnbrokers to turn over to the police, within a few hours, a complete description of pawned articles, including the pawner's signature, address, appearance and thumbprint. Shortly after this law became effective, much stolen property was recovered and many burglaries were solved.

Many of the twenty-two amino acids, now produced in chemical laboratories for use in nutritional research, are made from such things as chicken feathers, sunflower seeds, cottage cheese, wheat, gelatin, dried blood and human hair—and cost from $5 to $1,000 a pound.

The Abyssinian Baptist Church in the Harlem section of New York City has 13,000 Negro members and is the largest church of this denomination in the world.—*By Mabel Clayton, New York, New York.*

Thirty-two states of the United States still are without a civil-service system.

Only one make of revolver—a German Mauser—is a true automatic, or a revolver that fires all chambers with one pull of the trigger. All other revolvers and pistols are either self-loaders or semiautomatics, which require manual trigger action for each shot.—*By J. Bruce Cameron, San Juan, Puerto Rico.*

The ultraviolet rays of the sun, which cause sunburn, are endurable because they have been "filtered" by the earth's atmosphere. But at an altitude of 75,000 feet, these rays would destroy the human skin in two or three minutes.—*By G. M. Relyea, Salt Lake City, Utah.*

In the United States the life expectancy of Jews—at every age—is twenty per cent longer than that of Gentiles.—*By Myrtle Hocker, Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

Law courts in Arkansas allow a witness to be disqualified or his credibility attacked if he admits that he is an atheist.

One of the largest sums of money ever paid to an author in advance was the $100,000 that was given to Thomas Macauley in 1846, almost a year before he was pledged to deliver the first volume of his "History of England."—*By Alice Bradford, New York, New York.*

The Japanese observe a "Godless Month" each year during which time few of them go to the temples as the gods and lesser divinities are said to be absent, paying their annual visit of homage to the Mikado at his imperial palace in Tokyo.—*By Edith Wise, Snoqualamie, Washington.*

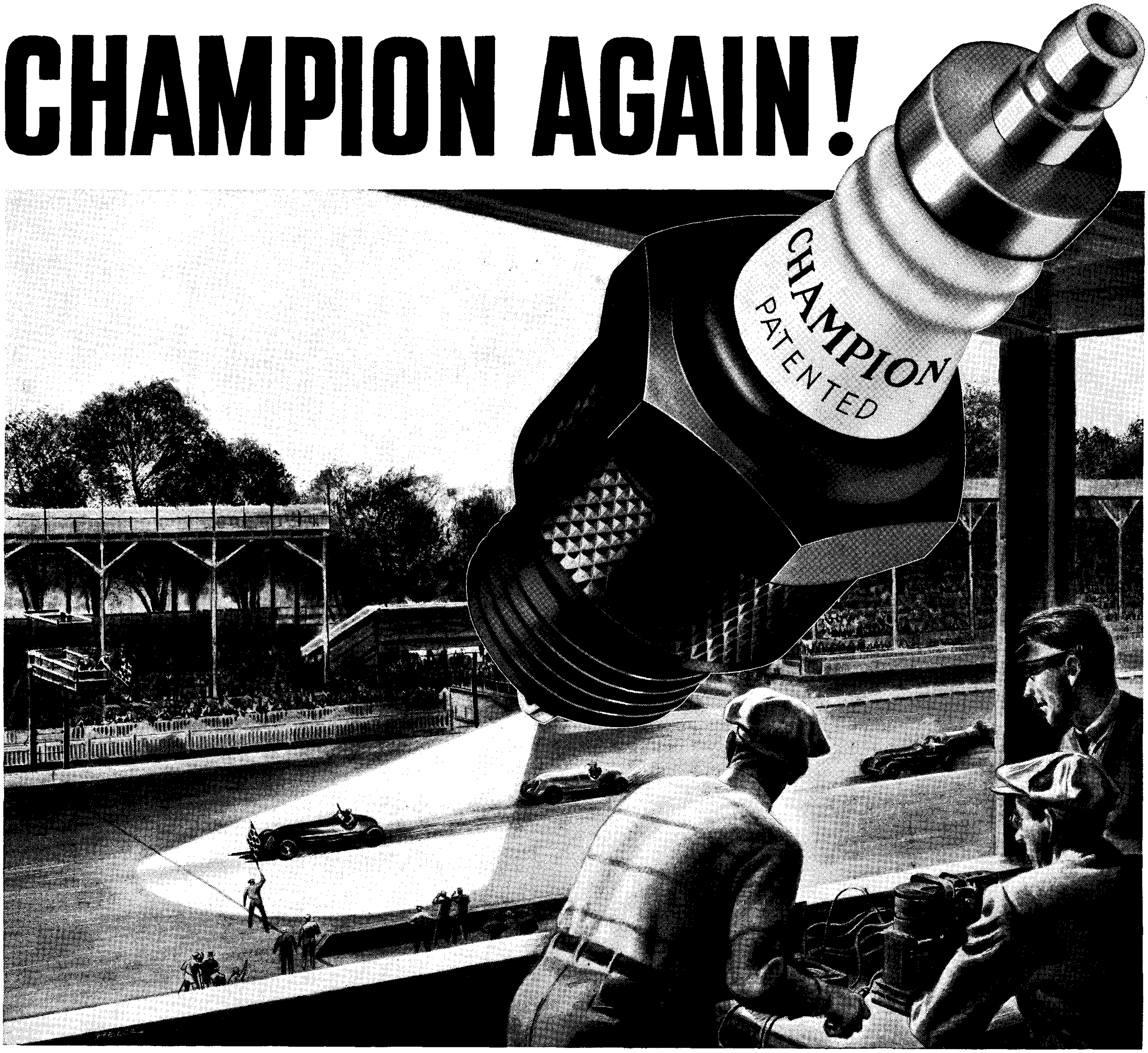
The telegraph plant, *desmodium gyrans,* of tropical Asia, still puzzles scientists, who cannot explain why its lateral leaflets spontaneously jerk up and down every few minutes, even in still air.

More than one quarter of all the people in the world are primarily dependent on food raised on land that, once arid or semiarid, has been made fertile through irrigation.

A new kind of paper, possessing much of the feel and appearance of cloth, is now being used to make curtains, bedspreads, pillowcases and slip covers. It is expected to increase appreciably both the present 9,000 uses of paper and the average family's consumption of about 1,000 pounds a year.—*By Homer H. Huysman, Kalamazoo, Michigan.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

CHAMPION AGAIN!



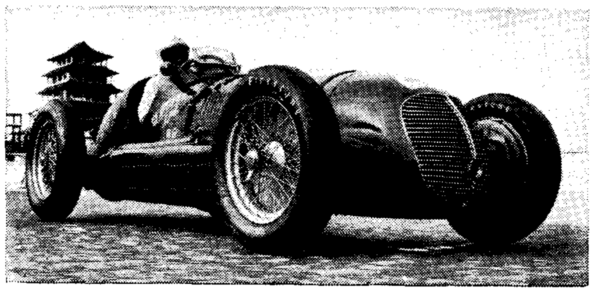
WILBUR SHAW, WINNER—9 OF FIRST 10 CARS TO FINISH—1940 INDIANAPOLIS 500-MILE RACE USED CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS once again proved that they make every engine a better performing engine, with a sweeping victory in the 1940 Indianapolis 500-Mile Race. This year, as for 17 years past, Champions have proved their right to a place in the engine of every motorist who values maximum performance and dependability.

Champion Spark Plugs progress with the times. That's why their record of supremacy in open competition is so outstanding. Today spark plugs more definitely determine the degree and quality of engine performance than ever before.

High speed, high-compression engines using highly developed anti-knock fuels, require spark plugs that are free from leakage, and practically immune to the ravages of the complex chemistry of modern combustion.

The combination of Champion's exclusive Sillimanite insulators and patented Sillment seal is the perfect answer to these problems. Insist on Champion Spark Plugs for your car. Have your spark plugs, regardless of make, tested and cleaned at regular intervals, and replace with new ones every 10,000 miles for maximum economy and dependability.



"Many thanks for the splendid performance of Champion Spark Plugs when I won the Indianapolis 500-Mile Race for the third time. The Champions functioned perfectly in my car throughout the entire race—never missed firing once." Wilbur Shaw

USE THE SPARK PLUG *CHAMPIONS* USE

BACK FROM HAVANA:

Johnny Mize discovers true Havana taste in NEW WHITE OWLS

OWL: Have a good time in Havana, Johnny?

MIZE: Yes, it's a great place—I'd like to go again.

OWL: You're considered quite an expert on cigars, Johnny. I suppose you smoked only Havanas in Cuba.

MIZE: Yes, it was quite an experience—real Havana cigars whenever I wanted them!

OWL: Then you should be an expert judge of these *new* White Owls. Try this one—tell me if it has the authentic Havana taste.

MIZE (smoking): Yes, I like *this* cigar! It's not as strong as an all-Havana cigar . . . but it sure has the real Havana taste!

NOW BLENDED WITH HAVANA!
WHITE OWL
WHITE OWL

JOHNNY MIZE, first baseman of the St. Louis Cardinals, member of the famous Gas House Gang and 1939 champion batter of the National League, recently gave us an interview at the Cards' training camp in Florida.

Johnny was just back from a vacation in Havana. He's a great cigar smoker, and the taste of Havana cigars was still fresh in his mind. We had him try a *new* Blended-with-Havana White Owl—and he vouched at once for its true Havana taste.

And when you discover that fine, rich Havana flavor, you'll join the thousands of men who enjoy *new* White Owls. They cost only 5¢ . . . a rare value in smoking pleasure.

Treat yourself soon to a *new* White Owl!

Try a NEW WHITE OWL *-Today* **5¢**

New White Owls made in America—See how at New York World's Fair, 1940

Copyright, 1940, by General Cigar Co., Inc.

Collier's The National Weekly for July 6, 1940

LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

Beginning a novel of our times, the unforgettable story of a German girl who committed the crime of loving a man whom the Nazis marked as an enemy

Occupation: Widow

By William C. White

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

THE newsboy on the Piazza dei Cinquecento saw the girl hurrying toward him, as eager to get a morning paper as she had been the day before. She was the kind of girl that a man likes to smile at. Small, almost petite, with blue eyes and golden hair neat under a little black hat, she looked just twenty. She wore a gray flannel suit with a white blouse and a little mauve tie at the throat. Everything about her was as brisk as the December morning. December in Rome sometimes brings mornings that are sharp, like freshly minted silver; this was one.

The girl reached in her purse. "Give me a *Corrière,* please." She spoke with a slight foreign accent.

The newsboy handed her the paper. "A pleasant morning, Signorina."

She nodded and smiled, but looked at the newspaper. The lead stories about the war did not concern her. She turned quickly to the want ads and searched for two lines of type, the only two that stood out for her on the whole crowded page. They read: "German lessons by cultured Berliner. Ten lire per hour. Fräulein Klein." The address given was a flat on a small street near the Stazione Centrale.

There it was, for the second and last day, her own ad, worded calmly, not desperately, without any clue to the story behind it.

The girl crossed the Piazza without hurrying but with no air of leisure. She looked at the faces of passing people. Some one of them, some person somewhere, must want to learn German. Ten lire an hour; ten hours, one hundred lire. That would be twenty-five marks, twenty-five shillings, five dollars; it did not sound like very much in any language. But it would pay room rent and leave a little to lengthen the small store of money in the savings account. Pupils were hard to find and all the harder for a person who knew no one in Rome. But someone, somewhere, would see the advertisement. It was better to imagine that than to try to guess what might happen if no one answered. The money in the savings bank would not last beyond two months.

SHE came to the house in which she lived. It was a pleasant morning for walking but it was better to stay home; someone bound for work might call about the advertisement. Yesterday it had been hard to sit, waiting. It would be harder today.

To wait, doing nothing, meant to think and she could think only of the money in the bank. She went to the mirror, took down her hair and began to comb it. Her hair was long and golden. The light on the mirror was poor but it showed a face paler than it should have been, less full, less beautiful than it could have been, a face thinned by worry. It was vaguely shadowed, its contours too well defined.

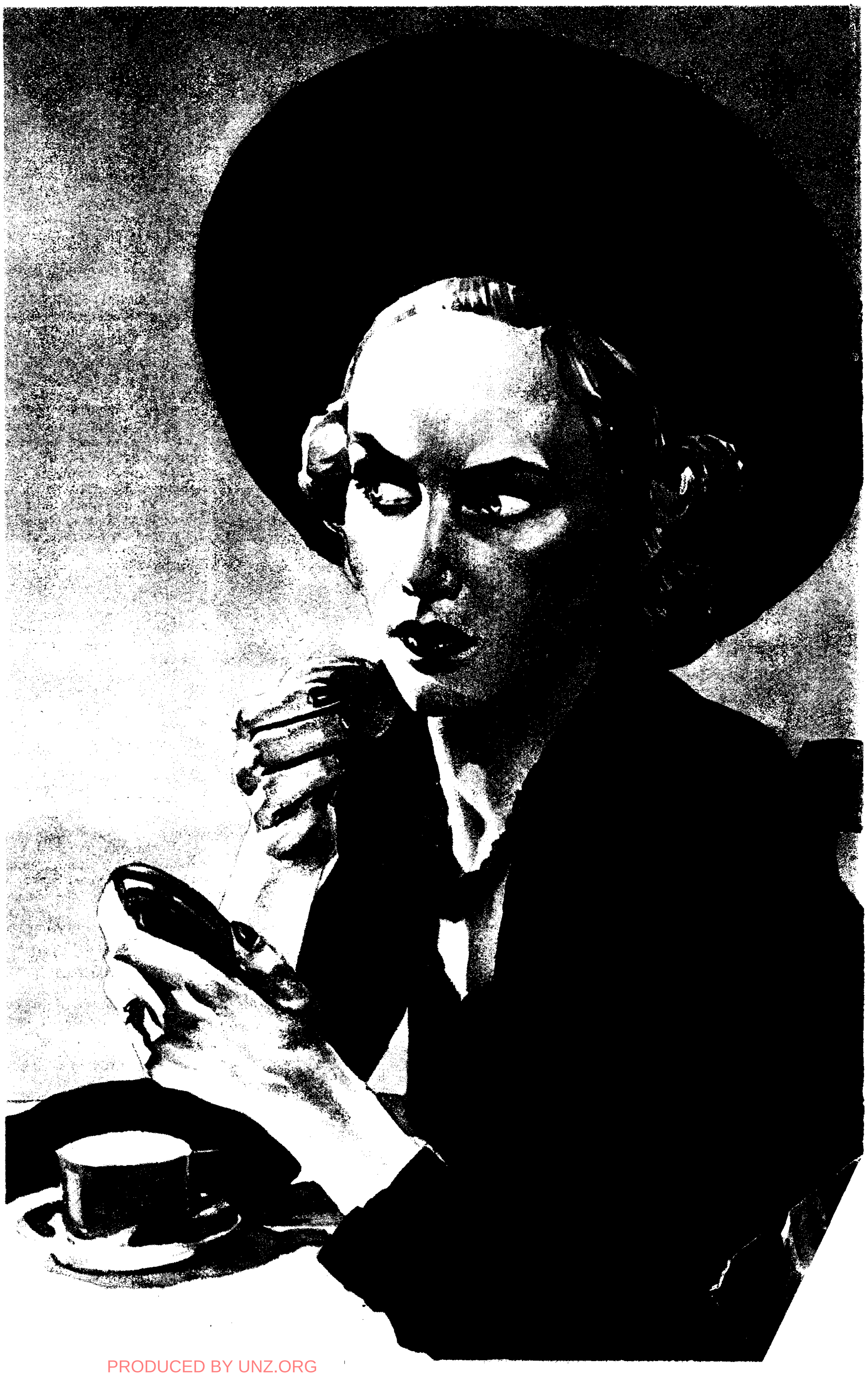
She arranged her hair, drawing it tight and smooth around her head. Then she turned to the dresser and for the tenth time in a week rearranged the drawers. They contained few clothes, a box of letters, a packet of newspaper clippings, and in one small box, by itself, one letter. One drawer had a small pile of sheet music, all German songs. A large suitcase would have held everything.

She walked away from the dresser to the window. The bell below rang and she went to her door to listen. She heard a man ask, "Does Fräulein Klein live here?"

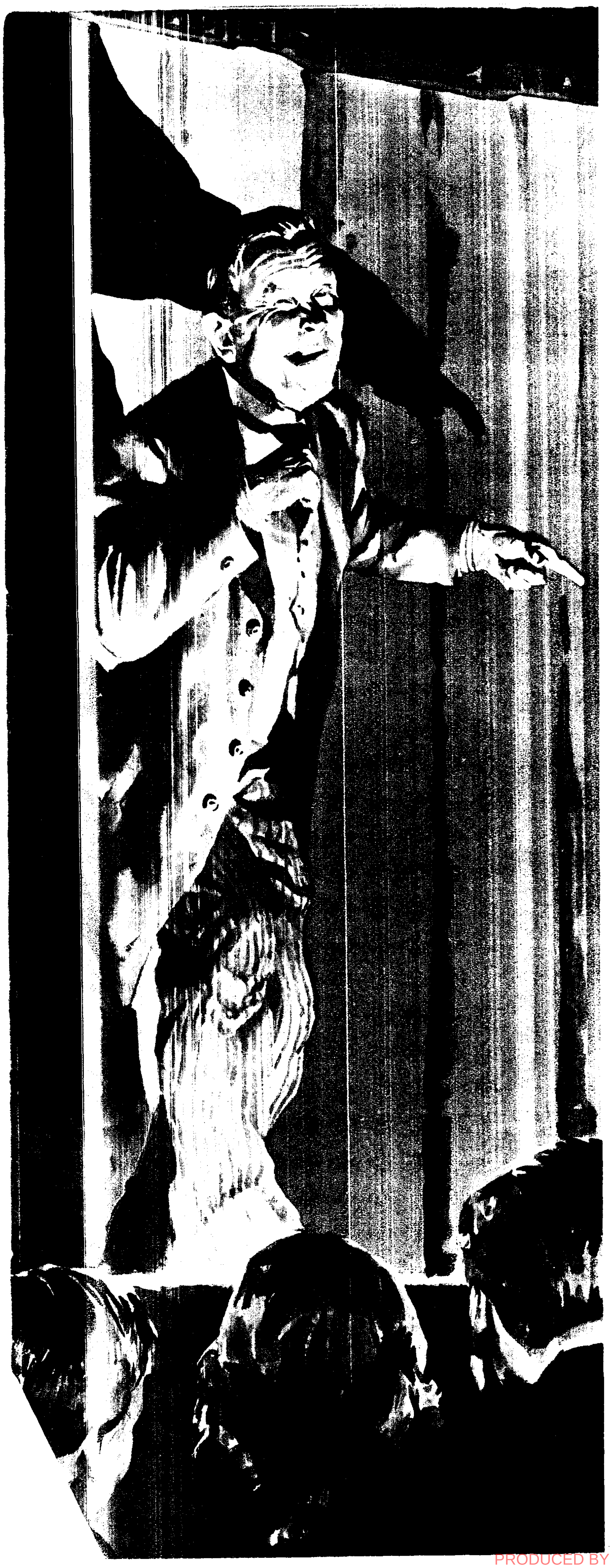
"Upstairs, Signor, last door on the left," the landlady answered.

The girl went to the mirror, straightened the bow at her collar and waited. The man's voice had sounded friendly but his knock was hard and insistent.

She opened the door. A middle-aged man was



She was frightened now, frightened cold. If he had guessed her thoughts about Paul's death then she had better run quickly. She looked up



He stood there for a half-hour saying whatever came into his mind. A roar came at him from the audience, and then another

there, smiling at her. He was stout and his face was large. She noticed immediately that his small eyes took in everything at once.

"Fräulein Klein? Good morning." He spoke Italian but his accent was heavy. "My name is Stockmann. I saw your advertisement in this morning's paper." He gestured carelessly at a newspaper he had in his hand. "Your advertisement interested me, Fräulein." For some reason he smiled. "Do you find many people here who want to study German?"

"My advertisement only appeared yesterday," she said.

The man smiled. "Pupils will be fortunate to have so attractive a teacher."

The clumsy heaviness of the compliment was annoying. "Have you come to arrange for lessons?"

"Well, yes and no."

His accent was so clearly that of a German that the girl stopped. "Surely the lessons are not for yourself?"

He laughed and said in German, "No, of course not." He showed no hurry to get to business. "You were born in Berlin—yes? Have you been in Rome long, Fräulein?"

"Three years."

"Where were you before you came here?"

"In Berlin. Really, Herr Stockmann, I do not understand why—"

"In time, in time, Fräulein." Stockmann was enjoying his little mystery. "Why did you leave Berlin?"

The girl was sure that he knew the answer to that question already, but wanted to see if she would tell the truth. This whole interview could be false, a trap of some sort, and she ought to get up now and tell the man to go. Yet that might mean losing a chance to earn money. Possibly his was just the curiosity of an elderly man. Not meeting his glance but knowing that it never wavered on her face, she said steadily, "I left Berlin after the death of my husband."

STOCKMANN smiled as if that honesty pleased him. "Who was your husband?" The faint smile on his face implied that he already knew the answer.

She straightened up a little. "I do not think that concerns my ability to teach German."

"Of course it doesn't," Stockmann said comfortingly.

"I think it impertinent and I must ask you to go."

Stockmann did not move. "Now, Fräulein Dirling—!"

The girl stepped back. "How do you know my name?"

Stockmann laughed. "I should be remiss if I did not remember Carola Dirling. I have heard you sing so many times at the Krokodil Café in Berlin."

Carola stared at him, trying to guess what he wanted.

"I was only one of the thousands who were sorry when you left Berlin." He smiled clumsily.

But Carola sat rigid, her face paler than before. She could guess from where this man came. "Please go," she said weakly. "Please."

"I come only as a friend—"

She almost screamed "Go!"

"You must not be upset." Stockmann tried to be friendly. "I know much about you, Fräulein Dirling. You came here three years ago and you had a little money saved. It has not been easy for you since. You live in this small room, not like the lovely apartment you used to have on Kurfürstendamm."

"I have suspected for some time that I was being watched here." Her voice was bitter. "And when you saw my advertisement, you decided that it was a call for help?"

"You put it unfairly," he said, cajolingly. "You have been watched but in no unfriendly way. You want work, *nicht wahr?* I offer you work."

Hatred flashed in Carola's face. "I want none of the work you have to offer." Then, in pain that was very real: "Why haven't you let me alone?"

There was a perverted kindliness in Stockmann's face. "You misunderstand. Let me be blunt, and pardon me. You used to be attractive. You used to have a few of the nice things in life. I offer you an opportunity to earn money regularly, easily, simply."

She knew the kind of work he was offering. "I do not want any of it."

Stockmann looked at her, surprised. "Your answer is 'No'?"

Carola nodded. "I would rather live with peace of mind."

"I THINK you are foolish," Stockmann said sternly. "We only wanted you to dress yourself attractively, to live in comfortable surroundings here in Rome, to endeavor to meet certain people—"

"And report their conversations to you! Filthy spying!"

Stockmann shrugged his shoulders. "Others, of necessity, might choose other adjectives." Ever so slightly his manner changed. "You make it very difficult for me, Fräulein."

"Difficult?"

"You are alone here, with a German passport."

"I do not understand," she said feebly, knowing well what he meant.

"There are ways of persuading the Italian police to ask you to leave the country."

Carola looked up defiantly. "I will go to Athens or Constantinople."

"Pardon me, Fräulein, you have scarcely enough money."

"You know about that?" Carola asked, alarmed.

"We know about that." He paused.

"I shall find work here, somewhere."

"No, no," he said apologetically, as if she had offered to do some favor. "I can save you the trouble. I will tell you what will happen. You will find a job, yes? You will work for one day, perhaps less. Then the police will visit your employer and—!" He gestured the ending. "We have much influence in Italy today, Fräulein."

That was true and Carola knew it. A solid wall of threats had risen before her, not only cutting off retreat but pushing her from solid ground.

"There is one alternative," Stockmann said after a pause. "You can return to Berlin."

"What should I do there?"

"Friends there are eager to help you."

"Who are they?" Carola asked desperately.

"For instance, there is Herr Blaerchen."

She knew now who had sent this man and why she had been threatened. As colorlessly as possible she asked, "Is he in Berlin?"

"He has been there for a year," Stockmann said. "If you'll pardon me, he and your husband were friends, weren't they?"

Carola smiled. "Yes, good friends." The return of Rolf Blaerchen to Berlin was news. She added: "I haven't heard of him for a long time. It was he who asked you to look me up?"

"Because he was a friend of your husband!" Stockmann began.

(Continued on page 42)

Mexico Must Choose

By Frank Gervasi

Mexico is heading for the polls—and probably for some shooting—in an election that will decide its future. The real issue is Democracy vs. Totalitarianism, and all Americans are vitally concerned

IN THE range country of Sonora and Chihuahua, the *ganaderos,* the bourgeois of cattlemen, are selling their animals. That is an ominous sign to those who know Mexico. It means trouble. In that unhappy country where there have been 18 changes of chief executives in 29 years of bullets and blood, trouble means revolution.

Of all the generals and of all the Dons who've cut their way to power with machete and rifle and machine gun, only one, strongman Plutarco Elias Calles, completed the constitutional six-year term of office. Present President General Lazaro Cardenas still has some months to go, until November 30th. But much can happen between now and the expiration of his term. That's why the stockmen are selling their cattle. Their instinct tells them that it is better to have silver in their money belts than to have their corrals emptied by foraging revolutionaries.

For the elements of revolution—peonism, poverty and politics—are as palpable as the threat of catastrophe in the Mexican sky, as real as the stamp of suffering on the face of the *Indio.* The true-blooded native seems never to have smiled in the generations since his Aztec forebears were slaughtered for their gold.

Upon the land where every Commandment was violated in man's quest for gold and its power there seems to have fallen the curse of the Aztec sun gods, an eternal sentence to strife. Mexico has wealth to give, but Mexico's people are poor.

Poverty Amid Abundance

Nature poured gold and silver, zinc, lead, tin, manganese, copper, antimony, mercury and molybdenum, all that man needs for an abundant life, into Mexico's mountains. She laid great pools of petroleum under its deserts and plains. Some valleys give two and three crops a year of corn, beans and all manner of grain. Tobacco and coffee and cotton may grow there for the planting, but somehow there is no abundance.

Of the 250 million acres of cultivable land, many millions are virgin.

The climate Nature gave Mexico is part of the curse that clings to the land. In the highlands that rise 8,000 feet and more above sea level, the air is thin and debilitating. On the lowlands a hot sun burns and the mixed *mestizo* race of Spaniard and Indian that stemmed from the natives and conquerors of Old Mexico is an indolent, sun-drunken people, ridden with tuberculosis, racked by diseases of malnutrition.

There is mahogany and rosewood in the forests, and more than 30,000,000 head of all variety of cattle, sheep, goats and pigs, range the plains. Forty per cent of the world's entire silver supply comes from Mexico, but the Mexican currency falters and stumbles, and there is poverty in the land.

But Politicians Grow Fat

Two thirds, by official admission, of Mexico's 20,000,000 men, women, and children over ten years old cannot read or write. One third of that entire population is concentrated in the slums of the large cities or in the adobe towns of the interior. The ignorant and the poor are the peons, uncaring of what mañana may bring, and for a peso in silver and a bottle of tequila they will vote as their masters dictate.

The politicians fatten. They acquire automobiles and haciendas and they live where it is cool and green and they have bank accounts in foreign countries where their money is safe from the uncertainties of internal Mexican politics.

The peons are the despair of those Mexicans who hope for a great future for their country as a respected republic. But if they are the despair then the *campesinos,* the peasants, are Mexico's hope. A cut above the peons socially and intellectually, they are the farmers of that potentially rich land. Their ancestors held the hills against the armies of France and they followed their Washington, Miguel Hidalgo, and their Lincoln, Benito Juarez, and later the godly but gullible Francisco Madero. Their cry was "Land—give us land . . ." And it is their cry today as Mexico goes to the polls in an election that will mark the turning point in the history of the republic, for the country is at the fork in the road. To the right lies the easy path to totalitarianism, to the left the hard road to reconstruction and democracy.

In the very poverty of Mexico rests the one hope there won't be a revolution. In the days of that Robin Hood renegade, Pancho Villa, the revolutionaries could live off the land. But Mexico has been so reduced economically and materially that it would be hard for rebel bands to feed as they march and ride.

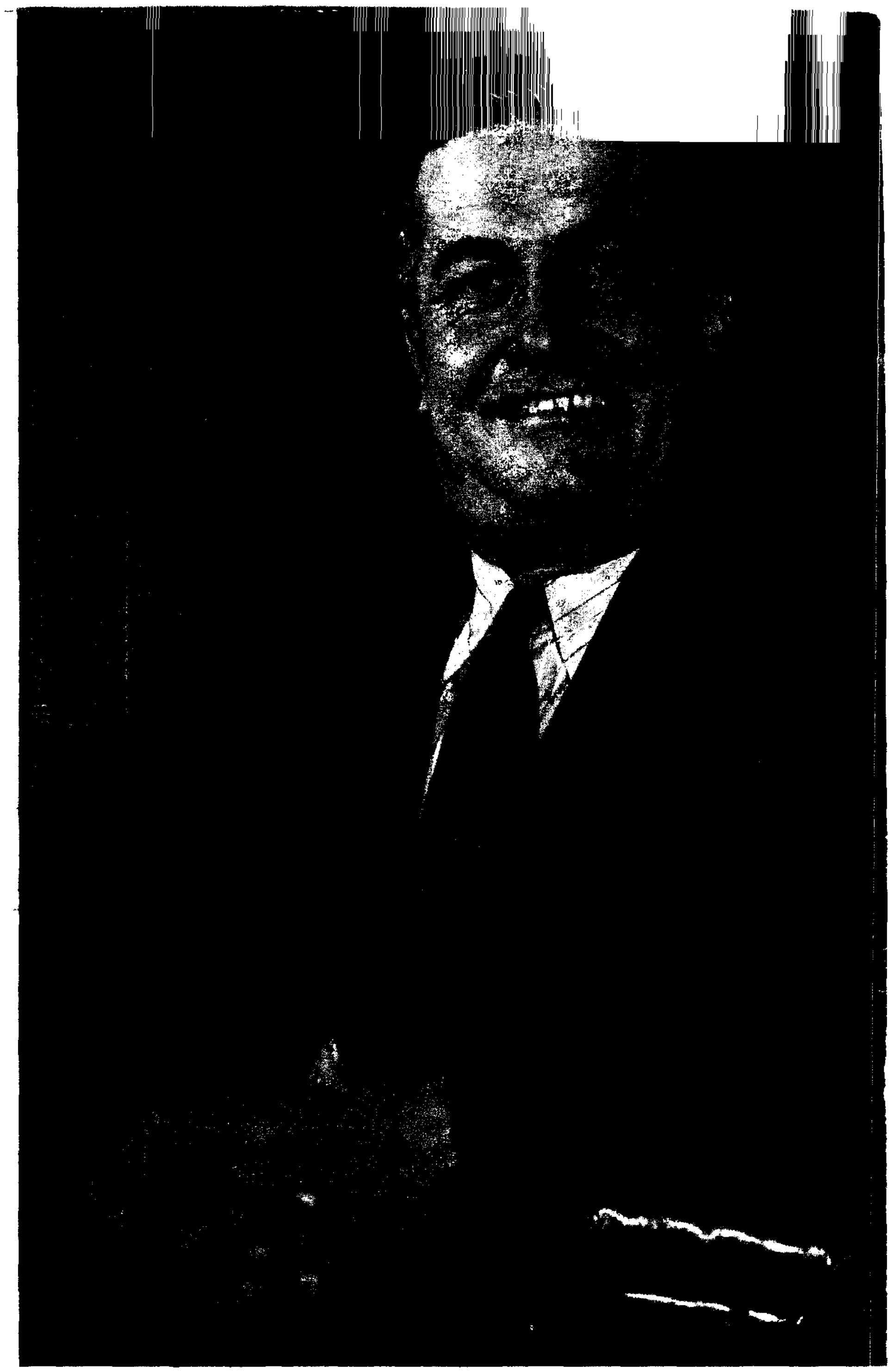
Disillusionment is part of the story of that land of many revolutions where, quipsters say, Leon Trotsky came not for refuge but to learn the art of rebellion. Peasants followed Juarez because he promised them land. He died before he could give them land. Successive administrations have used the agrarian battle cry of "acres for the peasants" to win the elections, and never have they kept their promises.

That was one of the broadest, stoutest planks in the campaign of General Cardenas but, after his election, the peasants saw more than 50,000,000 acres of land confiscated, in September, 1938, and not one acre was given to them. Most of that land was owned by foreigners. Here was a perfect opportunity for the government, the peasants felt, to justify a persistent antiforeign campaign by giving the confiscated or expropriated lands to the voters.

But the government invested title to the land not in individuals, but in rural villages. It was made common public land. Even to the peasant this smacked of Communism. Sentiment against Cardenas grew. It rose steadily in proportion to the rise in the price of frijoles and corn and meat. Beans that you could buy for four or five centavos for two pounds a few years ago cost 30 centavos now. It is the same with corn and tortillas and salt.

The people are expressing the gnawing in their bellies as Latins always express such sentiments. On the adobe walls of the villages, in neon signs in the cities, with black paint on the marble exteriors of public buildings, the scrawls read: "Long live Almazan. Down with the Government of the Imposition."

(Continued on page 46)



PIX

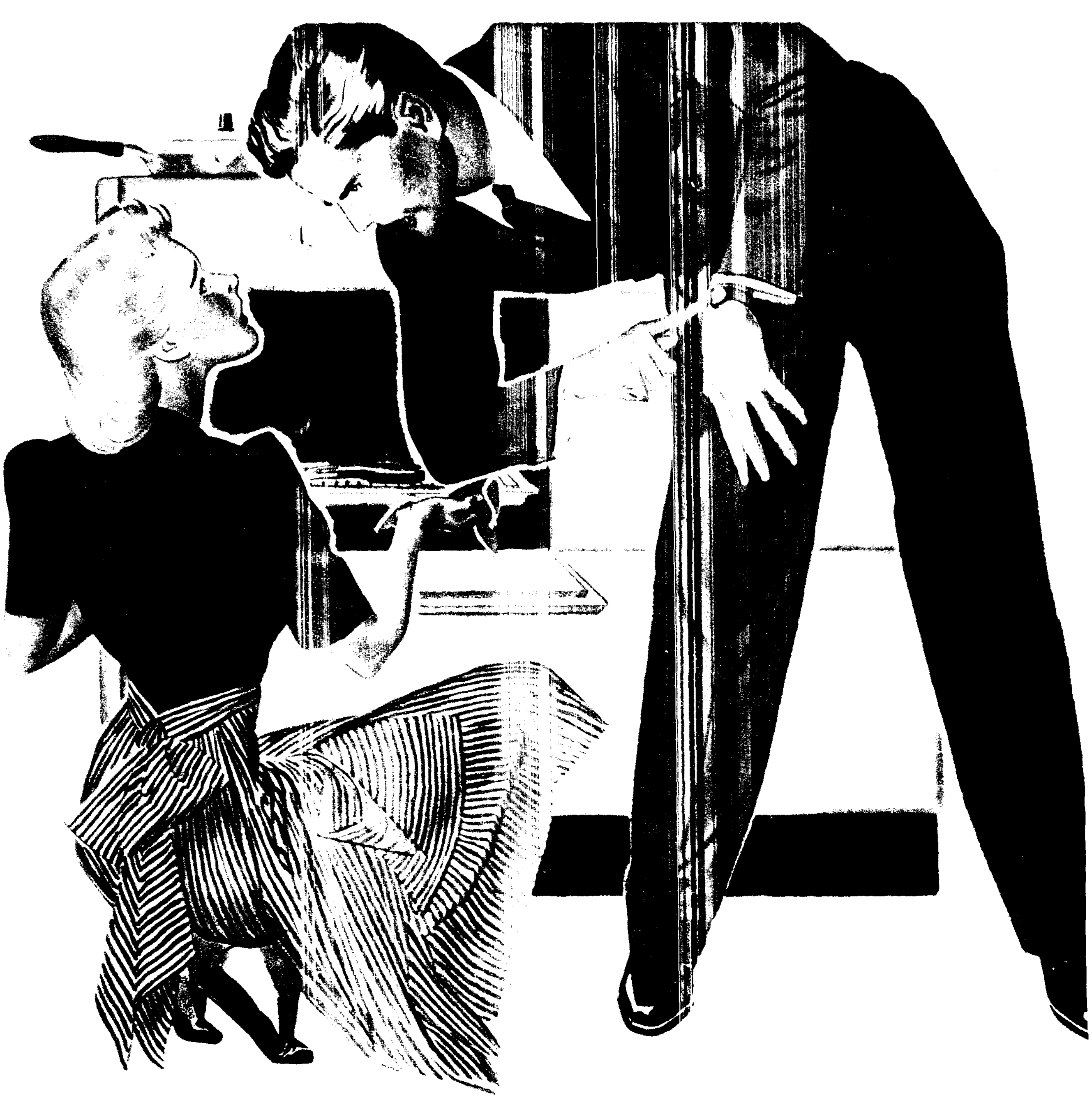
General Juan Andreu Almazan is the Mexican "People's Choice" to succeed President Cardenas. He stands for agrarian reform, church rehabilitation and for better relations with the U. S.

Opposing Almazan is General Avila Camacho (saluting), candidate of the powerful Partido Revolucionario Mexicano, the Mexican equivalent of the C.I.O. which is controlled by President Cardenas

ACME

Plenty of Experience

By Meyer Levin



He would glare at the unprepared food. Then he would look at his watch. Okay! So dinner was late!

THE touchiest moment always came with the coffee. As Rick lifted the cup, Lil would wait for the speech. According to how far back he started, she knew how bad it was, and how irritating his day had been. She never drank coffee herself.

Pretty bad was when he went back to high-school days: "Four years of domestic science, and can't even make a cup of coffee! Ye gods!" A woman who could concoct the most complicated five-piece bridge-party sandwiches. Yet day after day, month after month, into the second year now she could go on spoiling the one thing, the one little thing he needed made right. She knew how he depended on coffee.

Then Rick bought her the trick glass brewing pot. This was foolproof. A baby could make good coffee in this thing.

Well—she was no baby. Lil simply couldn't get herself to stand there like a chemist measuring precise cups of water into the flask.

Another item of contention was meals on time. This sermon always came from a weary, exasperated Rick who had been tracing lost shipments all day. He would march directly into the kitchen and glare at the unprepared food. Then he would look at his watch.

Okay! So dinner was late! Other girls had maids to do their shopping, and cooking too.

The most exasperating thing of all, though, was the way he expected her to pick up after him—leaving his socks on the floor, and his stuff scattered around the bathroom.

So the time Rick got sore about the bookcase, there was an explosion. Lil had bought an unpainted little stand, to put by the bed, as she liked to read rental-library mysteries in the mornings. The delivery man left the thing in the middle of the bedroom. Some time soon Lil intended to paint it and put it in place. Once or twice Rick, getting up at night, bumped into the rack. You'd imagine a man would take the trouble to move such a thing out of his way; but not Richard Edmonds. He went on bumping his shin, until one night he rushed barefoot into it and stubbed his toes, hard. "Of all the stupid, slattern tricks!" he howled.

Lil could scarcely believe her ears. Slattern! When he was too lazy to move a little bookcase— But what came afterward was even more astounding. Rick accused her of laziness!

Well, that was enough for Lil. Coffee, to the hair measure! Meals, to the minute! Lazy! So she told him a few. It wasn't a wife he wanted, oh, no! What he wanted was a servant, a drudge, a slavey, a housekeeper! Well, not for her—

Drudge! he shouted. Did she think he had a picnic? Slaving at a desk! Then out he came with the craziest accusations about the lousy way she had been doing her job. Her shopping was wasteful! She left closet lights on for weeks at a time! She threw away enough food to feed a family! He hadn't wanted to kick because he was fond of her, but—

Fond! A charwoman was all he could be fond of, Lil declared. Nickel nurser!

So he grabbed some clothes and stormed out of the house.

By morning Lil had packed; unslept, she took the 7:10 for Indianapolis. She'd stay with sister Helen, until she got a job.

She'd show Rick—she'd get divorced and marry again; someone who appreciated her. She'd show him!

HELEN had a six-room apartment and three kids but made room for Lil by having one of the kids sleep on the sun porch. Every day, Lil had to store the child's bedding on a high closet shelf, teetering on a chair.

Lil went job hunting; but, getting home, she couldn't sit idle while Helen slaved, so though her feet were falling off, she helped in the kitchen. What a family! Warm milk for the youngest, and Junior was thin and had to be coaxed to drink chocolate, and hubby liked tea, and Helen herself was on a vitamin diet; each meal was four meals.

The windows hadn't been washed in a month; Helen couldn't even afford help one day a week, for the heavy cleaning. Her husband was a postal clerk and with three kids it was a tight squeeze. Lil did the windows. She had to admit her sister made a great deal of extra work for herself, like ironing in the bedroom instead of the kitchen, and having to run back and forth to her cooking.

One day Lil sent her sister to a movie, while she undertook the shopping and cooking. But instead of being pleased when she got home, Helen nearly cried. Lil had bought out-of-season strawberries and the sealed-tin coffee Rick used instead of the loose kind that was ten cents cheaper, and Lil had thrown away some veal scraps Helen had been saving for a meat loaf. That was when it really hit Lil, how her sister had to watch every penny. She couldn't be a drain on them, any longer.

She wired her brother Phil, in Chicago.

Phil's suburban cottage was spick and span. His wife looked fresh as a magazine ad. Even their baby had a polished appearance.

But the extra men Phil's wife Beatrice invited for Lil, at her little dinner parties, were always washouts. Maybe Rick was no Fred Astaire, but at least he could keep off a girl's feet. And when he put his arm around you, dancing, you felt he wanted to hold you, not tear you apart.

Then, Phil and his wife took to going out, evenings, leaving Lil to sit with the sleeping baby. Though Beatrice kidded Lil about her getting the home-town paper, always referring to it as "news from the big city," Lil would cuddle up with the Rock City Gazette as soon as they were gone, reading it from front to back, even the silly old want ads. Rick's name was never in the Seen About Town column.

Lil was there four weeks. Altogether she had been away from home nearly two months. Surely he knew where she was. Oh, surely he was missing her too. Oh, why was he so stubborn?

She had to admit her sister-in-law was a good wife. Bea made old-fashioned breakfasts for Phil; the house shone, yet she did all her work in a few hours in the morning, efficiently, with horrible efficiency—just as she cooked with laboratory exactitude.

What finally got Lil, about her sister-in-law, was the coffeepot. It was a glass affair like the one Rick had bought, and Beatrice had gone to work and marked the cup levels on the glass so she would always get the proportions. Lil tried it. It made good coffee.

ONE evening, the third time in a row, Phil and Beatrice went out. Lil was simply going mad with boredom and loneliness. So she settled down with the Gazette.

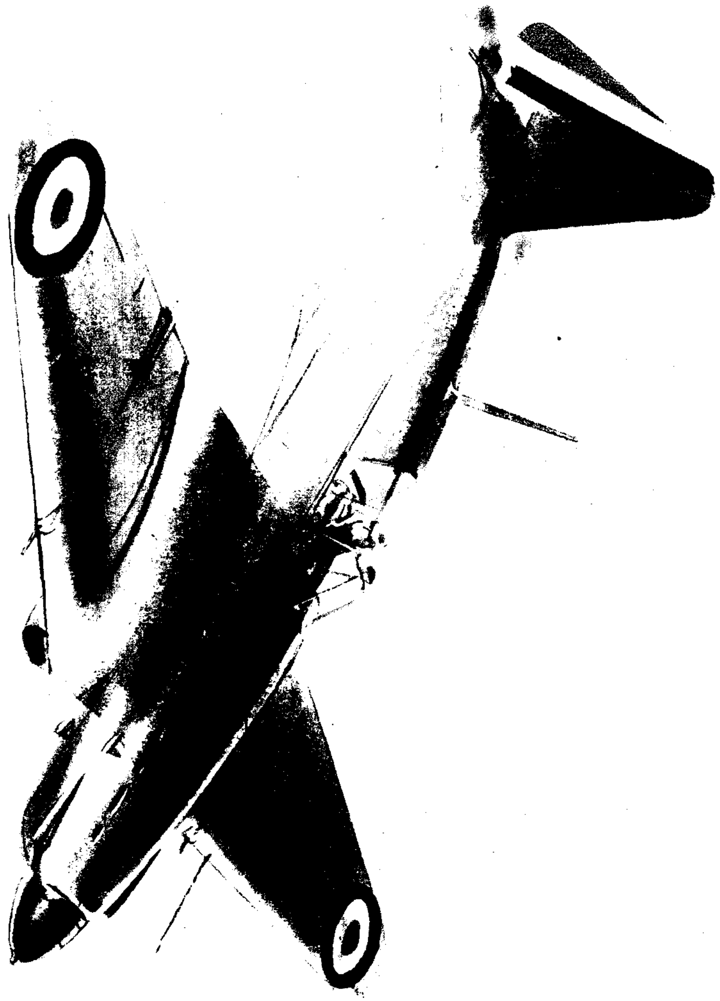
It was only nine-twenty and she had even read the long editorial about extending the county fair. Now she only had the two columns of want ads; she read the ads, one by one. And there was a new one.

"Wanted," it said. "Housekeeper. Elderly woman. Experienced. Address Richard Edmonds, Merchants Shipping Service, 120 Main."

Lil was almost laughing as she opened her pen. Elderly. The darling. In her heart, a swing band was playing, as she wrote:

"Though I am not so elderly I am sure I can qualify, having had plenty of experience. . . ."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN



Front Seat in Flanders

By Quentin Reynolds

BY RADIO FROM PARIS AND CENSORED AT THE SOURCE

From an advanced observation post, the French army behind him and before him a German division with written orders to retreat under no circumstances, Quentin Reynolds watched a day's action on the fighting front. Here's what he saw, heard and felt

PIERRE laughed and said, "The fools, they missed again. That is two hundred and five shells today."

We were in an advanced observation post on a hill and some distance away was another hill. A German battery was on that hill. It kept firing at the farmhouse in the valley. The farmhouse had a red roof and its sides were pure white. Only the chimney had suffered, but the farmhouse wore its crooked chimney in a very jaunty manner, as an amiable drunk wears a battered hat. This was a gallant farmhouse, perhaps because it knew that it had a whole German division worried.

Our little concrete-and-steel observation post was fooling everyone but the sun. It had been dug into the side of the hill and evergreens had been placed over the steel and the concrete. Sturdy scrub oak and fir trees had been planted in front of it. For the moment this post was the eyes of the army; at least of that part of the army that was defending this sector. Behind us were heavy French tanks and light, quick tanks, machine-gun detachments, heavy 155's and lighter 75's.

We knew what was behind us all right. We knew too that the Germans were in front of us. We could see the flashes from their guns and sometimes through our glasses we could see something move for a moment, but against the dark green foliage of the woods we couldn't tell whether we had seen a tank or an ammunition wagon.

Technically we were in what army people still call No Man's Land. But we were very snug and comfortable in our little pillbox and very safe too. Pierre sat on one side of me and André on the other. Bright young artillery sergeants, these two. There were two slits through the steel and the concrete. Each one was a foot long and ten inches wide. Pierre and André talked and laughed but their eyes never strayed from those slits. Hardly ever. I mentioned that our little nest was fooling everyone but the sun.

André said, "In English you say it like this, you say it is hot like hell?"

"You said it, kid, it is hot like hell." I wiped the sweat from my forehead. André laughed and then Pierre laughed as though they shared some secret joke. They did share a joke. A swell joke. Pierre got up and went back through the dark tunnel that led to another part of our observation post.

Pierre came back. He had a large aluminum canteen with him and its sides were gleaming with cold sweat. He had three tin cups with him. He laughed and poured cold wine into the cups. I had met Pierre and André an hour before but we were pals now. They had accepted me.

"To what shall we drink?" Pierre said.

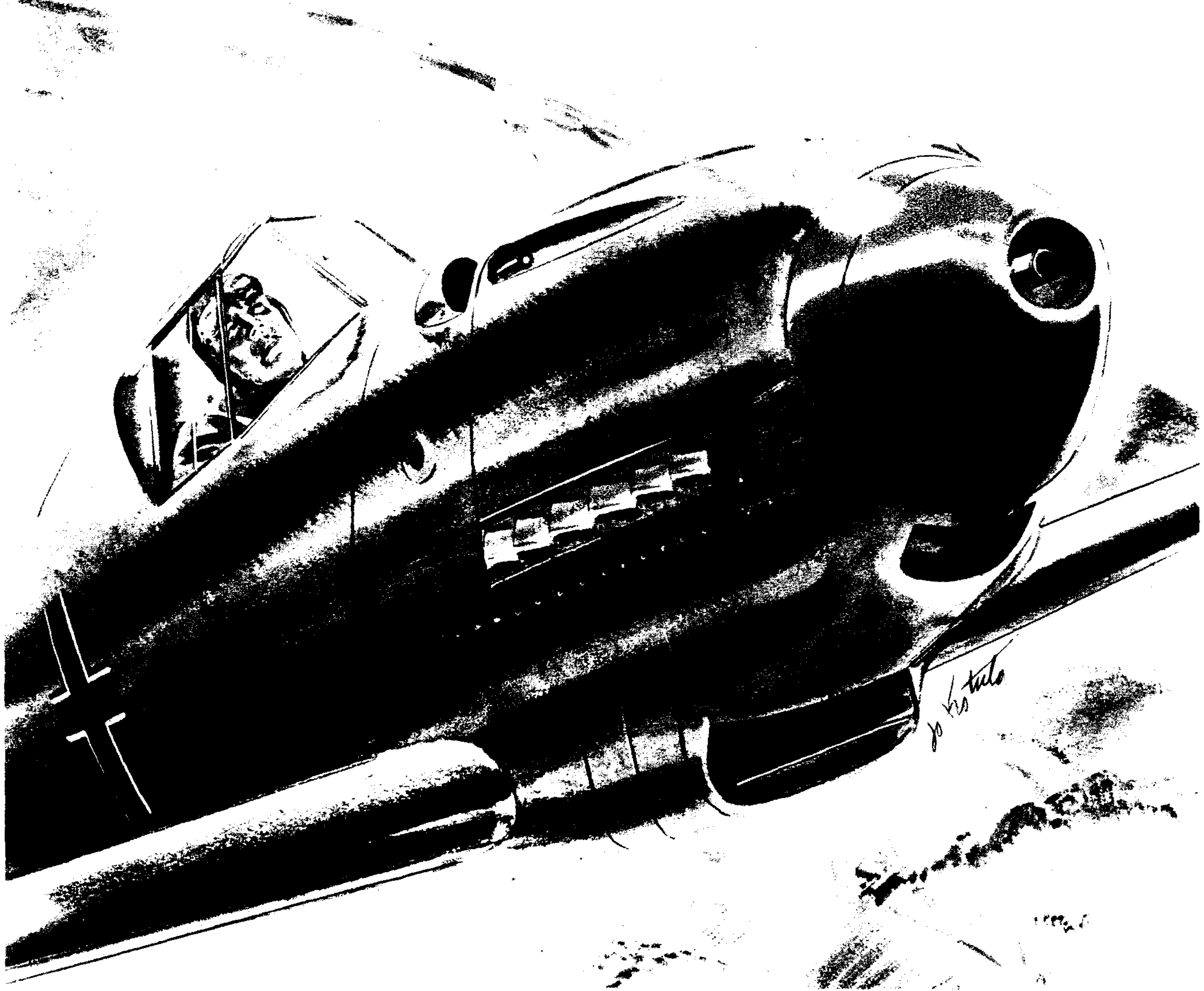
"To the little farmhouse," I said, and we all laughed and drank to the little farmhouse. We looked and it was still almost intact. The wine was cold and it was beautiful.

Face to Face with 15,000 Germans

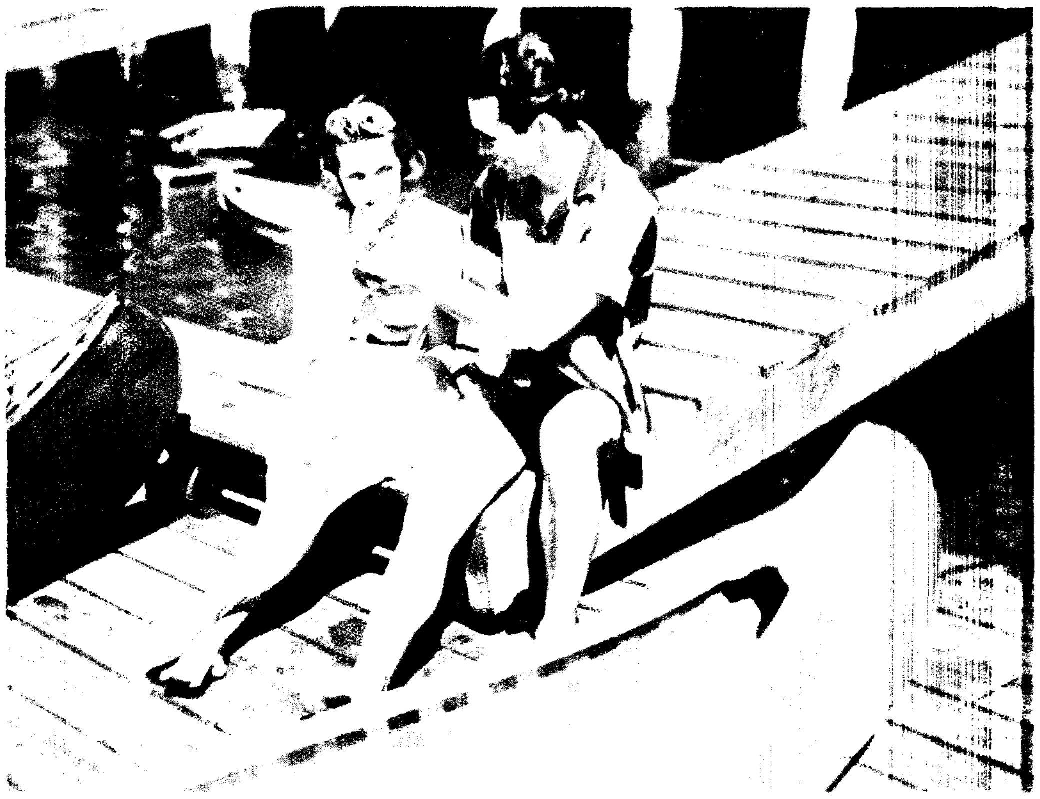
We sat in companionable silence watching the scene below us. The German guns were firing fast. We knew that a division of Germans had orders to break through. A division is 15,000 men. That's a lot of men. They were all there in front of us. Some were to the right, thousands of them were behind the hill from which the battery was firing. Thousands were to the left. The French guns were firing fast but we couldn't hear them as well; we were so much closer to the German guns. When a shell leaves a gun it whistles for perhaps five seconds. We could see the flashes of the German guns, hear the whistle and then hear the dull boom.

The story of how I got into that pillbox beyond the front would take too long to tell. A reporter has to know a thousand tricks to get anywhere near the front these days. The last six miles of the trip had to be made on foot. That wasn't good because it had rained the night before and the paths were ankle-deep in mud. The last two miles weren't easy. But they were interesting. A young lieutenant was with me. We'd cross a road and bump into a queer-looking concrete object; a pillbox commanding every horizon. Guns would bristle from a dozen slits in the concrete. An antitank ditch would stop us then. It meant destruction for any German tank that blundered into it. The closer to the front you approached the more your admiration for (*Continued on page* 50)

"I've never seen anyone like this anonymous French pilot. He was up against superior speed and superior maneuverability. And yet he wasn't getting hurt"



DRAWING BY JO KOTULA



WHEN IT'S A DATE

By Henry L. Jackson

By Helen Hilcken

THE noncombatant in upper left, in squatting position, is wearing a coconut-colored shirt and slack combination, with thick-soled sneakers. His wool hose absorb perspiration, which is exactly what wool hose are supposed to do. He's wearing a short-sleeved shirt, you will notice, but he's also got one just like it with long sleeves. These three-piece outfits and accessories are calculated to blitzkrieg any dame. Anyway, short of a uniform, there's nothing gets the gals like the proper clothes for the proper occasion.

A date for a sail gives our hero an opportunity to show off striped lisle shirt—like the Basques used to wear before they took up khaki—yachting cap and shorts. Canvas shoes with nonskid soles are an essential unless you prefer to go barefoot, which is really more sensible on any boat although, of course, it doesn't look so good. Not if you've got feet like mine. Lower right illustrates the general idea.

And again (lighting the lady's cigarette) he's all set for a swim, because judging from the way his hair is neatly combed he hasn't been near the water yet. He's wearing a wool lastex swim trunk—not recommended for fat guys, potbellies or other loose livers. For most of us it would be better to wear shorts, just shorts, loosely cut. He is also wearing a mesh shirt—it's air-conditioned and permits the sun to snipe through and do a gentle bit of tanning.

At lower left we see our boy friend in Palm Beach cloth jacket and slacks. Notice how tweedy he looks as he spears a weenie. His shirt is a chamois-colored Oxford and he's wearing with it a foulard bow tie, short, rust-colored socks, Norwegian style shoes. The straw hat is a Pandang.

WITH a gay swing of the shoulders girls today stride out ready for fun, flirtatious and free in clothes cut for action. They've learned that the quickest way to pass out of a man's life is to shiver on his boat so he has to take off his nice, warm sweater and offer it to you, or say you're tired, because you can't walk around all day on those high heels, or tell him that the dress you're wearing will be ruined if you indulge in a bit of real exercise.

Our Collier's girl has solved the bowling problem with her striped blue silk shirtwaist dress. The news here is a sleeve with a fabric inset, which allows the most violent arm motion without fear of ripping seams. It buttons down the front too and gives her plenty of leg room.

On the boat she wears yellow corduroy slacks and sweatshirt cardigan that can take the salt spray and are both warm and washable. A perfect frame too for golden beauty.

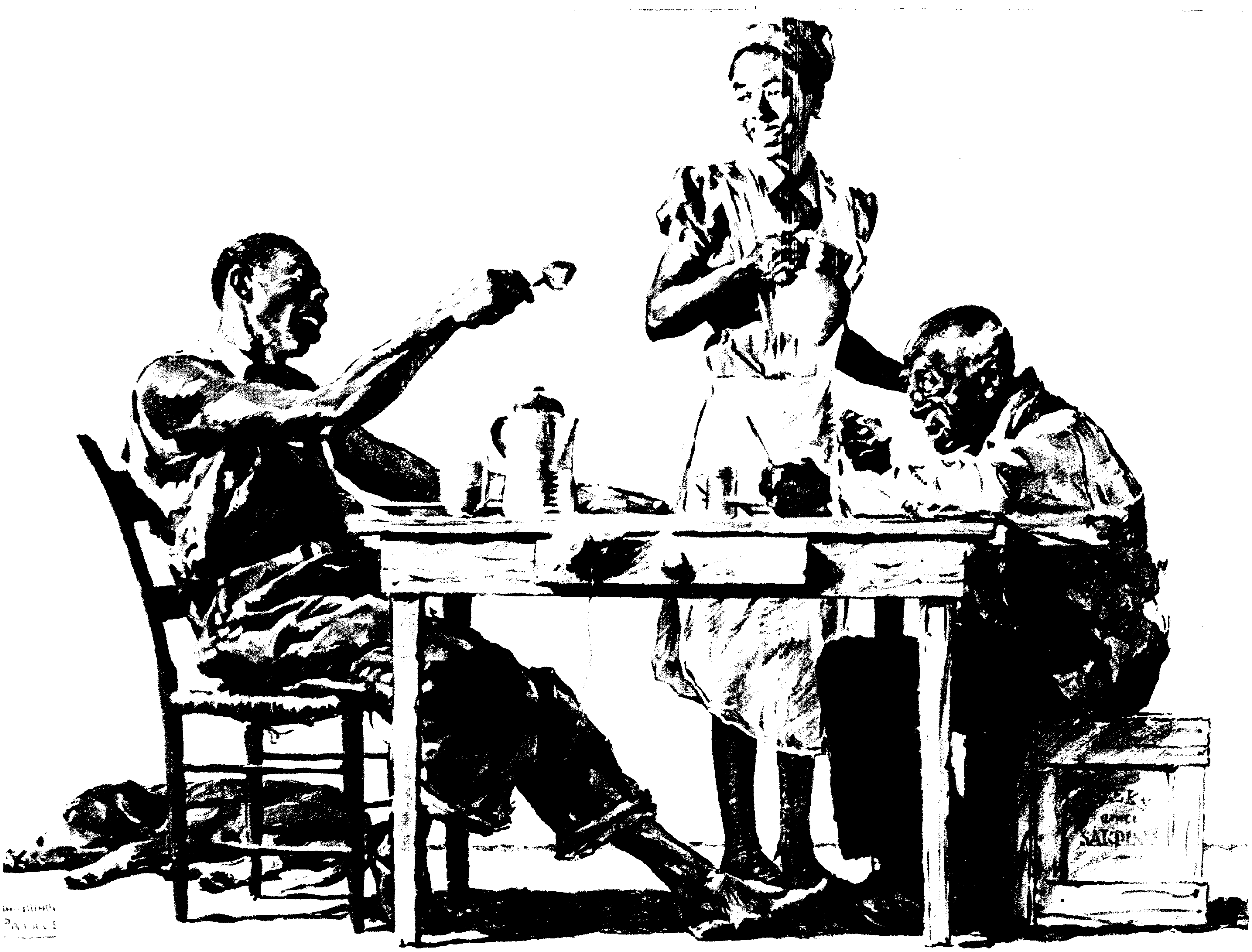
A bright tricolored midriff in the white celanese rayon bathing suit and the turkish toweling shawl are definitely summer 1940.

Ready for the picnic in her blue, red and yellow gingham dress that won't show grass stains and short, boyish topper in blue flannel with brass buttons.

And remember the crispness of white gloves, the trimness of hair bound in a mesh turban or bright scarf. It's the attention you give to the little details in your wardrobe that makes it a joy to you and those who see you.

He wants to play and so do you, but make yourself stand out against the background, and the light in his eyes when he smiles approval will mean you're going to have a wonderful time.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE MONAHAN AND IFOR THOMAS



"Ringo wa'n't good enough for a fine gal like Carrie," Dave said. "So I and Carrie hauled off an' divo'ced him. Didn't us, baby?"

The Mule-Angel

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Uncle Henry knew about mules. That made him an authority on any subject —especially on theology

GILES had been tactful and Uncle Henry appreciated it. The foreman of Little Bee Bend plantation put on an awful fuss about having to send Ringo to help the aging lotman care for the eighty-odd mules.

"You runs around too much at night," the foreman stormed in mock rage. "You ole goat! I bet quick as de sun go down ev'y night, you gits out and wawks de bayou. Den when daylight come, you's too tired to lift de cawn basket. You claim you got a gimp in yo' back. Efn you don't watch out, some lady gonter bus' yo' back!"

Uncle Henry laughed. "I jest can't he'p gittin' about wid de ladies, Mist' Giles," he lied.

"Well," the foreman said, "I'm gonter send Ringo to he'p you tote dem baskets ontwell you settle down."

The blow had fallen, though it had not been as bad as Uncle Henry feared. For some time now, he had expected Ringo to take over the duties at the lot, but Giles had made a good joke about it. Uncle Henry seldom went anywhere except to his cabin across the road, because there was no knowing when something might happen in the lot and he ought to be close at hand. And any mule in the lot would tell you how, many was the time, Uncle Henry had rolled out of bed and grabbed his "drench bottle" at old Sadie's first groan when her bellyaches set in. Or how he had braved flashing heels and milling feet to rescue the arrogant Miss Patsy every time Jude and Queen hemmed her against the trough and began giving her the "heel tonic" she deserved. Yes, the mules knew that Uncle Henry had not neglected them. And Giles knew the same.

But Giles knew and Uncle Henry knew that age was slowing down the lotman.

"Daidhaid," Uncle Henry mumbled to himself. "Hit's bad but hit's a fack." He had told many an old mule just that. He remembered when old Deemus got too old to work and was turned into the pasture. He had seen Deemus watch the other mules go to the field and, instead of eating grass and getting fat, Deemus just stood up and looked sorry.

"You eat yo' grass and forgit dem mules," Uncle Henry told Deemus. "You know good as me you can't drag yo' end er de doubletree all day in de field, like a young mule. You's too old. You's a daidhaid, now, Deemus."

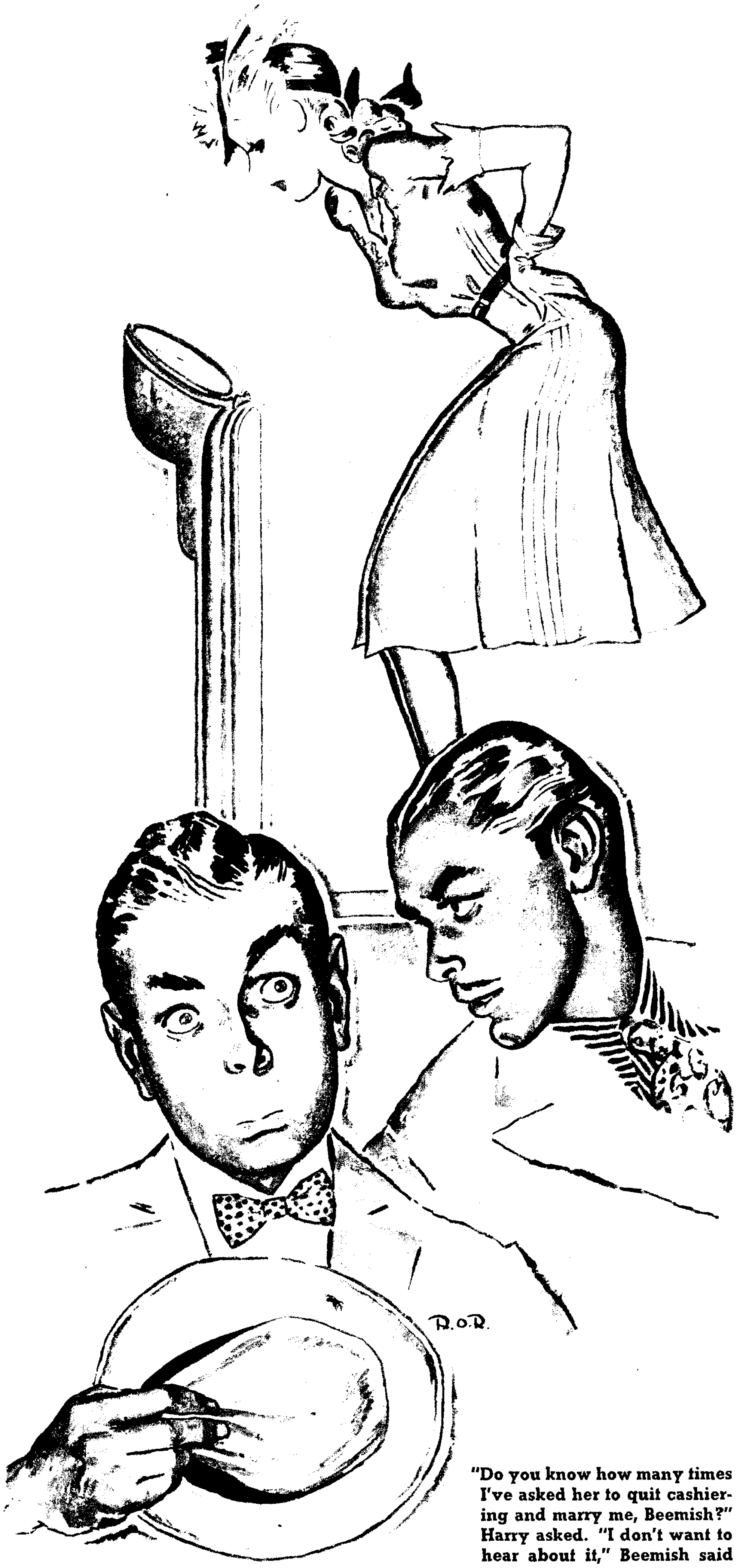
He wouldn't eat, though, and he died off that summer. All the deadheads usually died off soon after being turned into pasture. Once, Uncle Henry experimented with an old mule named Blue. He caught Blue from the pasture and put him to light plowing in the vegetable garden, just to keep up the

(Continued on page 27)

Where Credit was Due

By Jeffers Godfrey

The rise of Beemish Todd, who found love a more complicated matter than business



"Do you know how many times I've asked her to quit cashiering and marry me, Beemish?" Harry asked. "I don't want to hear about it," Beemish said

THERE'S been a mile of stories in newspapers and magazines about the rise of Beemish Todd, but they tell only half the story. . . .

Our town is a town of ten thousand population, and it has a high school of three hundred pupils, and I went through the high school with Beemish. He was an energetic boy, tall for his age, and I suppose was just as good-looking in a steady-eyed, dark-complexioned way as he is as a man today in the newsreels and magazines. But we never noticed his looks much, for his outstanding feature was a kind of cash-mindedness that made him a decided pain in the neck as treasurer of the class, a job he managed to wangle every one of our four years.

Whenever the ice-cream cones at the school cafeteria were looking their largest, there was Beemish to jog the elbow and confiscate the nickel for class dues; and when for a graduation essay he took "Grab the cash and let the credit go" as his theme, we all agreed he certainly was preaching what he always practiced.

About a dozen of us got store jobs around town after graduation, and Beemish Todd was very happy in the cash-only atmosphere of one of the big grocery chains where he could bounce quarters and halves into the till from morning to night. Then his Uncle Dan died and left Beemish alone in the world with an estate that netted a little over eleven hundred dollars cash money.

Beemish immediately enrolled in a night-school course in merchandising, and began to look around town for a business to buy into with his legacy. Several local merchants were receptive to his partnership, for Beemish was a good worker and they could use his money; but Beemish found the stigma of credit attached to their various businesses, and he passed them all up. So he had to look beyond our town, for only the chain concerns were on the strictly cash basis that he demanded.

HE SENT out perhaps thirty letters over a period of a year to small firms in the city of which our town is a suburb, but got no answers. Then he asked me to let him use my father's typewriter; and on Dad's machine he ran off this letter:

Pollard Hardware Co.
27 Canal Street
Pottsburg, State

Dear Sirs:

The STRICTLY CASH sign in the rear of your store pleased me, but the rest of the store is all wrong. For instance: you have tables of low-priced, quick-turnover hardware right down through the center of the store. Now I read that myself on page 36 of Bloom's Modern Merchandising, just the way you did; but the trouble is you didn't read far enough, and a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Let me quote Bloom, page 211: "Get your traffic *into* the store. Sales are in direct ratio to customer penetration. The farther in the customer walks, the farther out he has to walk. *And every customer step is a potential sale.*"

I am ready to invest $1143.32 in Pollard Hardware when and if:

1. You remove those tables that bounce a customer back on the sidewalk before he's in the store, and:
2. You fire the cashier.

Yours truly,
Beemish Todd

An answer came with surprising promptness.

Dear Mr. Todd:

The tables are out, and if you really have $1143.32 to invest, you'd better hurry up.

But the cashier has to stay. What's wrong with her?

Yours truly,
Pollard Hardware Co.

Pollard Hardware Co.
27 Canal Street
Pottsburg, State

Dear Sirs:

This is what's wrong with her, as I found out when in your store. I bought a five-cent article, and went over to her with the sales slip. She was reading a love mag. I gave her a dollar bill and the five-cent slip. She gave me back a dollar and five cents in silver. I gave her back the extra dime. She looked at the slip and gave me back a nickel. I gave her back the nickel. She looked at the slip and looked at the nickel. She said: "What are you waiting for?—it's a nickel sale."

Now, being a man of the world, I know the biological effect of a baby-faced blonde with the probable conformation of a bubble dancer. But in a successful cash business you have to be objective, and there are two necessities for a hardware cashier:

1. The ability to make change and say "thank you," and keep her nose out of a love book, and:
2. Brains.

Your blonde has neither. However, I agree to let her stay, if she has to, and I will be in at 11:30 A.M. the 28th inst.

Yours truly,
Beemish Todd

My dear Mr. Todd:

Never mind coming in.

Very truly yours,
Pollard Hardware Co.

Pollard Hardware Co.
27 Canal Street
Pottsburg, State

Dear Sirs:

I will be in at 11:30 A.M. the 28th inst.

Yours truly,
Beemish Todd

On the next Monday, Beemish walked into Pollard Hardware. The middle floor of the little store was empty of tables and stock; but, unless you could call a few pounds of loose nails scattered over shelves and floor stock, there wasn't any stock anywhere.

Beemish said: "You've overdone it."

No one answered him. He looked around and saw there wasn't a clerk in the store. There was no one in the store except the blonde in the cashier's cage, and she was too busy reading a love book to pay any attention to him. Beemish walked over to her.

"Where's Mr. Pollard, or whoever owns Pollard Hardware?" he asked her.

"I'm Rita Pollard," the girl said, keeping on with her reading, "and I'm Pollard Hardware—what's left of it."

"Where's all the stock?" Beemish said, gulping down his natural chagrin at finding anyone like her was Pollard Hardware.

"The jobbers took out whatever belonged to them, and let it go at that. Harry Harmon got them to agree to that so there wouldn't be any bankruptcy, and Pollard Hardware would still be a going concern when you showed up with your money."

"You call an empty store like this a going concern?"

She turned a page.

"SURE, it's going," she said, "but you can figure for yourself which way it's headed."

Beemish asked: "Who's this Harry Harmon?"

She stopped reading.

"What do you want to know for?" she asked.

"He seems to have an unhealthy interest in you and this business," Beemish said darkly, letting his natural chagrin get the better of him.

"He's the son of Harmon and Son, the biggest wholesale hardware house in Pottsburg," she said, "and don't kid yourself that he has any interest in Pollard Hardware as a business." She giggled suddenly, slapped shut her magazine, stopped giggling and came walking out of the cage. She was a little plump for bubble-dancing, but she had what was Beemish's idea of a perfect shape. She demanded: "Just what's unhealthy in a fellow's having an interest in a girl like me?"

Beemish couldn't answer that. At the moment, he was suffering a vital interest in her himself. He was tingling through every inch of his circulatory system; it was, if anything, too healthy a tingle; and it certainly had nothing to do with the hardware business.

"You'd better keep away from that Harry just the same," he said.

"Say, you've got a nerve! You'd think you owned—"

"I own half the business, don't I?"

She stared at him. Her blue eyes, widening, were very blue and very beautiful. "You don't mean you're going to put your eleven hundred dollars into a defunct concern!"

Beemish chided: "You said yourself it was a going concern."

"It's been going for fifty years, sure—but right now Pollard Hardware hasn't a nickel's worth of assets to its name."

"You're wrong," Beemish said. "It has my money, it has fifty years of good will, it has my brains."

She grinned at him.

"Oh, well, in that case it's got me, too—in the cage."

"I was speaking of assets," Beemish said.

"Is that so, wise guy! Well, let me tell you something. As long as Pollard Hardware has a cashier, I'm it, and don't kid yourself it'll ever be anyone different!"

Beemish nodded in resignation.

"I know that," he said. "I agreed to that in my letter."

"Your letter!" Then she went so fast from indignation into a dulcet giggle that Beemish was a little dizzy. "That reminds me that I'm late for a date to eat lunch at the Brass Rail with Harry Harmon. Here—take the keys. I can't seem to get away from Harry since you put that about the bubble dancer in your letter."

She tossed over the keys, she got out a dainty compact and accentuated her beauty, and she walked out the door. Beemish's heart went right along with her.

However, Beemish lost no time indulging his jealousy. He hustled into the back office and got down the ledgers to get a true picture of Pollard Hardware. It was a bad picture. No funds—and a thousand unpaid customer accounts dating back as far as fifty years. So the sign in the store about Strictly Cash didn't mean anything. Well, it would in the future.

He grabbed his hat, locked up the store and set out for the Brass Rail.

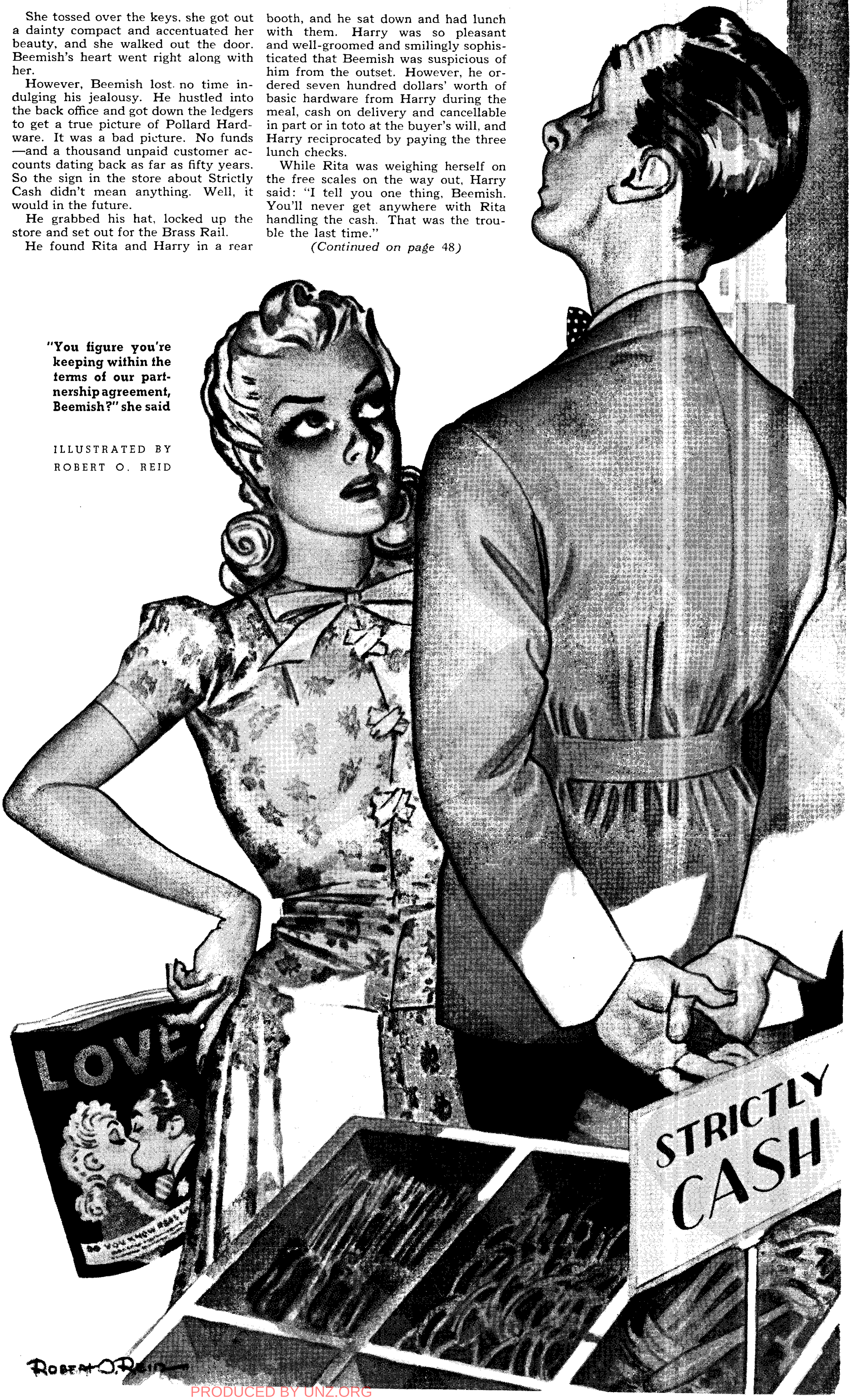
He found Rita and Harry in a rear booth, and he sat down and had lunch with them. Harry was so pleasant and well-groomed and smilingly sophisticated that Beemish was suspicious of him from the outset. However, he ordered seven hundred dollars' worth of basic hardware from Harry during the meal, cash on delivery and cancellable in part or in toto at the buyer's will, and Harry reciprocated by paying the three lunch checks.

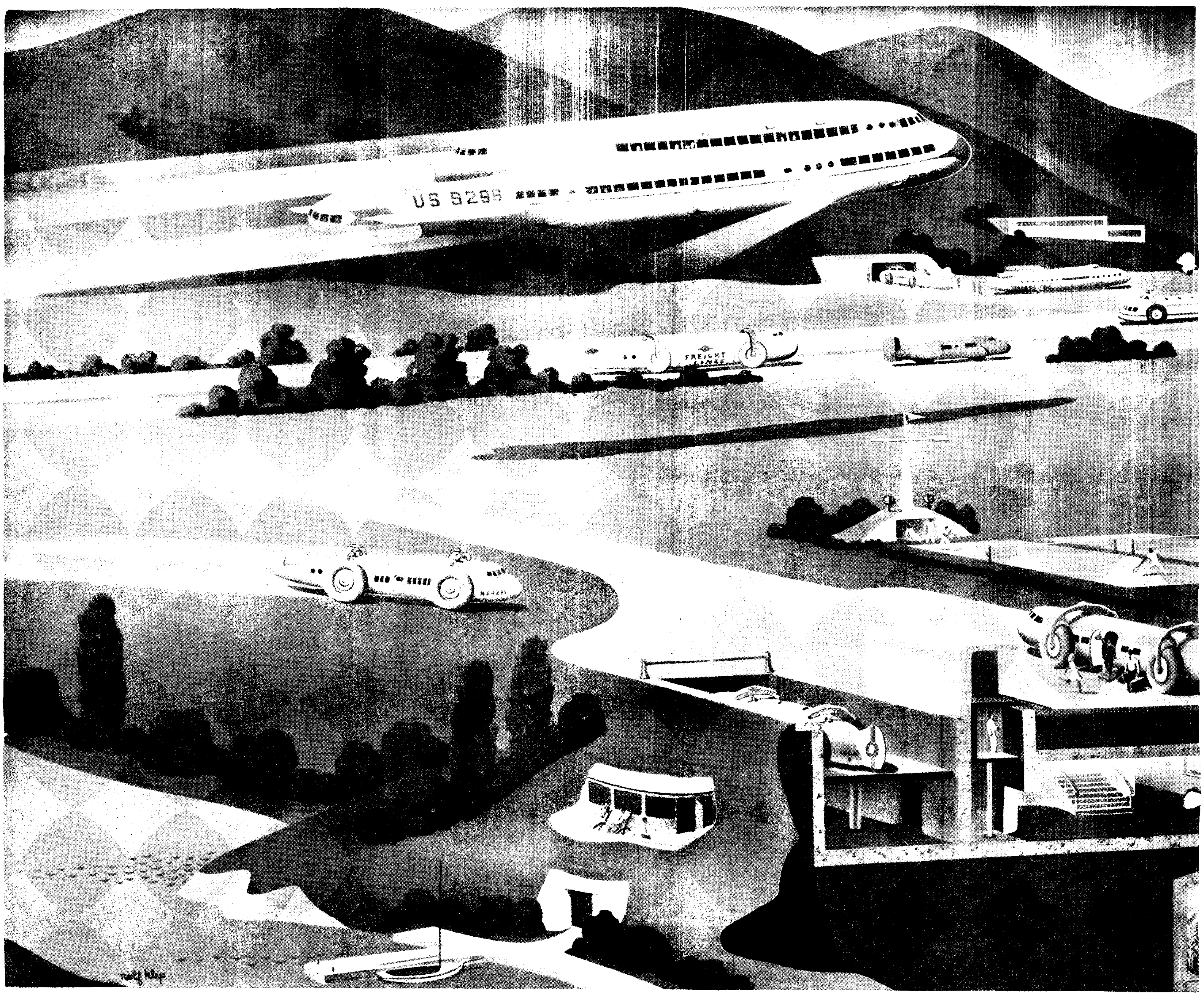
While Rita was weighing herself on the free scales on the way out, Harry said: "I tell you one thing, Beemish. You'll never get anywhere with Rita handling the cash. That was the trouble the last time."

(Continued on page 48)

"You figure you're keeping within the terms of our partnership agreement, Beemish?" she said

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID





Here, as Dr. Langer envisions it, is the new and fascinating way of life that lies within the immediate grasp of man through utilization of Uranium-235, the long-sought, practical source of atomic power. It's a world that is changed socially as well as physically, and a world of ease, comfort, luxury and security for everybody in it

Fast New World

By Dr. R. M. Langer

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE IN PHYSICS,
CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Science unleashes a tremendous new source of energy. Here are the things, fantastic only yesterday, that you'll probably live to see

IN NO war of the past has the average man had more reason than he has right now to look forward toward the inevitable peace with greater faith in the eventual prosperity. security and happiness of himself and his family. In no other year of despair and suffering among men has there been a kinder and brighter light on the horizon ahead. This is not a promise of Utopia centuries away. It is a statement of facts that will profoundly change for the better the daily lives of you and yours.

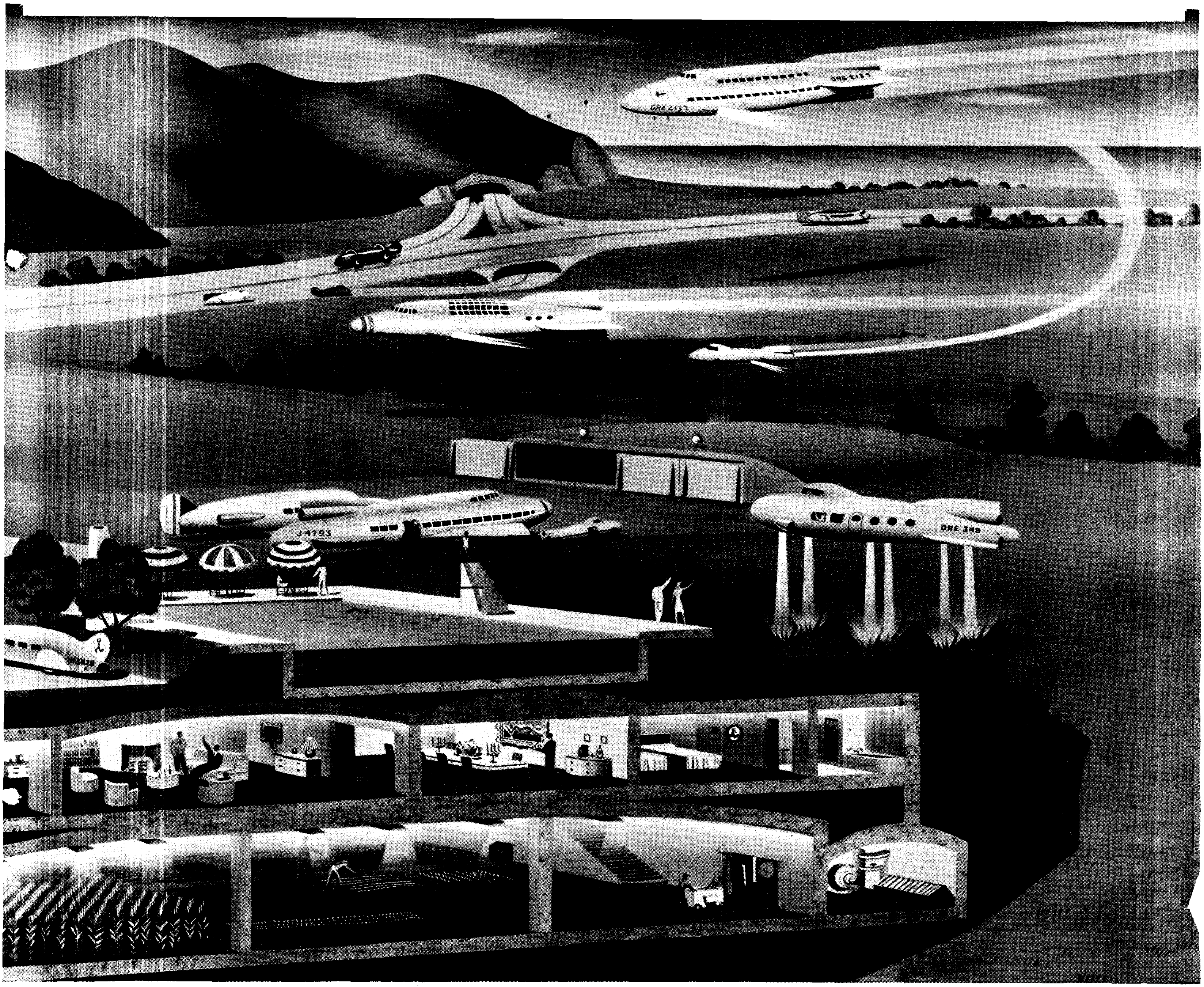
Despite current headlines we are about to enter a period of unparalleled richness and opportunities for all. Privilege and class distinctions and the other sources of social uneasiness and bitterness will become relics because things that make up the good life will be so abundant and inexpensive. War itself will become obsolete because of the disappearance of those economic stresses that immemorially have caused it. Industrious, powerful nations and clever, aggressive races can win at peace far more than could ever be won at war.

This is not visionary. The foundations of the happy era have already been laid. The driving force is within our grasp. Reality is about to be handed from the scientists in their laboratories to the engineers in their factories for application to your daily life. It is a new form of power—atomic power. It will change our lives in a thousand ways. On the basis of how you live today you cannot make the chart of how you will live tomorrow. You must draw a wholly fresh picture.

Transportation anywhere on, over or beyond the earth will be at your personal touch. The face of the earth will be changed—with rails, houses and roads gone. Your social and cultural and recreational life will have infinite variety. Everything—your clothes, food, health—will be touched by the wand.

The source of this new power lies in the element called U-235. This is a special kind of Uranium, which, until recently, was the ninety-second, or last and heaviest, in the scale of known elements. (Now the discovery of a ninety-third and a ninety-fourth has been reported.)

Uranium is derived from pitchblende, a mineral found in many parts of the world from Connecticut to Norway and Germany. Ninety-nine per cent of the Uranium is uninteresting for us here, but in a ton of pitchblende there are some ten pounds of a special kind of Uranium. Concentrated and disposed



ROLF KLEP

in a suitable manner, already known, this special Uranium, called U-235, is a fuel of remarkable intensity and flexibility. One pound of U-235 can be made to give out as much heat as can be obtained from 1,000 *tons* of coal. If coal is worth $5 a ton as fuel, then a pound of U-235 is worth $5,000 as fuel. But *this does not do justice to U-235.* Coal is bulky and limited in the temperatures at which it burns, U-235 is marvelously compact and incredibly easy to manage. It can be made to maintain a constant temperature, high or low. It could be used to incubate eggs, or to give white-hot incandescence. It can be turned on and off like an electric light. It can be exploded with a violence beyond anything known on earth, and it can be stored, without deterioration, indefinitely.

Now I have said that as cheap and simple fuel, compared with coal at $5 a ton, U-235 is worth $5,000 a pound. But it would also do what is required of gasoline. Compared with the production cost of gasoline, at four cents a gallon for the best quality, U-235 is worth at least $10,000 a pound. When substituted for electricity at one cent per kilowatt hour it is worth $100,000 a pound. As a competitor for the storage battery; or for radium, in treating cancer; or as fuel for rocket ships; it is vastly more valuable than any of the rates quoted.

But so far this picture has been drawn upside down. It is nonsense to discuss the dollar value of U-235. If veins containing 1 per cent of the Uranium in the *earth's crust are discovered,* and when refineries are developed for extraction of U-235 from the Uranium ore, then U-235 will, itself, be the standard of value. It will furnish the true energy dollar. The gold standard will have become incomprehensible. It is not too soon to begin adjusting ourselves to the situation that will exist then.

The Age of U-235

As a physicist, perhaps, I ought to be devoting myself now to a deeper study of U-235, itself, and leave to the new generation of businessmen and housewives the design for the civilization of the next era: "The Age of U-235." But the subject is fascinating. I have dabbled in it and I present without shame a look across the threshold of a new and startling world:

Your "Sunday driving" will be in a propellerless plane 50 miles above the surface of the earth. When you make a trip to see a fine display of the aurora borealis you make a note, on the way, of the weather that is moving toward your home so that you can make plans for the next few days. A little practice at a height of 50 miles makes you practically infallible about the weather.

In your home the big problem is entertainment. You have access to everything produced anywhere in the world—so too have your friends. But it is harder than ever to provide something interesting, new, unexpected, colorful. With universal facilities at command, people have become experts on colors, sounds and flavors. They have everything and still they must keep on their toes. They have the best of everything, but tradition forbids them to be too easily satisfied. They are driven to achievement.

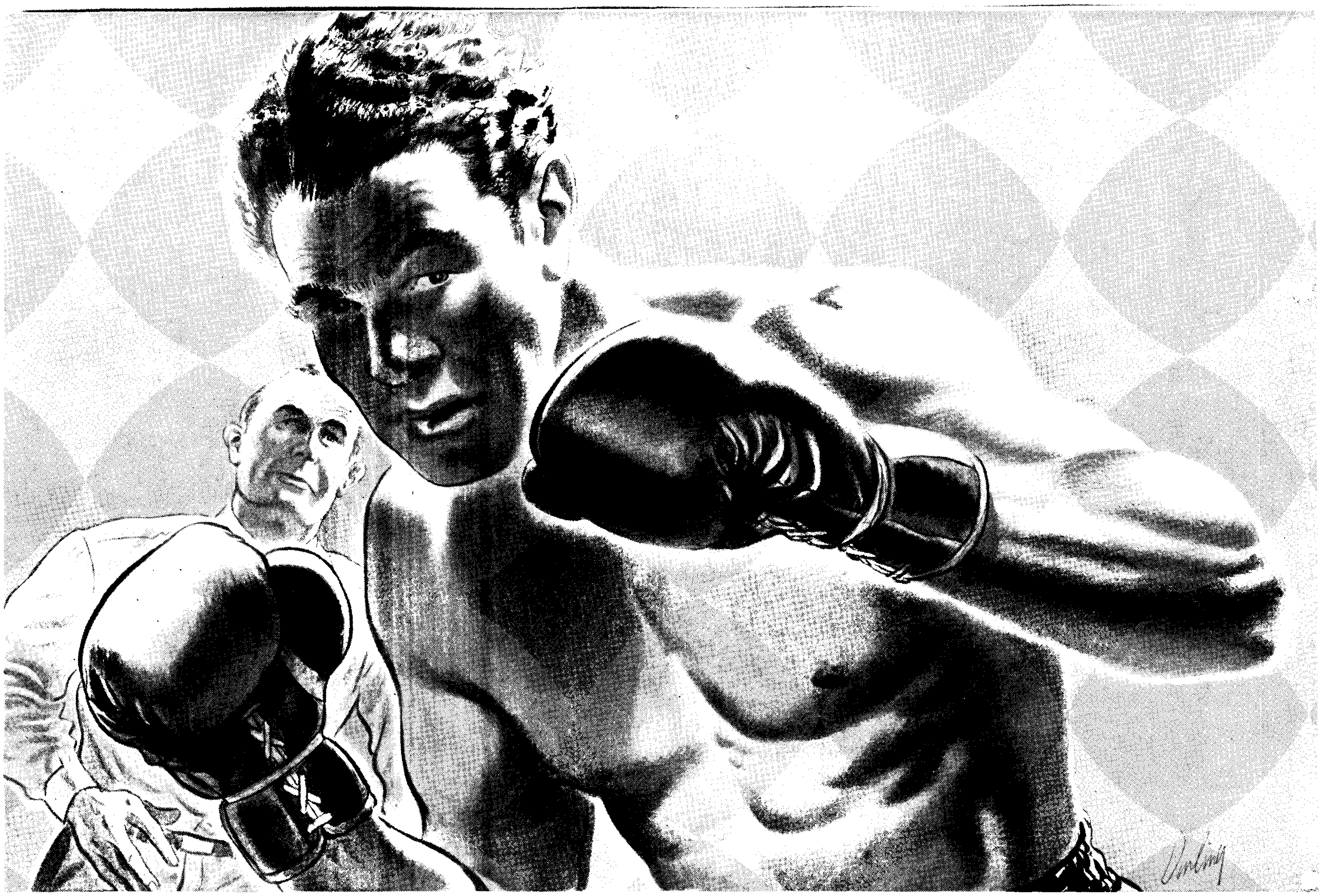
Energy has become so cheap that it isn't worth making a charge for it. It is so convenient there are no distribution costs. That means that freight as well as passenger transportation are public utilities; like the heat and light and water in your house, you don't have to pay for them at all. But the big, sudden change brought about by U-235 is that man is no longer dependent upon the sun for his cheapest and most essential manufacture—the production of food. This means that any country, with any climate, at any time of the year, on very small acreage, indoors, can grow what it needs to feed and clothe and provide shelter for its citizens. The citizens need only contribute according to their *talents: administrative, manipulative* or technical services for a small fraction of their time.

Real Steps Toward Utopia

The notion that food will become less important, or less attractive, or less palatable than it is nowadays is obvious nonsense. There may be artificial foods, but they will have to compete with Nature's products, improved by all that genetics and complete control of environment can contribute. Surely we can expect to accelerate the growth of plants and animals, to improve breeds, to generate new species.

We shall be able to satiate ourselves with all the plastics our ingenuity can discover. Textiles and building materials would be scarcely worth charging for, and we shall have to invent luxuries sufficiently interesting to occupy the

(Continued on page 54)



Then Montana came again. A left hook blazed again and didn't miss. McGinty heard the thunder in his head

Down Went McGinty

By William Fay

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

It's easy to give up the title when you're still champion, but it's tough to get it back if you should change your mind

BUSINESS was hot cakes within the Midnight Club. The trumpets blew the dinner music higher than the rhythm of the piano and the strings, but kept it soft and disciplined with mutes. Some people danced. McGinty drained his drink. "The sweetest little girl in all the world is what you are," McGinty said. "Just let me have the fifty bucks."

The girl said, "No."

McGinty laughed and watched the girl. The drinks he had inside of him were multiple and fine, of rum and lemon juice and goodly things he'd never had in quantity before. "True love is not a matter of accountancy," he said. "Fifty bucks is corn flakes to a guy like me."

"Where I live it's the rent," she said. "Oh, Barney, cut it out. You're such a clown. Don't make a face like that. It wasn't my idea, you know. You said we'd put aside so much each week. You took a hundred yesterday."

"I knew a guy who needed it," he said.

"You knew a horse. A milk-wagon horse. He must have been dragging the wagon. He was ninth."

McGinty was startled. His eyes found refuge from her wise and pious glance, and viewed, instead, his knobbed and lumpy hands. But McGinty wore no lumps upon his head. He was a clean and very pleasant-looking gent. "How'd you know?" he asked the girl. "Where'd you hear a thing like that?"

"I hear a lot of things I'm not supposed to hear. I wouldn't care," she said. "I wouldn't care a bit if you hadn't promised me. It was your idea, Barney, and your money, too. It's not mine. You can mind it yourself. I wish you would."

Mary wore her anger quite attractively, he thought. It gave new color to her strong and lovely face; it gave live meaning to the dark depths of her eyes that were so large and soft and deeply blue, now gleaming with the moisture of the tears she hadn't shed. He'd never seen her cry, but she'd come close a time or two, as when one time he'd been hit cleanly on the chin, or that other time, more ghastly still, when their marriage plans were made, then dissolved with quick disaster in an all-night game of craps.

"I'm gonna buy you a rock as big as your eye," he said. "A five-thousand-dollar rock. A headlight, wait and see."

THE words just made him foolish, he supposed. He'd said them all so many times, and so sincerely he would swear to all the saints they would come true. "Tonight's the night," he said. "Tonight my pal the Sailor becomes a golden goose. He even looks like a goose. Just wait'll you see his nose."

She only smiled a little bit, her soft lips breaking slowly from her white and perfect teeth. She might have been Miss America, if she tried to be. He placed a finger firmly on one nostril, and then nasally intoned, "Them — wedding — bells—are—"

"Barney—be sensible!" she said, then nudged him gently with a toe beneath the table set for two. "Paul will be coming over," Mary told him then. "People can hear you. They're looking at you."

"They're looking at you," he said. "Because you are so pretty." He placed the finger on his nose again and threatened to renew the song. "Gimme the fifty bucks," he said. "Gimme; gimme; gimme."

She concealed the money in her palm and managed to get it under the ruffled napkin next to him. McGinty said, "You're a great big bag of sugar."

"I'm a what?"

"You're sweet," he said, but believed she was better than that, and hoped she did not consider him a worm for wasting all the money he had firmly resolved to save, through the simple measure of placing it in her more trustworthy hands. Except McGinty was in hock, and knew it well.

Paul Keegan stopped to ask them if the service was all right, and if the steaks were just exactly as they should be, and the drinks. Paul was a tall and serious young man whose face was just as honest as the tinkle of a silver dime. He owned the Midnight Club and all the costly things therein. He used to be a dancer in some clubs around the town, but everybody said his brain was nimbler than his feet. He used to dance with Mary, maybe eleven years ago, when both of them, aged nineteen years, saw Barney win the Golden Gloves.

Paul sat and drank some claret wine. He never used the stronger stuff. He said to Mary, "You're the finest decoration in the place." He always said something like that when Mary was around, and wore a slightly punchy look until she went away. Paul was a noble gentleman, McGinty was convinced, but wished that sheer nobility was not so stiffly starched. He never felt quite comfortable with characters of tested steel. He had another drink, a habit really strange to him. The fights at the Garden were scheduled to begin, and they went to the checkroom together. Mary chose this moment for the fixing of her hair. "Great little girl," Paul Keegan said.

"The best in the world," McGinty said. It always went like this. "You've got a nice place, Paul. You're doing pretty swell."

"I'd be lying if I said things weren't good. You know I'm opening up another spot in a little while."

McGinty said he'd heard.

"I'll have to plug the other place," said Paul. "It's going to be uptown a bit. I'll have to give it all my time."

"You'll find time, Paul. You always get things done."

"I thought that you might like the job—to manage this place here. People like you, Barney. You know that. It's worth two hundred dollars every week to you."

McGINTY feared something like this. He knew that Paul was being nice and being big, and stretching his nobly prudent heart as long as a city block.

He looked at Paul. He said, "No, thanks." The way he said no, thanks, he meant no, thanks. "But it's nice of you, Paul, and things are not as fourteen-karat as they might be, pal. Mary and I are getting married soon, you know, but I guess the Sailor's gonna pull us through. The man is tough."

Paul made no further offers through the kindness of his heart. He said, "Best of luck to the Sailor, Barney. How's the man he's going to fight?"

"Delaney? A pretty smart boy, Paul. He's been around. Nice boxer, but no puncher. Sailor should eat the guy."

"Eat him?"

"A slip of the tongue," McGinty said. "The Sailor will eat anything, regardless of race, color or creed. He's a sporting eater. He bit a guy's ear in Boston. Lookit, Paul—" Mention of the Sailor's appetite reminded McGinty of further indebtedness. Being an indulgent manager, he had permitted his heavyweight to be fed the two-dollar lunches at the Midnight Club—special rations of rare meats and spinach for the Sailor, but strictly no sweets, except a cup of custard now and then, a little ice cream, a chocolate bar. "What do I owe you for the Sailor's meals, Paul?"

"That's all right, Barney. See me after the fight." The implication was that McGinty had no scratch. It was a state of mind he wished to leave with no one other than Mary, and certainly not with Paul, who used to have a bank account on twenty bucks a week. He drew the fifty dollars from his pocket. "I meant to speak to you before. How much?"

"Oh—oh, let me see. Maybe twenty-five, twenty-six—say twenty-five, Barney. No rush about the thing at all."

McGinty saw his fifty dollars cut in half. He hoped the Sailor enjoyed the meals. It would be all right if the Sailor won tonight, and, naturally, there was no doubt that he would win tonight. But just suppose—suppose he lost tonight!

"Great guy, the Sailor. Nothing but the best," McGinty said. "I'll tell ya, Paul—I'll tell ya what I'll do." He flipped a nickel lightly in the air, then held it flat and covered on his hand. "For a gag," he said. "It's fifty bucks or on the house." His careless smile said this would be the sporting thing to do, but his hand upon the nickel was wet with sudden sweat.

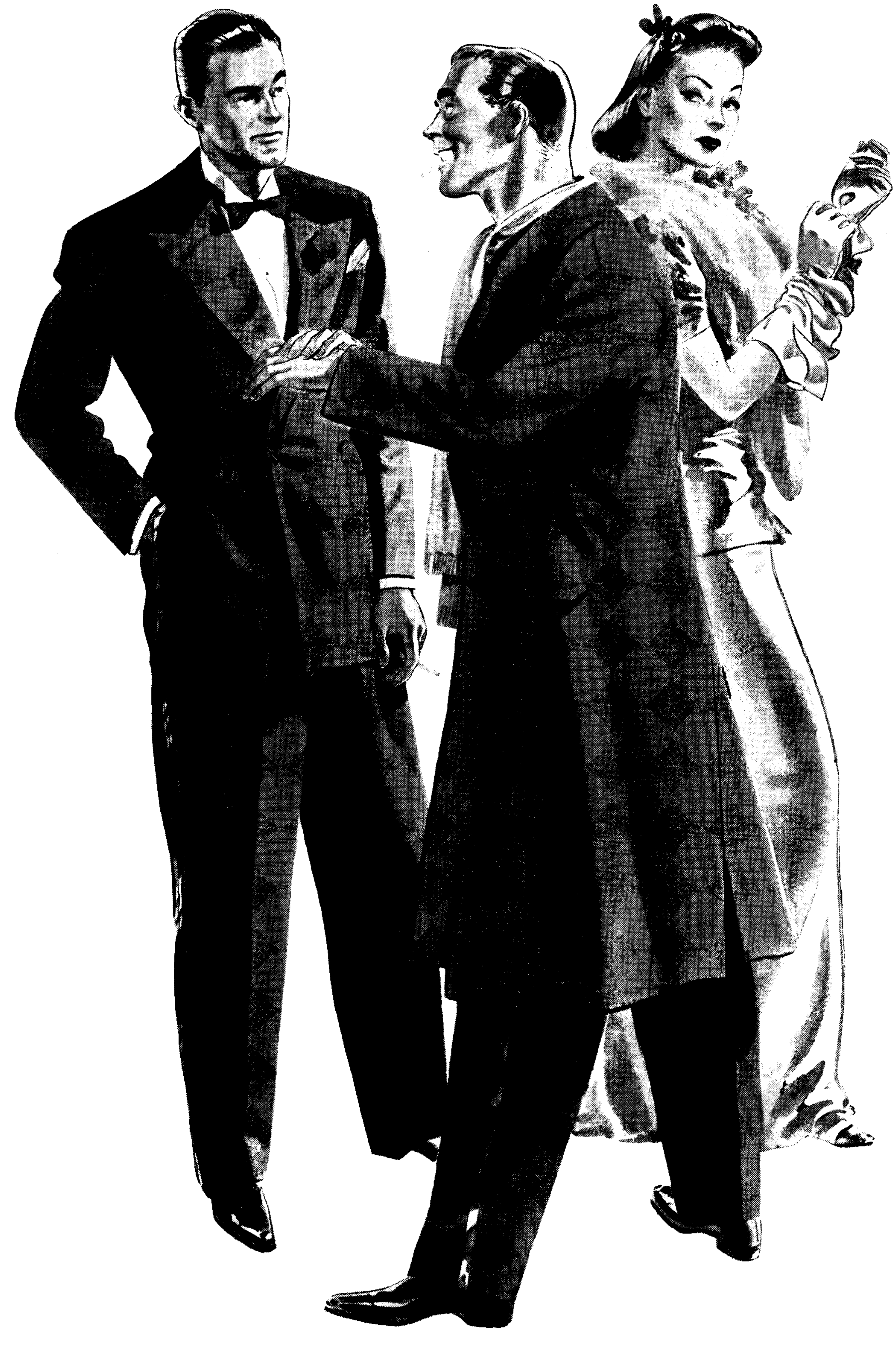
Paul didn't smile. He just said, "Tails."

The nickel showed the buffalo. "Tails is right," McGinty said. "Some day I'm gonna shoot a buffalo. I'm goin' up to the zoo in the Bronx and shoot one in the head." He gave the fifty bucks to Paul.

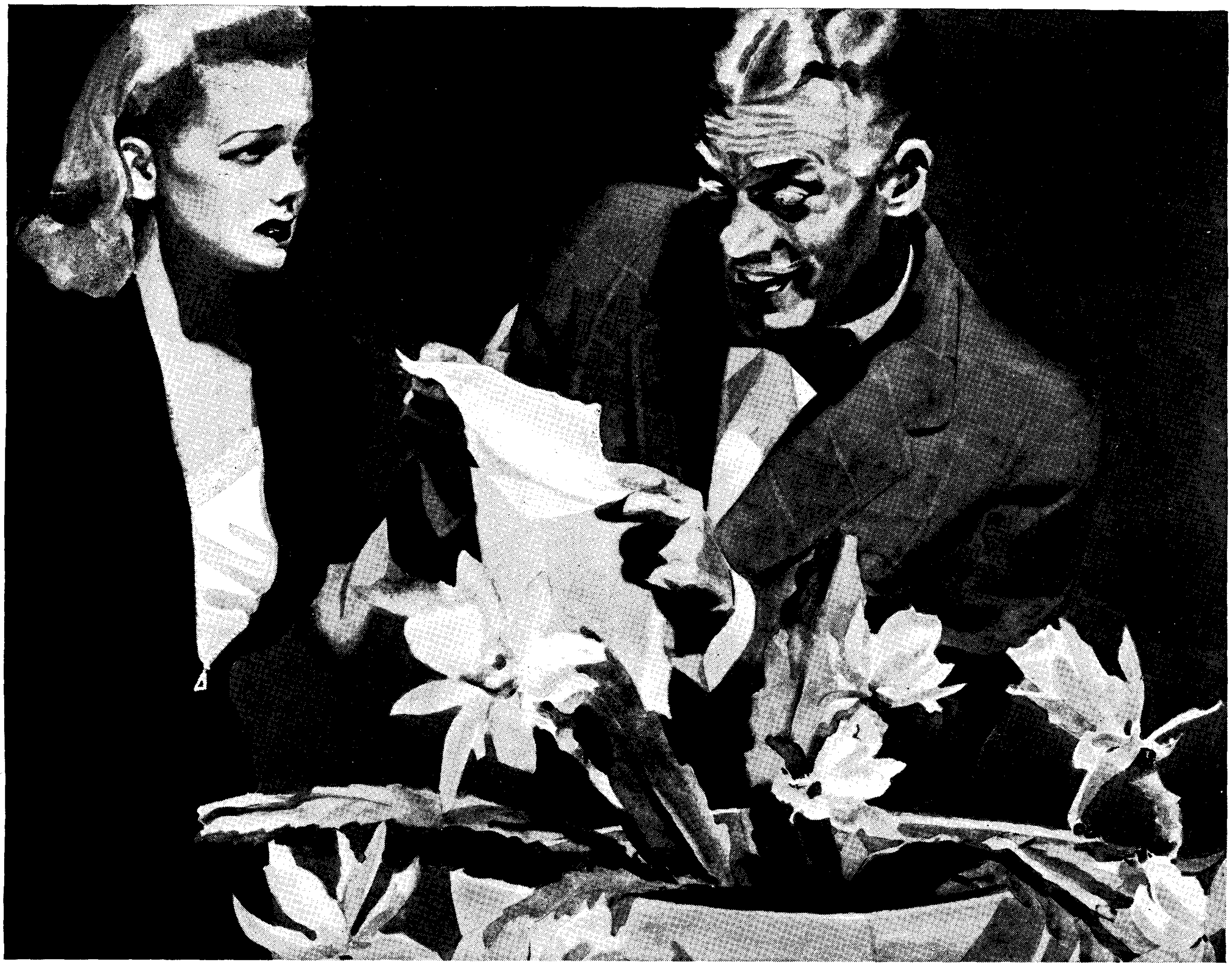
"You'd probably bring the buffalo home for ham and eggs. Or pawn him for his hide." The voice was just in back of him. The voice belonged to Mary, no one else, and no doubt she had stood silent there while he lost the fifty bucks.

Their cab moved slowly in the rain,

(Continued on page 38)



"For a gag," he said, "it's fifty bucks or on the house." His hand was wet with sudden sweat



No poetic nonsense bothered Greg, who snatched the paper from her and wolfed through it with his eyes

Rain Before Seven

By John August

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

BITTER enemies, in the little city of Wallisport, Massachusetts, John Gabriel (whose machine-tool company is feverishly filling war orders) and Caleb Thatcher are in love with the same girl: Hope Shaler; and Hope is engaged to John.

Because Caleb had fought on the Loyalist side in Spain, John believes that he is a dangerous "Red." . . . Bert Hendricks, a labor leader, comes to Wallisport. Caleb had served with him in Spain and gives him a warm welcome; and when one of John Gabriel's factory *buildings is burned and John accuses Hendricks* of incendiarism, Caleb helps him to make his getaway. . . . Meanwhile, Natalie Gabriel (widow of John's brother) has become infatuated with a British industrial spy: Greg Ashburn. From her, Ashburn is obtaining much valuable secret data. . . .

Hendricks returns to Wallisport. Unable to find Caleb, he approaches Hope and implores her to ask Caleb to meet him in Boston. Then, knowing that the police are after him, he steals away, disappears. . . . Hope delivers the message. Later, learning that John is on the point of calling in the G-men, she hurries to Boston, succeeds in finding Caleb (whom she warns). But Hendricks does not show up—before he can meet Caleb, he is drowned. . . .

Bert Hendricks drowned? Caleb does not believe it. He feels sure that his friend has been murdered. And, interpreting something that Hendricks had said to Hope, he is certain that he can name the murderer: a person named *Heinemann*.

Caleb and Hendricks had served under Heinemann, in Spain. Heinemann, a *Nazi* member of the fifth column in the Loyalist army, had betrayed his unit to the enemy. Many men, cruelly trapped, had died. Caleb and Hendricks had escaped, miraculously. *Whereupon, Caleb and Hendricks had vowed* that, some day, they would "get" Heinemann. But, coming to America, Heinemann had somehow succeeded in bringing about the death of Hendricks. . . .

Following a serious quarrel with Caleb—a quarrel in which Hope, who is present, takes Caleb's side—John Gabriel goes to his home. Entering, he finds the house dark. Hearing someone in the library, he steps into the room, seizes the intruder—*Natalie!* Natalie asserts that she, too, had heard someone in the room, and had come downstairs to investigate.

John goes to a safe. In it, undisturbed, is a copy of some important "mobilization plans." He turns to Natalie. "*You saved it,*" he says. Then Natalie faints.

VII

NO ONE had counted how often Caleb had said, "Oh, damn the police!" This time there was sharpness in Hope's voice when she answered, "If you don't tell them anything, you can't expect anything from them."

She was right—and she had been right oftener than he throughout these weeks. But when, this morning, he had tried to make Jim Dowdy believe that Bert had been murdered, it had been absolutely clear that he must not tell anything of what he knew. He had to make sure of the crucial day or two when there must be no sign anywhere that he suspected anything. So, naturally, Jim Dowdy had stood on what he knew. There was no mark on Bert's body, there was water in his lungs—it was a drowning and there was no reason to suspect anything else. And Caleb, telling the union that he would put off the funeral for twenty-four hours more in the hope of locating relatives, had repulsively had another physician verify the findings. Nothing. A drowned man—who had been murdered. . . . That crucial day or two of apparent ignorance might very well, he knew, serve the unseen antagonist as much as it served him. Or more. That risk had to be taken.

"You've got to tell them everything," Hope said. "I know all the arguments, and I still say you've got to tell them everything. At once—now—before . . ." Her voice trailed off.

But she was composed, and it was amazing how, these last weeks, the exquisiteness of her features had become strength as well. Only a little more than a month ago he had seen her lying on the same scuffed couch she was sitting on now, and had told her with an inconceivable casualness that a tomboy had grown up into a beautiful woman. And

(*Continued on page* 30)

Batting Averages are Cockeyed

By George H. Sisler

Does the ballplayer who cleans the bases rate a higher batting average than one who barely beats out a bunt? George Sisler, former batting star, thinks that the entire rating system should be changed

WHEN I was playing in the big leagues I never had any reason to kick about the way the scoring was done but even then I realized that something was wrong with the system. Later on, when I became manager of the St. Louis Browns, I was even more convinced of it. I knew, for instance, that Hank Severeid, our catcher, was the best man to have up there at the plate in the clutch, but if we rewarded him on the basis of his official batting record, he would have been about the worst paid man on the squad.

The situation was bad in this instance but the faults of the scoring method were most glaring during last year's World Series. Certainly a team like the New York Yankees, winning the series in four straight games, ought to have a decided edge in the statistics: On the contrary, the present system of computing averages miserably failed to reflect this difference. The powerhouse Yanks had a batting average of .206 against a mark hung up by the Cincinnati Reds of .203. Does this explain why the Yanks whipped the Reds so decisively? The difference of three points in the averages would seem to indicate that the teams were evenly matched in hitting. Yet anybody who saw that series knows that the Reds were overwhelmed by the heavy-hitting New Yorkers.

It is obvious that a hitter who slams out a home run with the bases loaded should have a higher rating than a man who beats out a bunt with the bases empty. One day with the Browns, Kenny Williams, our edition of Babe Ruth, hit three home runs and drove in nine runs. In the same game Herschel Bennett, a sub outfielder, had four singles in four times at bat, two of the infield scratch variety and none of them entering into the outcome of the game. According to the records, Bennett hit 1.000 for the day and Williams, who won the game for us, had to be content with .750.

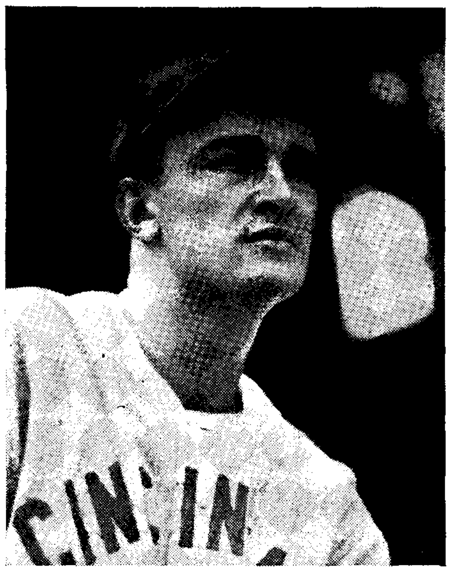
Likewise, a runner who scores from first base on a double or one who goes from first to third on a single is of more offensive value to the club than a slow-footed individual who can't get those extra bases. During one of my late years I hit .340 with the Boston Braves and appeared, on paper, to be a great success, but in reality I was about through. My legs had begun to go and I found I couldn't get from first to third on a single, as I had easily done in the past. As an effective ballplayer I was about half as good as I had formerly been but you would never have known it from looking at the averages.

In short, the present method of computing baseball batting averages is all cockeyed. It simply doesn't give a just or fair or even sensible picture of the situation.

There are literally hundreds of examples every season to bear this statement out. Take this one: In New York the bases are filled in the last half of the ninth, with the score tied at 4-4. Two are out and Mel Harder, the Cleveland ace, is facing Joe DiMaggio, the hitting wonder. The crowd is tense in anticipation because this is the test of a true hitter. Spurning the first two offerings, DiMaggio swings lustily on the third and drives a sharp single into left, winning the game.

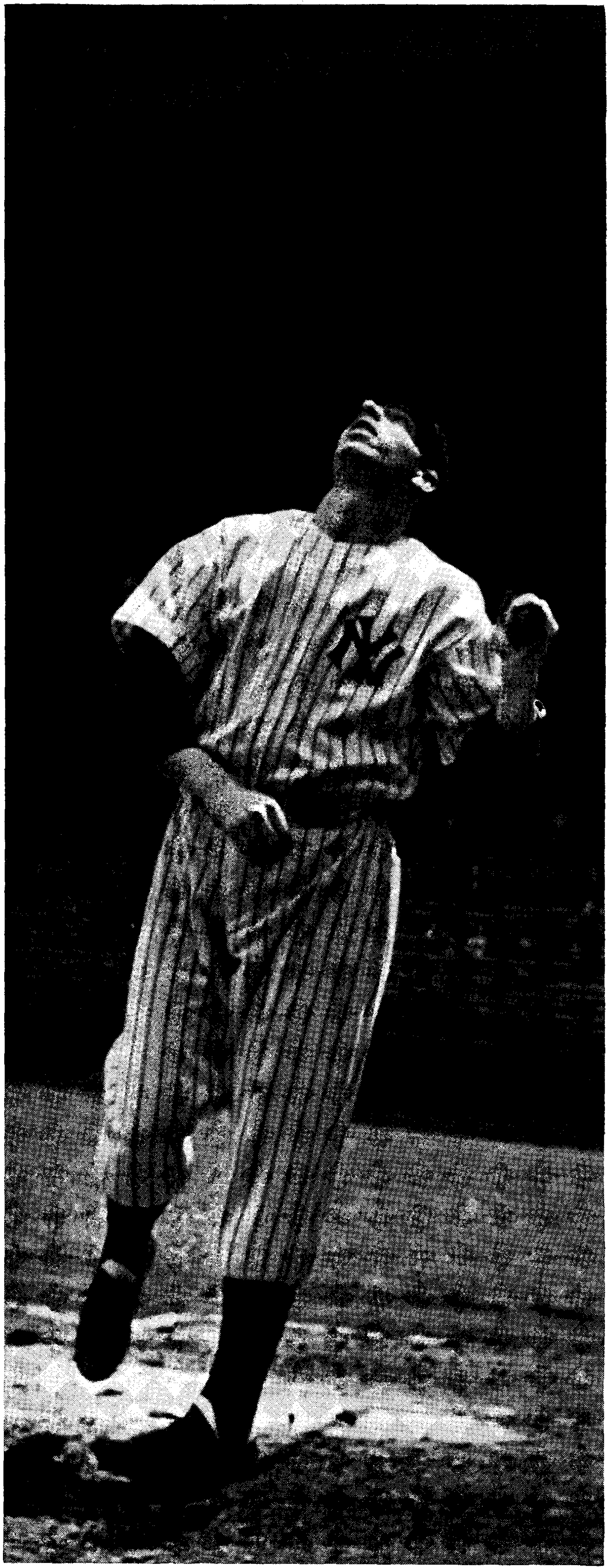
The scene changes to Detroit where DiMaggio is facing Buck Newsom, the

(Continued on page 52)


ANGUTI

Right: Joe Di Maggio, Yankee headliner. He would almost certainly retain his supremacy under the author's efficiency-rating system

Left: Frank McCormick of the Reds, who hit .400 in the World Series. His rating under Sisler's system would not be as impressive


THOMAS

These Our Rulers

By John T. Flynn

Lesson Number Two in practical politics: How to make a million dollars in ten easy years on an annual salary of $15,000. Long-suffering patience and uncomplaining co-operation are what it takes. Not from you, of course. From the taxpayers

SARRA

William Harding Johnson, above, Chicago's superintendent of schools and storm center of the controversy over the principals' examinations that provided jobs for Kelly-Nash political favorites. Johnson's recent re-election has started a new wave of indignation among Chicago's rebellious teachers

Pay-off man for Chicago utilities was Junkman Moe Rosenberg, who handed politicians, judges and other officials $500,000 in cash in two years

ACME

County Clerk Robert Sweitzer was $400,000 short in his accounts because his office was a loan agency for politicians. He was tried and was acquitted

ON THE thirteenth day of April, 1933, there was great excitement at Clark and Randolph streets. Crowds were streaming into City Hall. Edward F. Kelly was being crowned as mayor to succeed the dead Tony Cermak. Only a few were admitted to the Council Chamber for the induction. But it was a gala event. It was a notable event in Chicago history—notable for the odd assortment of celebrities there, celebrities who would before long add strange and even tragic draperies to their fame.

There were all the men who ruled that powerful machine which held—and holds—Chicago in the hollow of its hands. There was Kelly, handsome, strong, capable—just being made mayor—smiling, showing a trace of gravity over the somewhat less friendly demonstrations outside. There was Nash—old P. A.—titular boss, co-partner in what has come to be the Kelly-Nash machine—squat, broad-shouldered, past seventy. At the door, exercising discretion on who should be admitted to the great scene, was Moe Rosenberg—good old Moe!—boss of the Twenty-fourth Ward, the man who, with Tony Cermak, picked up the wreck of the Democratic party in Cook County when George Brennan died, bailed it out of debt and put it on the road to power. There was Bob Sweitzer—genial, dapper, popular Bob Sweitzer, twice Democratic candidate for mayor and one of the great chieftains of the party. There was Frank V. Zintak, another one of the inner bund or ruling class. And there was old Bathhouse John Coughlin and Hinky-Dink Mike Kenna—the Hink and the Bath—for almost fifty years lords of the Loop, rulers of the mighty First Ward.

There was Jake Arvey, headman of the council, Number Three man or deputy assistant boss, smilingly managing the proceedings. There was William J. Conners (Bottsie Conners), Big Chief of the Forty-second, and John J. Touhy, equally Big Chief of the Twenty-seventh Ward, yet to be tried on the Sanitary District charges. And Tom Courtney, the young state's attorney, who would bring tears to Kelly's eyes ere long. Here was the cast of characters in the big show that was about to open as the Kelly-Nash bus tuned up, took off the brakes that April morning and set off on its career.

Before long there would be the darnedest, biggest "gittin'-up" day of skeletons—skeletons popping up out of various old closets to bedevil Mr. Kelly and Mr. Nash. And they are important to us because these skeletons help to answer the questions—who pays the bills? Where does the dough come from? What is it makes a machine possible?

One of the first skeletons to pop up rose from that biggest of all skeleton closets, the Internal Revenue Bureau in Washington. It hit Moe Rosenberg. You've never heard of Moe—but if you'll take a look around your town you will probably find you have a little Moe of your own right there.

Moe Rosenberg was just one of the best fellows that ever lived. Any number of people in Chicago have assured me that he "was just a hell of a swell guy." A fellow could go to Moe practically any time and put the bee on him for a grand or two, or even ten grand if the need was great. Moe went around always with a big roll of what Kelly's lawyer called "frogskins." And he would peel off a healthy wad for anybody who was a "right guy." In Chicago there are "right guys" and "wrong guys." A right guy is a fellow who is in your own racket and plays the game straight, whether it is politics, dope or homicide. A wrong guy is one who can't be trusted. Personally, Moe was a junkman. Which was nothing against him socially—for right at this moment there's a gentleman in Chicago who is nothing less than a tycoon—Billy Skidmore—who is a junkman. Billy Skidmore is good enough to be indicted for owing the government $300,000 in taxes—and Billy is a junkman. Moe was personally a junkman, but publicly boss of the Twenty-fourth Ward. "But Moe wasn't one to draw ward lines," a politician assured me. "I seen Moe pass out $250 a precinct to every precinct captain for a half a dozen wards in a judicial election." He was big-hearted like that—not the least provincial.

Moe was one of three brothers. His pa was in the junk business before him and passed that enterprise on to Mike and Moe—brothers. There was another brother, Itchy—a fine man too. He was part of a gang that knocked over Eddie Loux, Western Electric inspector. Then he ran a black-and-tan joint in Cottage Grove Avenue known as the Ritz Carlton, until Judge Wilkerson put a padlock on it. This was all excellent training for Itchy's real career, for after this he became Morals Inspector of the Police Department. Fine boys, those Rosenbergs!

Mike ran the junk yard, but Moe knocked around a bit at first. He tried his hand at one thing and another—running a saloon for one thing, and arson

(Continued on page 56)

LUCKIES' FINER TOBACCO MEANS LESS NICOTINE

Authoritative tests reveal that Luckies' finer tobaccos contain less nicotine than any other leading brand!

Here's the natural result of buying finer, selected cigarette tobacco for Lucky Strike. The average nicotine content of Luckies, for over two years, has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands*—less than any one of them.

This fact is proven by authoritative tests and confirmed, from time to time, by independent laboratories. You see, each year we exhaustively analyze tobaccos before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is rich and mellow, yet mild and low in nicotine content—then buy it up.

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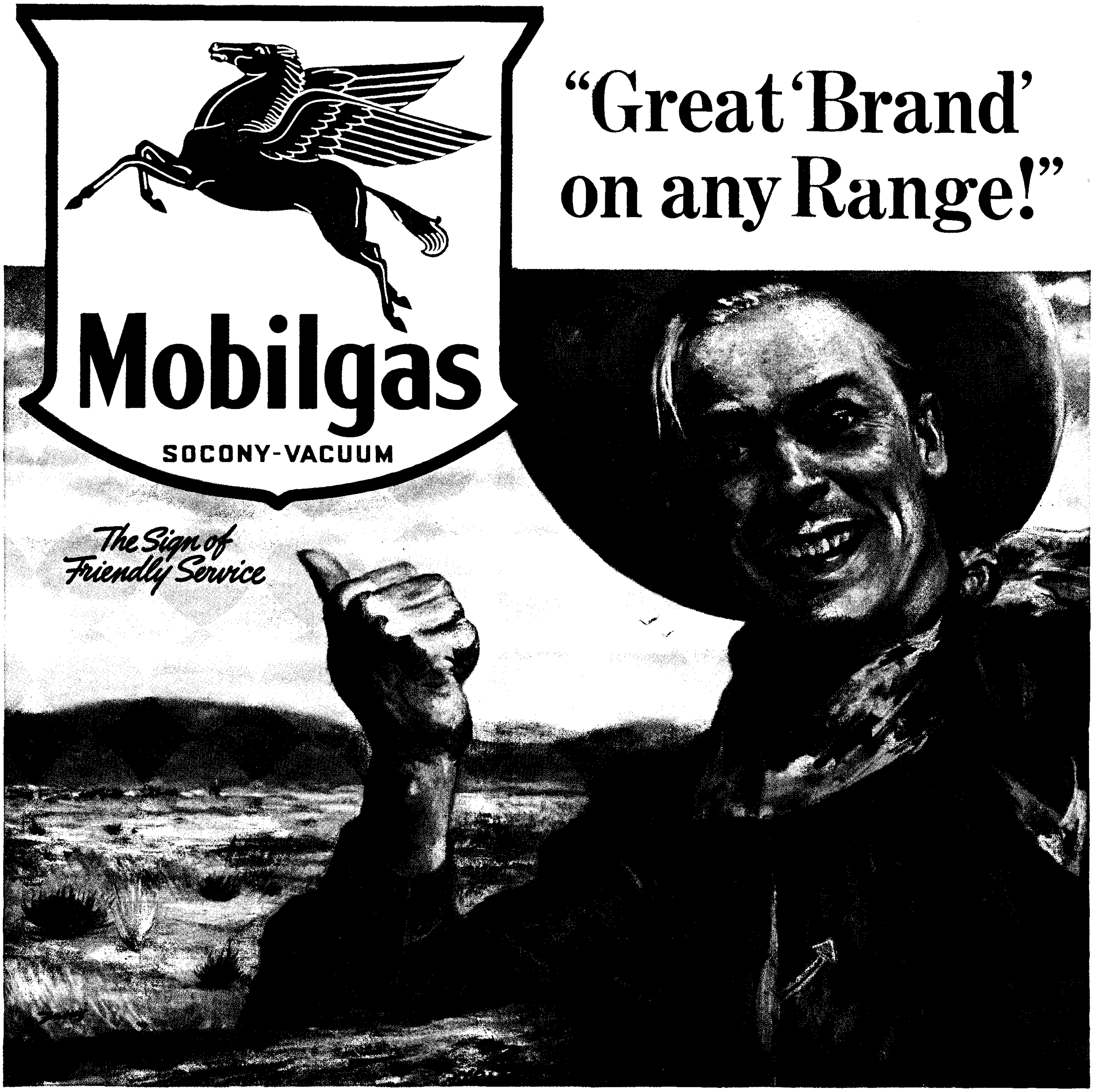
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COWBOY OR TENDERFOOT—wrangler or dude...*everybody* knows the Red Horse "brand"!

From coast to coast, it identifies Mobilgas, America's favorite gasoline!

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It's made with *all 8* great gasoline qualities...every one of them essential for clean, smooth firing . . . full, quiet power...good, all-round performance!

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Visit your Mobilgas Dealer. Enjoy this exciting "Balanced Performance":

1. Quick starts despite cool engine.
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SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.
AND AFFILIATES
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The Mule-Angel

Continued from page 15

fiction that the mule was still useful.

Old Blue was too accustomed to plowing in big cotton fields and too contrary to listen to reason, so, after destroying a whole row of butter beans and knocking down tomato sticks, Uncle Henry gave up and turned the mule back to pasture. Blue didn't die off until the following winter but he did die off.

If Giles had been a man of less understanding, Uncle Henry knew that he, too, would probably have died of a broken heart as soon as Ringo came into the lot. This humbug of bayou-rambling and neglecting the stock—that made it easy.

"Giles is all right," Uncle Henry decided. "He ack mo' like a mule den any man I ever knowed."

B'R CHARLIE was not so tactful. B'r Charlie was the one-legged blacksmith who was also the plantation's preacher. His shop, not far from the barn, was a dull enough place to idle the time away, but with Ringo doing all the heavy work in the lot and mules off in the field dragging plows, Uncle Henry had to talk to somebody.

"Set on de kaig," the blacksmith offered. "I figgered you'd do a heap er settin' over hyar, whilst Ringo feed de stock."

Uncle Henry sat. "Yeah," he said. "Ringo handle de cawn basket and de pump handle real good. So I'm gonter let him learn. Den when I git ole and stove up, he be able to go right ahaid wid de mules, good as me."

"When you *gits* ole and stove up?" B'r Charlie repeated.

"Yeah. I was bawn endurin' de year er de surrender, dey tells me. And one er dese days—"

"One er dese days, nothin'!" B'r Charlie snorted. "You a daidhaid, right now, and you know hit. Efn Giles wa'n't skeered er de Widow Duck, he'd turn you a-loose and run you up in de hills. He know Mis' Duck is partial to you, cause you a deacon in de church."

Being a deadhead was not a pleasant future to contemplate and the lotman was never a one to contemplate unpleasant futures. As a matter of fact, he was beginning to feel capricious, what with no work to do and nothing to worry about. "So," he said now, as if the idea had been with him a long time, "I'm fixin' to take up preachin'."

"Preachin'!" B'r Charlie exclaimed. "Whar you gonter preach at?"

"At de church. Ole Ship er Zion."

"Dat's my church!" B'r Charlie shouted. "Ain't nobody kin preach in dat church onless I say."

"I figgered," Uncle Henry blandly pointed out, "dat hit was de Lawd's church."

With that he abruptly walked out, leaving B'r Charlie in complete mental disorganization. Back at the lot, Uncle Henry saw that Ringo had placed the proper amount of corn in the long troughs, had the hayrack filled and the pump running. He gave detailed instructions on methods of getting the work done.

"And you got to start fussin' at Dave quick as he git in de lot to make him scrape de sweat off'n ole Bug-Eye's collar. Dave jest won't scrape a collar efn you don't fuss at him."

Ringo protested. "I don't like to fuss at Dave. Whyn't you stay hyar and fuss?"

"I got to git up de bayou along about sundown," Uncle Henry said airily, "and speak wid a lady."

Assured that the mules would be cared for properly, Uncle Henry decided to go fishing. He dug a canful of worms and got his pole.

"Hit ain't de right season for fishin'," Ringo warned him. "You jest might as well stay in de lot. You ain't gonter ketch no fish."

"Didn't say I want to ketch a fish," snorted Uncle Henry. "I say I was fixin' to go fishin'. I'm 'way behind wid my fishin' and I'm fixin' to ketch up."

At the bayou bank, Uncle Henry found a comfortable seat next to an old willow tree. He unwound the line, adjusted the cork, threaded a worm on the hook and threw it into the water.

The afternoon sun was warm and pleasant, the sluggish flow of the bayou soothing.

After a while, he chuckled softly to himself. "I be dog!" he exclaimed. "Dat sho was nice er Giles to put dat bayou-wawkin' humbug on me. And den I turned right around and tole Ringo I couldn't be at de lot at sundown, on account er I was gonter bayou-wawk a lady." He slapped his leg. "I bet dat was a humbug!"

M.L. WILLIAMS & CO. BROKERS
JUNE 30 1940

"They're celebrating the fiscal New Year!"

DAVE BREGER

The idea amused him until he recalled his conversation with B'r Charlie. "I bet I put a humbug off on him, too," he laughed. "Me, fixin' to preach!" The idea was ridiculous. "I kin out-tawk any deacon dat ever hit de church, but I couldn't preach a tex' efn I had to."

FURTHER contemplation was interrupted by a sudden bobbing of the cork and before Uncle Henry could adjust himself to the idea of a nibble, the cork described a wide arc on the water and went down. Uncle Henry yanked.

A four-pound yellow-bellied catfish landed on the bank. If Uncle Henry was surprised by the off-season catch, he did not show it. He caught the fish by the head, expertly putting the dagger-like fins between the proper fingers and removed the hook. He spent a long, comfortable afternoon.

It was nearly sundown when Uncle Henry stopped fishing and picked up his catch. It was a handsome fish, long-bodied and fat. "I bet," Uncle Henry speculated, "dat hit's a heap er ladies along dis hyar bayou would be glad to fry dis fish for my supper." He chuckled. "I bet dey would. And I bet I'm gonter ax some lady to do jest dat for me."

The decision brought gaiety to his soul. It had been a long time since any woman had done anything for him, but this was a mighty fine fish. Uncle Henry began to sing, in a cracked voice:

"Gonter roll my britches up-a to my knees
And wade up de bayou, far as I please.
Cause hit's oh me and hit's oh my,
Gonter wawk up de bayou 'fore I die."

He shouldered his pole and started up the path. A feeling of complete lack of responsibility came over him.

He laughed to himself. "Hod-do-mighty!" he exclaimed. "I'm de he-coon er de camp and I'm fixin' to git about!"

He was strolling happily past the Widow Duck's cabin when he was halted by an enraged yell from B'r Charlie.

"Dar he go, now! I'm tellin' you, he fixin' to go lyin' on de church!"

"You Henry!" The Widow Duck's voice had the sound of authority.

"Yas'm, Mis' Duck," Uncle Henry replied.

The Widow Duck was on her porch and B'r Charlie was sitting on the step.

"What dis tawk-tawk B'r Charlie givin' me?"

"B'r Charlie li'ble to give you any kind er tawk," Uncle Henry answered evasively.

"He claim you's fixin' to go to preachin' over at Ole Ship."

Brought to his attention again, Uncle Henry thought it an even pleasanter idea.

"Well," he admitted, "I'm got me a tex' in my mind I'm fixin' to preach about."

"You ain't got nothin'!" B'r Charlie exploded.

"Hit's about what happen to a one-laigged man on de Rizzy-riction Day," Uncle Henry explained. "Now you take a two-laigged man—"

"Dat ain't no tex'," B'r Charlie snorted. "De Book say all de bones gonter rise and march, bone to bone."

"Hit's a fack," the Widow Duck agreed. "De Book say jest dat and hit ain't no tex'. De Book say, 'Come a day and time, de bones will rise among de righteous and march to glory.' "

"Righteous bones, yas," Uncle Henry pointed out. "But what about de sinful bones? B'r Charlie was a sinner when he lost his yuther laig."

"I wa'n't neither no sinner," B'r Charlie denied.

"I never did b'lieve dat lie about a mule kickin' dat laig off," Uncle Henry put in. "Yo' laig was broke off below de knee and no mule don't kick dat low. Efn a mule kick you, he'd 'a' got you up close to de hip."

"Hit's a lie," the preacher insisted.

"Henry know a heap about mules," the Widow Duck said.

"And a heap about mens," Uncle Henry added. "I bet dat laig got shot off in a sinful gamblin' game. I bet Charlie was gamblin' wid spot cyards."

"A mule!" yelled B'r Charlie. "He kicked me!"

Privately, the Widow Duck had long doubted the mule-kicking story, but out of respect for the office of pastor she had publicly accepted it for fear the truth would be less dignified.

"Hit's a p'int," she admitted now, "but you had ought to git a better tex' den Charlie's yuther laig. Speak on, Henry."

UNCLE HENRY had practically exhausted his stock of texts but his mind was working hard. He looked heavenward for an inspiration and found one. "Angels?" he suggested.

"Angels ain't no tex'," B'r Charlie challenged. "I preaches about angels in might' nigh ev'y tex' I got. Angels ain't—"

"Dey is," Uncle Henry stated, "de way I'm fixin' to preach about 'em." How, he didn't know, but he hoped to have an idea by the time it was demanded of him.

"How you fixin' to preach about angels?" the Widow Duck wanted to know.

Uncle Henry thought hard. Then, "What de angels do at night," he said.

"Dey shine de stars up," B'r Charlie said.

"Nawp." Uncle Henry shook his head. "Dey shine de stars in de daytime. Dey sleeps at night."

"Yep," the Widow Duck agreed, "dey would do jest dat. Shine up de stars all day long and den sleep at night."

"Sho," B'r Charlie nodded. "I knowed dat. Angels don't ramble about at night. Dey sleeps."

"Whar 'bouts?" Uncle Henry demanded.

"In heaven."

"Whar 'bouts in heaven?"

B'r Charlie looked appealingly to the Widow Duck. None too certain, herself, she suggested that angels might have fine beds to sleep in. "But de Book don't say," she admitted.

"Dat's my tex'," Uncle Henry announced. "My tex' gonter be about do de angels sleep in de bed at night, or do dey fold up dey wings and roost on a cloud. Hit's a question, souls. Amen."

The Widow Duck was impressed. The preacher was flabbergasted. Uncle Henry bowed and grinned. "And now," he told them, "I'm fixin' to git up de bayou a piece."

Uncle Henry knew he would have no trouble finding a woman to cook the catfish. But of all the women on the bayou, he decided to go to Ringo's wife, Carrie. Not that he particularly liked Carrie but he did want to hear how Ringo had got on with the mules.

Carrie was none too friendly, but Uncle Henry brushed that aside. "Go

They never thought she'd land him!

BUT HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED...

I HEAR TOM AND CLAIRE'S ENGAGEMENT IS *ON THE ROCKS*
DEFINITELY! BUT YOU CAN'T BLAME TOM. *TOO BAD* NOBODY EVER TOLD CLAIRE TO SEE HER DENTIST ABOUT HER BREATH

CLAIRE SEES HER DENTIST...

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

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SAY! DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S *LEAP YEAR*, TOM? YOU SHOULD HAVE MADE CLAIRE PROPOSE TO YOU!
I MADE CLAIRE SAY YES--AND THAT'S *ALL THAT MATTERS* TO ME!

DON'T RISK OFFENDING! KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY! USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE EVERY DAY!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

'haid, brown-skin," he told her. "Git me a nail and a hammer and dem wire-plyers, whilst I skin dis catfish. Maybe you don't like a good bait er catfish?"

"Sho, I likes catfish," Carrie said. "But—"

"Don't but me, gal," Uncle Henry said. "Don't Ringo like fish?"

"Yeah, I reckon so," Carrie admitted, "but you see—"

"Yeah, I know," Uncle Henry said. "Ringo learnin' how to take keer de stock, now, on account er I'm gettin' to be a daidhaid. But dat don't make me mad at Ringo. Now git dat fire goin' and git de skillet hotted up good."

Carrie went in the house while Uncle Henry cleaned the fish. When it was skinned, washed and sliced into cutlets, he took it to the kitchen.

"Th'ow a handful er dat yaller cawn meal on de breadboa'd," he said. "Ain't never yit been no woman c'd roll a fish in meal to suit me. You got to give hit dat certain roll." He proceeded to demonstrate, discussing the art as he worked.

"Ringo ain't comin'—" Carrie began, but Uncle Henry interrupted her. "Don't tawk so much," he said. "Hit's bad luck to tawk over hot lard. I know Ringo ain't comin' ontwell late."

A man's step sounded on the porch and a man's voice said, "I swear, honey, I smells fish cookin'. Did you git out and ketch me one for supper?" The voice was not Ringo's. It was Dave's.

"What you doin' hyar, Dave?" demanded Uncle Henry.

"You axin' me?" Dave answered, as he stepped into the kitchen. "I live hyar now. I thought I missed you at de barn. What you doin' hyar?"

"Did Ringo make you scrape de sweat off'n Bug-Eye's collar?" Uncle Henry wanted to know.

"Ringo ain't been speakin' wid me since I and Carrie divo'ced him off, last spring," Dave told him.

"And he didn't make you scrape Bug-Eye's collar?"

"I bet I forgot to scrape dat collar," Dave admitted ruefully. "You always reminds me and I bet hit slipped my mind."

"Dis batch er fish might' nigh done," Carrie interrupted. "Y'all set whilst I takes hit off and draps de rest in de skillet."

UNCLE HENRY and Dave sat down at the kitchen table. Dave ate and talked. Uncle Henry ate and brooded. If Bug-Eye went to the field with a sweaty collar tomorrow a sore shoulder would probably result.

"Ringo is a nice boy," Dave was saying. "But he wa'n't good enough for a fine gal like Carrie. So I and Carrie hauled off and div'oced him. Didn't us, baby?"

"You ain't jest sayin' hit," grinned Carrie.

"Bug-Eye is a special friend er mine," Uncle Henry said. "And I don't like for my special friends to git a sore shoulder."

"I'll scrape dat collar off in de mawnin'," Dave promised.

"Nawp," said Uncle Henry. "You'll forgit. You go scrape hit off, tonight."

Carrie looked first at Uncle Henry and then to her husband. Her eyes rolled and her mouth tightened. "Dave don't wawk about at night," she said.

"Jest to de barn," Uncle Henry said.

"Dave don't wawk about at night," Carrie repeated firmly. "Not to de barn and not nowhars else. He tole me he wouldn't wawk at night and dat's how come I married up wid him."

"Hit ain't no harm in goin' to de barn," Dave protested.

"No harm stayin' in de house, too," Carrie assured him, "and you's fixin' to stay in de house."

Uncle Henry discreetly stayed out of the controversy. Had it been a pair of mules, he would have known exactly what to do about it. But people were funny. A man never could tell what to do when two people started arguing and going on.

Presently, Uncle Henry came to a decision. He, himself, might be a deadhead and responsibility for the mules might belong to Ringo, but even an old deadhead owed it to a good friend like Bug-Eye to scrape his collar for him. With a word of thanks, Uncle Henry left.

ALONG the moonlit bayou path he tried to capture a sense of usefulness but the best he could do was to recall the fact that the old deadhead, Blue, had lasted only a few months longer than the others. And with that realization, all of his exuberance and irresponsibility left him. The peace of the afternoon was gone and the whimsical humor with which he had plagued B'r Charlie had seeped out of his soul.

By the time he reached the barn, he felt almost too feeble to scrape Bug-Eye's collar. He stopped in the middle of the road trying to decide whether to turn to the left and work on the sweaty collar or turn to the right and go to his cabin and lie down.

As it happened, Giles made the decision for him. "You Henry!" the foreman roared. "You come hyar! Whar you been at? I been huntin' for you."

The gimp went out of Uncle Henry's back and the shuffle left his feet. He put both hands on top of the lot gate and sprang over it. "Comin', Mist' Giles," he called. He knew instinctively what the trouble was. Old Sadie was having one of her chronic bellyaches. As he passed the gear room, he snatched up the drench bottle and the liniment.

He found the foreman and Ringo struggling with the sick mule, trying to make her walk close enough to a cross beam to get a hackamore line over it.

"Step up, Sadie," Uncle Henry said softly, slapping the mule's rump; and Sadie moved docilely forward. "Pitch dat rope over de beam and h'ist her haid," he continued.

The old lotman worked the long neck of the bottle into Sadie's mouth and poured a quart of salts solution down her gullet. "Now, Ringo," he instructed, "you take and rub her belly wid dat liniment, whilst I tie up her tongue-palate." He twisted a knot of hair between the mule's ears, spat upon the knot and then gave it a short jerk. "Now, dat'll fix you up," he concluded. "Turn her a-loose, Giles."

The foreman released the hackamore. "I swear!" he exclaimed. "I was jokin' dis mawnin' when I 'cused you er wawkin' de bayou, and den I turns my back and I be doggone efn dat ain't jest what you's doin'!"

"I was steppin' about a little," Uncle Henry admitted.

Giles was not joking. "You kin jest quit steppin' about," he said. "Hyar I figgered I was sendin' a man to he'p you cause you was gittin' too old, and you, you ole goat, was jest gittin' yo' second wind. But when you gits so you'd druther wawk de bayou den to 'tend to business, I'm gonter run you off and git me somebody else. Onderstand?"

"Yassuh," Uncle Henry said meekly.

After the foreman left, Ringo followed Uncle Henry to the gear room. "I knowed how to drench her," Ringo apologized, "but ole Sadie wouldn't budge. Fust, I tawked to her, den I begged her and den I cussed her."

"Sadie won't do nothin' for you," explained the old man, "onless she likes you good. She just ain't been acquainted wid you long enough."

In the gear room they found Dave scraping Bug-Eye's collar free of sweat and grime. Dave grinned sheepishly. "I jest made up my mind," he explained, "dat I'd druther have Carrie fussin' at me fo goin' out at night, den havin' Giles fuss at me for lettin' my mule git a sore shoulder."

"Carrie kin fuss purty good," Ringo recalled amiably. "You ain't never hyared her git strung out, real good."

"And you," Dave told him, "ain't never hyared Giles cuss when a mule come in wid a sore shoulder."

Uncle Henry inspected the collar when Dave was finished. Then he crossed the road to his house. B'r Charlie was waiting for him.

"Henry," the preacher almost pleaded, "I didn't git my laig shot off in no gamblin' game, like you said. But I did git hit shot off in sin. My Book say I got to confess my sin befo' mankind, and I'm confessin' hit to you."

"CONFESS on," said Uncle Henry with more patience than interest.

"I was at a man's house," the preacher continued. "Hit was when I was a sinner. And I was at dis man's house, a-sinnin'. And den, dis man comed in on me and I run out de do'. But 'bout de time I got to de gate, dis man th'owed his britch-loader on me and shot me in de laig. And de doctor had to cut hit off." B'r Charlie's recital had been accompanied by violent dramatic gestures, and as he finished he was almost winded. "But don't tell de Widow Duck. She wouldn't like to know dat about her pastor."

Uncle Henry studied his mind for a minute. Then, "Did you drap dem chickens when de buckshot hit you?" he asked.

"Sho, I drapped 'em," B'r Charlie answered before he realized what he was saying. He tried to deny it a moment later, but Uncle Henry held him to it and the preacher finally admitted he had received his infirmity through chicken-stealing.

"I might not say nothin' 'bout hit," Uncle Henry promised. "And den I might. I'll study hit over in my mind."

When B'r Charlie left, Uncle Henry chuckled, "He called me a daidhaid and it ain't good to call me dat when I ain't."

He entered his cabin and went to bed. But the events of the night were not over. Just as he was about to drop off to sleep, he heard a scratching at his window. "Who dat?" he called.

"Hit's me. Duckie Miller."

"What you doin' at my window, Widow Duck?" he demanded. "You, a senior usher in de church, scratchin' at my window at night! Woman, I's a deacon. Not a hyppercrit!"

"Aw, you ole goat!" the Widow Duck snapped. "Stop dat kind er tawk and speak sense."

"Dat's all I speaks," the lotman said shortly. "And you?"

"Well," the Widow Duck confessed, "when I went to bed, I got to studdin' my mind about dem angels."

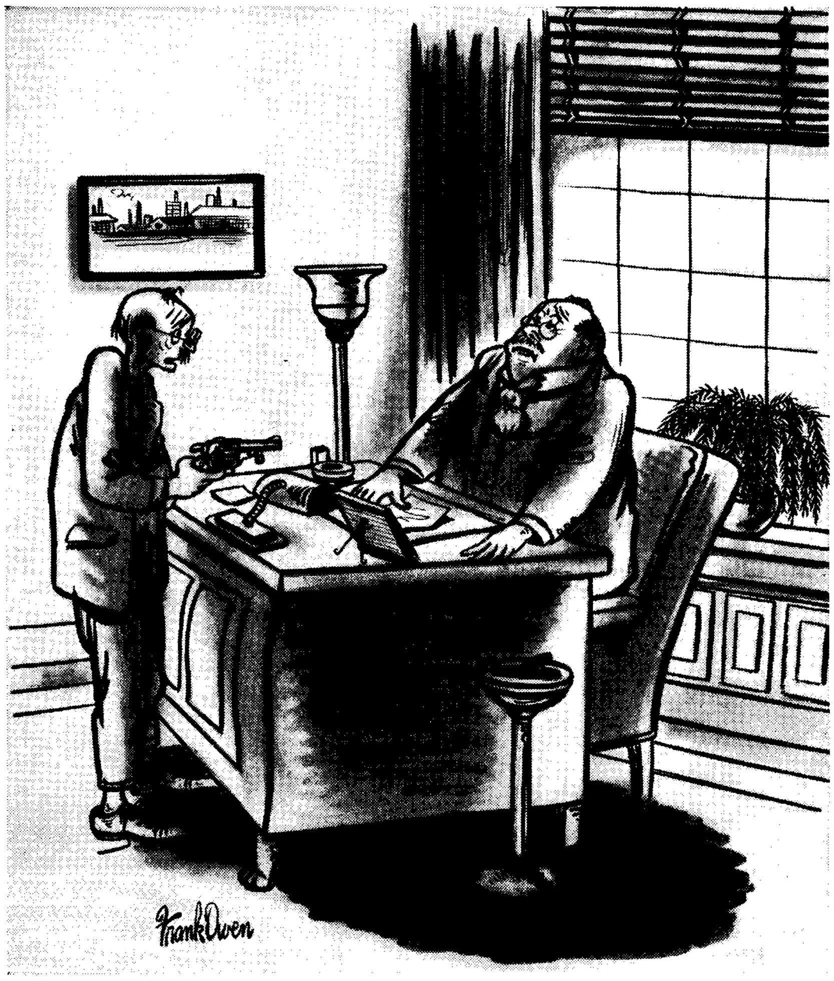
"What about de angels?"

"I was studdin' 'bout efn dey goes to bed at night or went to roost on a cloud. I jest laid dar, and studied and studied. Some time hit seem like dey'd lay down on a fine white bed, and fold dey hands and sleep; and den some time hit seem like dey'd scrunch up on a cloud and fold dey wings. I couldn't git to sleep."

"Humph!" Uncle Henry snorted. "How do I know how angels sleep?"

"But you said—" the Widow Duck began.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout angels," Uncle Henry grumbled. "All I know is mules. Some mules lay down and sleep, and some of 'em stand up and sleep. And I reckon angels got as much sense about dey sleepin' as a mule. I reckon dey sleeps to suit deyse'ves. I bet mule-angels do, anyhow. And if men-angels don't know how to sleep, dey kin watch de mule-angels and learn. Hit's plenty er good mule-angels. Ole Deemus went up last summer, and ole Blue drapped off in de winter. Now, go 'haid and let me be. I got to be in de lot befo' sunup."



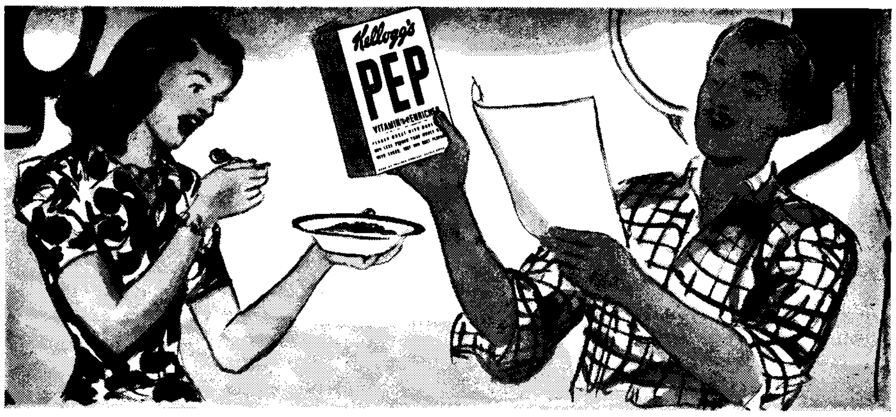
"I hate to bother you, Mr. Grigsby—but it's about that raise again!"

FRANK OWEN

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

The photographer: Say! You'll never do for a PEP ad. Where's that old "oomph"? You know—that *pep appeal!*

The photographer: There! There! It's nothing personal. Maybe you just haven't been *feeling* right lately. And—that reminds me. Why don't we *try* a little KELLOGG'S PEP?



The photographer: It says in the ad here: "None of us can have pep unless we get all our vitamins. And right in this crisp nut-sweet cereal—KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of two of the *most important* vitamins, B_1 and D."

The model: *Wait a minute!* This is the most delicious cereal I ever tasted.

The model: If getting started on vitamins can be *this* much fun, just watch me become the "pep appeal" girl of 1940!

The photographer: Hold it, baby, hold it! There's a picture that will really tell America what we want to say.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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Rain Before Seven

Continued from page 22

all the strain and fear that overshadowed the spring that should have been the spring of her flowering had been entirely of his inflicting.

He said, "Hope, go on home. Don't see me any more, don't phone me, don't think about me. Begin to repair some of the damage I've done you."

Blue eyes held his. "You've got your choice, Caleb. You can let me go on with this, or you can shut me out of it. If you do, you'll just convince me that you're lying when you say you're in no danger."

At any cost he had to head her away from that idea. "Whatever brought Heinemann to Wallisport, the one sure thing is that he's far away now."

"Then let's get to work." She came to stand beside him, so close that her shoulder softly touched his. She made it worse by taking his hand. "Nothing counts except that Bert was killed." Mercifully she dropped his hand to pick up, from the array of Bert's possessions on his desk, the snapshot they had discussed so fruitlessly. A pertly pretty blonde in a bathing suit, laughing over her shoulder. She might be a sister—if Bert had a sister—or a fiancée, or a pickup. "You've got to tell the police, if only to follow this up," she said.

"Not yet. There's just one chance—I've got to go it alone for a day or two. If I don't seem suspicious, whoever is looking on will—"

"Yes. You haven't admitted that before."

"Of course there's someone. If Heinemann was here, he came to see someone. If he's gone away, he's left someone to keep an open and desperate eye busy."

Scornfully, "So you're as safe as you would be anywhere!"

THAT was precisely the idea he must root out. "You see, the man is a Nazi agent—a spy. He dare not let himself be known. The whole cumbersome thing hinged on that—he had to maneuver somebody else into putting Bert away. Maybe he originally intended something at the Gabriel mills, but he gave it up when he found Bert here and tried to frame him so the mills would get him. That was the whole idea—to make it look as if Bert had set that fire, so that Bert would be taken care of."

"In the end he didn't maneuver someone else into getting Bert."

Glibly, "That makes me safer still—he won't dare take another chance. . . . It all comes back to the night of the fire. He must have been here then—or just before. That's what I've got to work on."

"So you've got to tell the police everything."

"Why not tell Greg Ashburn?" Surprise came to her face, then urgent denial. "I'd stake my soul he's a British intelligence man. It may even be that Heinemann came here on Greg's trail—counterespionage. Maybe not. But it's Greg's job to find out things—maybe he can find this blonde for me, maybe he can find Heinemann. If he's what I think, he'd be glad to try."

Her hands fastened on his arm. "Whatever you do, don't say a word to Greg Ashburn! He isn't—Caleb, don't let him know anything at all."

"Sure, you don't like him. But we've passed the place where that can count."

"Don't say a word to him!"

Her intensity was irrational, resting on Greg's unwelcome advances, and he did not intend to yield to it. "It's tell Greg or tell John Gabriel," he said calmly.

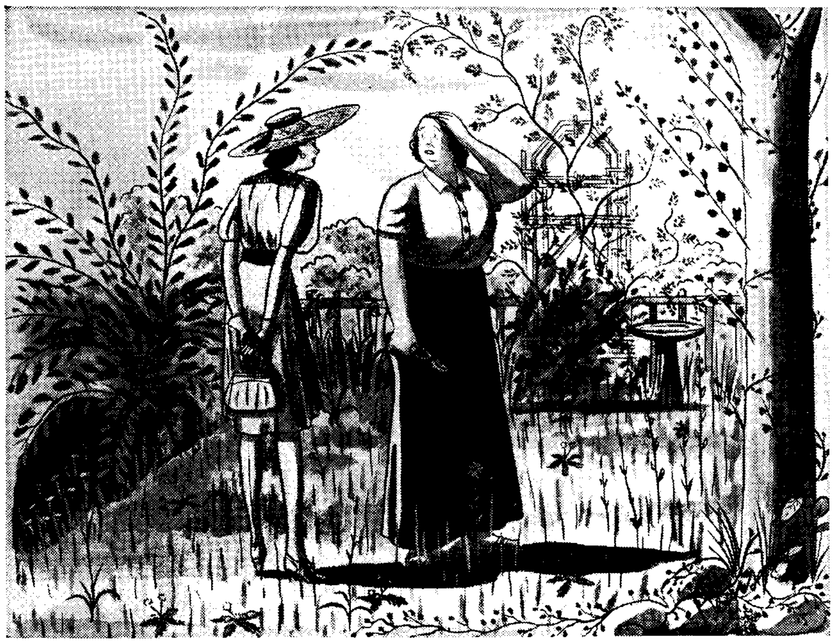
"Why not tell the people who ought to know and can do something?"

"That would be the FBI. How would I tell a G-man—what would I tell him? He'd think I was drunk, coked up or crazy! Who are we? Just a couple of people with a story no one could possibly believe. A story like somebody's nightmare."

"All right," she said gravely, "we'll tell John."

THREE minutes in Gabriel's chromium and red-leather office at the mills was enough to make clear that nothing could be accomplished. Caleb was detached enough to realize how preposterous the story sounded, to find no blame for John's unshakable disbelief. It was so fantastic that it sounded like a silly, futile lie, even to him, who would have to go out from here and do the job alone. He had no blame for John's skepticism. But he was getting angrier at John's quadrupled anger and at some mysterious triumph that glistened in him.

But he kept at it, laboring his simple points. And Hope sat with her toes together and her hands folded in her lap, putting in a word now and then but only making Gabriel more stupidly obstinate. And Gabriel's odd satisfaction steadily increased.



"You should have seen the garden in the spring before it got away from us"

CHARLES PEARSON

But he kept himself in hand with what seemed to him an admirable evenness of temper. "You see spies so facilely where they don't exist, Gabriel, I'd think you'd see a real one when he's pointed out. You've started so many phantoms who were supposed to be plotting against you, I'd think you would recognize a real plot when it proves you fell for it. . . . God knows what this Nazi was doing in Wallisport to begin with. I'd suppose you'd leap to the conclusion that he was trying to sabotage your mill, which was making machines that make munitions that could be used against his country. Very likely he was. But he found Hendricks here—and for his own sake, Hendricks came first. He couldn't act against him directly—"

"But you claim he did."

"That was—afterward. . . . What did he do? He had your building fired—pretty carelessly, conspicuously carelessly. That was so you'd get rid of Hendricks—which you immediately tried to do. Doesn't that make you suspect that he may have agents in your works, this minute?"

No point to it. Gabriel just sat behind his beautiful desk and looked baleful. "Precisely what is it you want of me?"

Caleb drew a deep breath but Hope said, "You were going to call the government in. It was silly then. Now that Bert has been killed it isn't silly. We think you'd better."

The suggestion released something behind Gabriel's stubbornness. "If I had called the government in then, I might have got somewhere!" He loosed an accusation at Hope. "You wouldn't let me! You were protecting your damned jailbird—"

Caleb was moving forward, but Hope said, "Caleb!" and he stopped. She stood up and came forward, quiet and sure, to stand before Gabriel. "You have fixed ideas, John. Remember, I advised you to consider other explanations. We've got the right one now. You see, it wasn't Bert that set fire to your building. It wasn't Caleb. They weren't conspiring against you. It was exactly the other way. There was a plot but it was against Bert, and it used you—you were a setup. So now you've got your chance. You can stop everything forever. Just be sensible, just use your head, just be a little more than twelve years old."

CALEB could not stand her pleading with this incompetent, but restrained his protest. But Gabriel turned away from her, to him. "You've played on her as a musician plays on a violin. You've deluded her out of her loyalty, out of her dignity and responsibility, out of her good sense. You've systematically used her for your own purposes. And"—the harsh voice shook—"that she was engaged to be married meant nothing to you. You've made love to her." He glared at Caleb, momentarily voiceless, then shot his absurd question, "Haven't you?"

"Yes," Caleb said.

More furiously still, "You're in love with her!"

"Yes."

Hope's quiet bearing did not change at all. But Gabriel released a sigh that was charged with satisfaction, and the triumph he had been half repressing all along now spread over his face. He was easy, assured; he was enjoying himself. "I always underestimate you, Thatcher. I wanted to see how far your effrontery would carry you." He turned back to Hope. "Are you too infatuated to see that he must be in a desperate corner in order to try a bluff like this? Why, yes, I've intended to call in the FBI. You stopped me once but no one could stop me after last night. If you want Thatcher to make love to you some more, that's too bad—he won't be able to."

An intended drama must have failed. Gabriel had obviously expected some sensation; he waited for some expression of consternation, perhaps some plea. When none came, annoyance tarnished his triumph, and he was goaded to say, "The bluff doesn't work, Thatcher. What we'll get the government to find out is who was at my house last night."

Someone at Castle Gabriel last night? Instantly Caleb began to analyze the information. Wait! This could be—

But Hope had analyzed it too. "Is there some notion Caleb was?" she said.

A smug shrewdness blended with his pleasure. "I was forced to take back one premature accusation. I don't know. We'll ask the FBI."

"Well, he wasn't. He was with me."

So now there was one more kind of fool Gabriel could become, a vicious fool. "You've had to lie for him a lot. Are you willing to say he was with you all night?"

"No," Hope said. "But if that's what you mean, why, he was with me quite long enough. What time are you interested in?"

The fool was exulting. "Let's make it as hard as we can."

"HE WAS with me up till about two o'clock. And, yes, John, an awful lot could happen between eight o'clock and two. Out there in the darkness, by the sea, away from everyone. Why, maybe we've been lovers all along, maybe we—"

"Maybe it would be a pleasure to wring his neck," Caleb said, "but I haven't got time. . . . Does this mean that somebody broke into your house?"

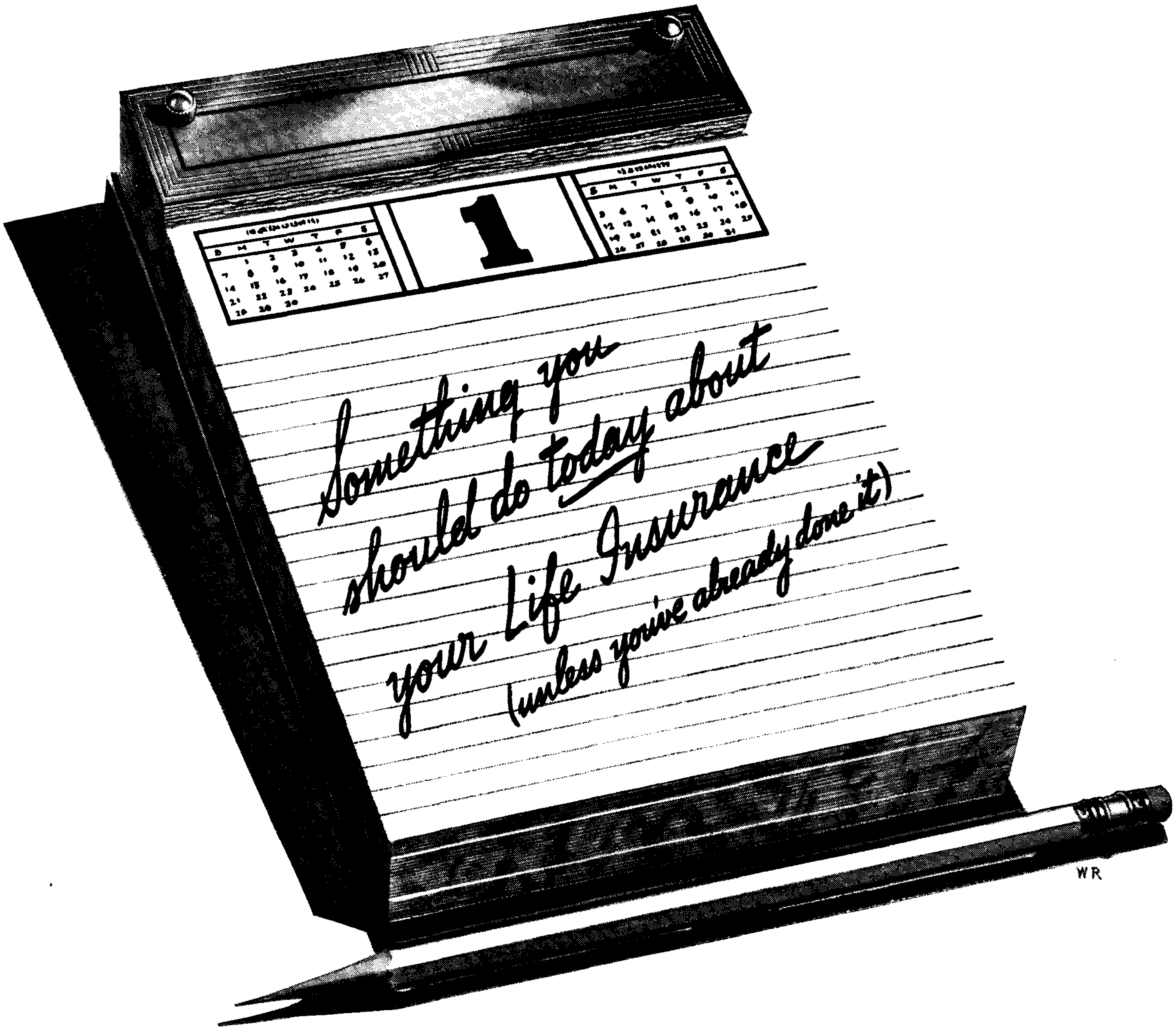
"I'll let your lawyer ask that."

Remember he wasn't a responsible adult, remember the fool was also a child! "Then that would be—the answer to everything. The man who set fire to your factory. The man who killed Bert. The man we want to find. What did he do? What did he want? What did he come for?"

"That's between me and the United States government." That was with the same juvenile canniness, and Gabriel was being the man who had the answers. But it couldn't last—he had to let his enormous jubilation free. "You were certain to dig your own grave in the end! The bluff would break down somewhere, the great intelligence would slip up, the man who can use women for his own purposes was bound to make a misstep before he was done. I've got you now!"

"Then for heaven's sake, get the government in!" If a fool was all you had to work with, then you must make folly serve your purposes. "Get them in fast! Tell them I broke into your house last night. If you can't see your own interests, do what you can to ruin mine. But get started!" He turned to Hope. "That's all a damned fool can do for us. Let's go."

"You go," Hope said. "I'll see you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Something you should do today about your Life Insurance
(unless you've already done it)
WR

HAVE YOU READ your life insurance policies carefully—recently?

If not, we urge you to do so, before another day goes by. Examine each policy you own and, when you come to the part about method of final settlement, ask yourself this important question:

"Have I chosen the method of payment, available under my policy, which will be best suited to my own needs and those of my family?"

Most Ordinary policies, as you know, offer a choice of several methods of payment. In the first place, the amount due may be paid to your beneficiary in one lump sum. You may prefer, however, to select one of the other methods, commonly known as "optional modes of settlement."

These options or choices can be divided into three types:

Type 1. Interest Payments. The life insurance company retains the amount due under your policy and pays interest on this sum either for a number of years agreed upon, or for as long as the person to whom it is payable may live. At the end of this period, the principal itself is payable in one sum, to whomever has been named to receive it.

Type 2. Instalment Payments. The company pays from the amount due under your policy, and the interest earnings thereon, stated sums in equal instalments for a specified number of years agreed upon. At the end of the instalment period, the principal will have been used up. Most policies contain a table showing the amount of instalments payable over various periods of time.

Type 3. Life Annuity Income. The company retains the amount due under your policy, and pays a life income to your beneficiary.

There are several forms of life annuity income settlement. Some of them provide for additional payments if the person receiving life income dies before such payments total a certain amount, or before they have been received for a certain length of time. The amount of income is determined by several factors, including the age of the beneficiary at the time payments begin, and the form of settlement which is selected.

In your policy, if it is not a very old one, you will probably find tables illustrating the benefits obtainable under one or more of the life annuity income methods of settlement.

• • • • •

The entire amount due under your policy need not be placed under any one option. Part of the amount due can be paid in a lump sum, and the balance left with the company under one or more of the options. The income is payable, at your selection, either annually, semi-annually, quarterly, or monthly, provided only that each payment is at least $10.

The use of "optional modes of settlement" is not restricted to payments to your beneficiary. Under certain conditions, they may also be applied to payments which may become due to yourself in accordance with the provisions of your policy and in final settlement thereof.

Your Metropolitan agent will gladly help and advise you in determining which of the methods available under most Metropolitan Ordinary life insurance policies seem best suited to your needs and to those of your beneficiaries.

COPYRIGHT 1940—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

This is Number 27 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. In Canada the privileges outlined in this advertisement must be exercised in conformity with the laws concerning the rights of beneficiaries in the various Provinces. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the ***New York World's Fair*** *and at the* ***Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco.***

New kind of Overseas Wave-Band

Brings in Europe 5 times stronger!

New built-in American and Overseas Aerial System!

Just plug in and play!

Most beautiful cabinets ever designed!

280x*
NEW RADIOS OF EVERY SIZE AND PRICE

FROM THE LABORATORIES of the world's greatest staf of radio engineers, Philco for 1941 brings yo spectacular inventions so sweeping in importance, s new and different that they begin a new era of radi enjoyment in your home.

In Radio . . . a New Kind of Overseas Wave-Band, never known radio before, makes foreign reception 500% stronger and clearer 5 times easier to tune! In these stirring, historic times, it makes th capitals of Europe as much a part of your daily radio fare as you favorite chain programs or local stations. It's brand-new . . . sensational . . . and *only Philco has it!*

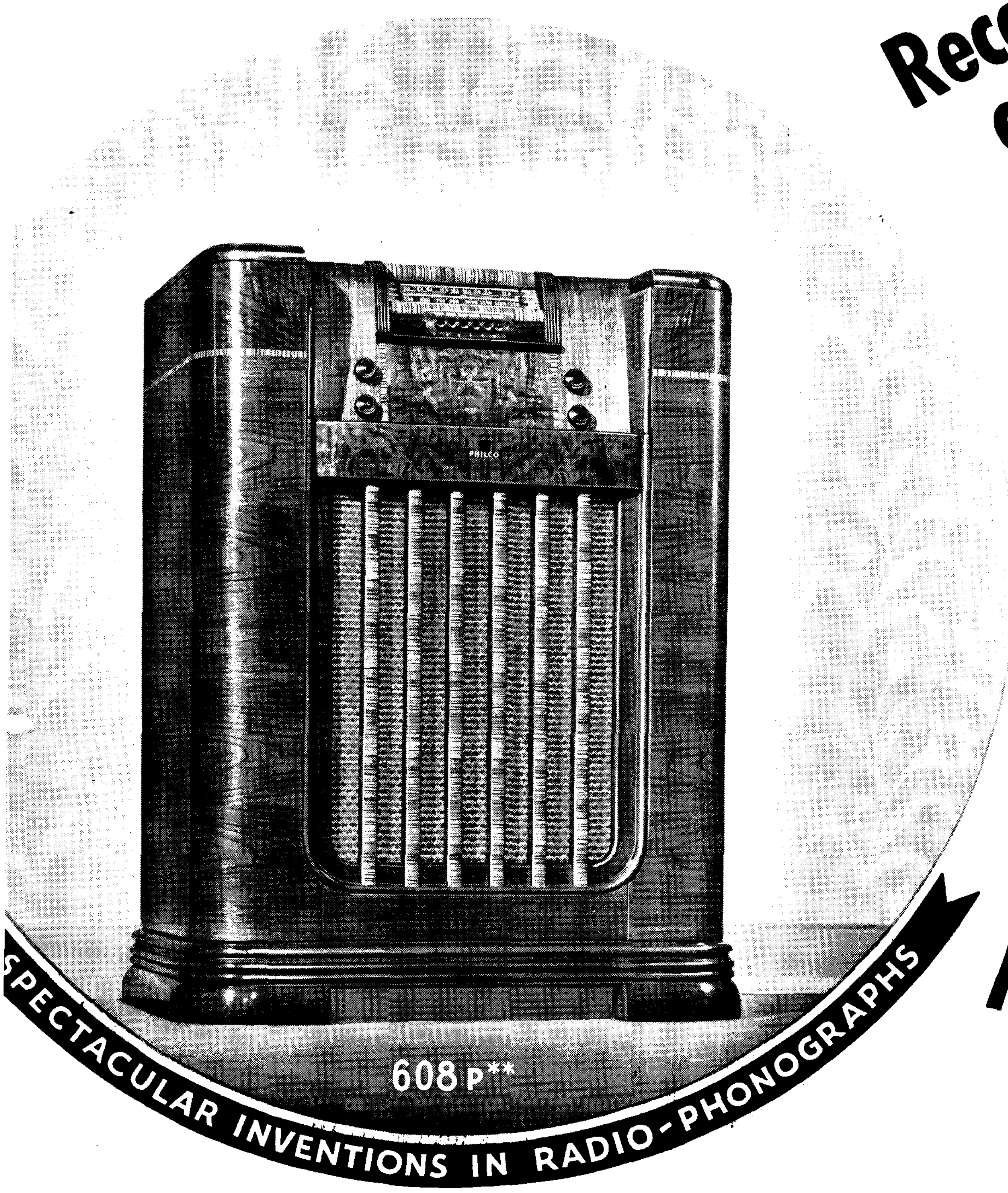
A brand-new circuit, dreamed of but never before achieved by radi science, reduces noise by 5 to 1, reduces "cross talk" by 20 to 1 an increases selectivity by more than 2 to 1. A new Built-In Americ and Overseas Aerial System gives you far greater sensitivity on short wave and standard reception, all without aerial or ground wires—just plug in anywhere and play!

***PHILCO 280X, Only $6.95 Down. **PHILCO 608P, Only $12.95 Down.**
Any 1941 PHILCO is yours on easiest monthly terms.

Records reproduced on a Beam of Light!

No Needles to change!

Records last 10 times longer!



Make your own recordings!

New Tilt-Front Cabinet!

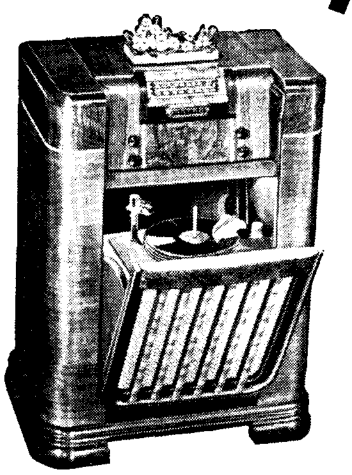
n **Radio-Phonographs** . . . Philco engineers present the first basic mprovement in record reproduction since the invention of the phonograph! The amazing Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph transmits sound on a beam of light . . . reproduces records through the eflections of a floating jewel on a photo-electric cell!

No Needles to Change . . . in average normal use the floating jewel f the Philco Photo-Electric Phonograph lasts for 30,000 to 40,000 playings—8 to 10 years of use! *Records Last Ten Times Longer* . . . no more hoarding your precious records! Play them, now, *as much as 700 times* without fear of wear. And, for the first time, you hear he full beauty of every record. Needle talk and surface noise no onger mar its purity. The most glorious record tone in history!

The new Philco Tilt-Front Cabinet brings you new beauty and onvenience. Plenty of room on the solid top for decorations. No unhandy lid and no dark, awkward, unsightly compartments.

See the new 1941 Philco Radios and Radio-Phonographs from $9.95 o $450, now on display at your nearest Philco dealer.

Hear Europe, direct, *in your car!* Philco Auto Radio Model AR9 brings you clear, strong, enjoyable short-wave reception. Only $4.95 Down.



"I sell Men–
and I am sold on MUM!"

"Perspiration odor is just about job suicide," says Mr. Karl M. Wehinger, President of Wehinger Service Inc., New York City.

"I'VE HAD a lot of experience with men and jobs," says Mr. Wehinger, through whose firm industry engages thousands of employees and executives. "And it's incredible how often an active, intelligent citizen will let a fault like *perspiration odor* come between him and his future.

"Too many men trust their morning shower alone to keep them acceptable—socially and in business—the entire day.

"The tragedy is that a man can offend and never know he's guilty. He's avoided—penalized—and never knows why. That's why *I play safe with Mum.* It's a good habit and good business for any man!"

* * *

That's sound advice for success—and thousands of men are following it. For Mum is quick and easy. A dab under each arm after your shower takes only 30 seconds and you definitely veto perspiration odor for hours! Remember a bath may only take care of *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of odor to come.

Mum can't harm your shirts . . . won't irritate your skin . . . prevents underarm odor without attempting to stop the perspiration itself.

Ask the ladies, they know! Your wife, sister or mother uses a deodorant—probably Mum. But shy away from daily arguments and don't try to "borrow" theirs. Druggists are selling jars to thousands of men who like the self-confidence Mum brings—safety from perspiration odor. Try Mum, today!

MUM

takes the Odor out of Perspiration

[Socially or in business — Play safe with Mum!]

Your morning shower takes care of yesterday's perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come—carries on where your bath leaves off.

MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

The people you meet in business — and your family and friends—like you better when you avoid risk of underarm odor with Mum.

later. I've got a job to do. Here. With John." . . .

Natalie said, "You took your time."

In the last week Greg seemed to have shrunk—his cheeks were hollow, his skin stretched tight, his eyes mobile and feverish, his nerves bared. But the astonishing thing was that the explanation no longer troubled her. She felt exactly nothing. Was she anesthetized? Had the capacity for pain gone, along with the capacity for self-respect?

"I can't come the moment your whim is to call me," Greg said. The sitting room in John's house was as familiar to him as his own, but his gaze kept moving about it, and he had to struggle to maintain the imperturbability that had always been natural to him. No matter. "You've got what I told—you've got that copy?"

"What you told me to get. Yes. You could count on my being as obedient as Radnor." There was only a remote and passionless irony, crystal clear, omnipresent, which she breathed like air. An antique mirror on the wall—rich young woman at leisure, beautifully groomed, dressed expensively. Dressed, to be precise, in a black thin wool dress with a gold zipper at the throat. "Mata Hari had so few places for concealment," she said, and delicately pulled the zipper down, reached under her brassière, and took out the folded paper. In this crystalline irony it was appropriate that the paper that climaxed her ignominy, that she was giving to her lover in a final parody of decency, had been molded by hours of concealment to the shape of her breast. Most poetic, she thought, as pretty as a love song in a book.

NO POETIC nonsense bothered Greg, who snatched it from her and wolfed through it with his eyes. He had it, she had done it, and might the anesthetic last forever! "It's all there," she said, "it's quite authentic. I copied it from the original with my own hands, in my own room, on my own typewriter, last night."

When the anesthetic faded—well, she was going to live a long time, probably, and all the moments of last night would have a long time to torture her. The moment when, with the door of the safe just closed after she got the original back again, she had heard John in the hall. The moment when, in the darkness, her raw nerves had felt his presence. The terror of that sensation, and the inconceivable shock when he had seized her. The inconceivable relief when, the lights on, he had accepted her desperate lie and decided that someone must have tried to force his safe but had been frightened away by her. A space of dizzy nothingness and then she woke in his arms, he was carrying her upstairs, and she had realized that if he carried her to her room he would see what was beside her typewriter.

She thought: You don't believe in hell, but you find out.

Greg folded the paper. "I knew I could depend on you. Thanks."

Exactly there was the deepest bottom of her degradation: that he could depend on it. It's a little thing. I had no honor left to lose. So that's all right.

HE WAS eager to get away. With a dry curiosity, she wondered if he would assume the obligation of making a little love to her—a kind of tip for services rendered. But what he said was, "You look dreadful."

No doubt. "You do, too. People in our line of business must expect to."

He wasn't here at all, really, he had already moved on to whatever was next. If it was true that they had loved each other, clearly this was no time for him to remember it and there was no point in her remembering it. Then inattention fell away from him, he came back from whatever plans he had been making and said abruptly, "Don't come to see me tonight. Or tomorrow. Be absolutely sure. Don't come near my place."

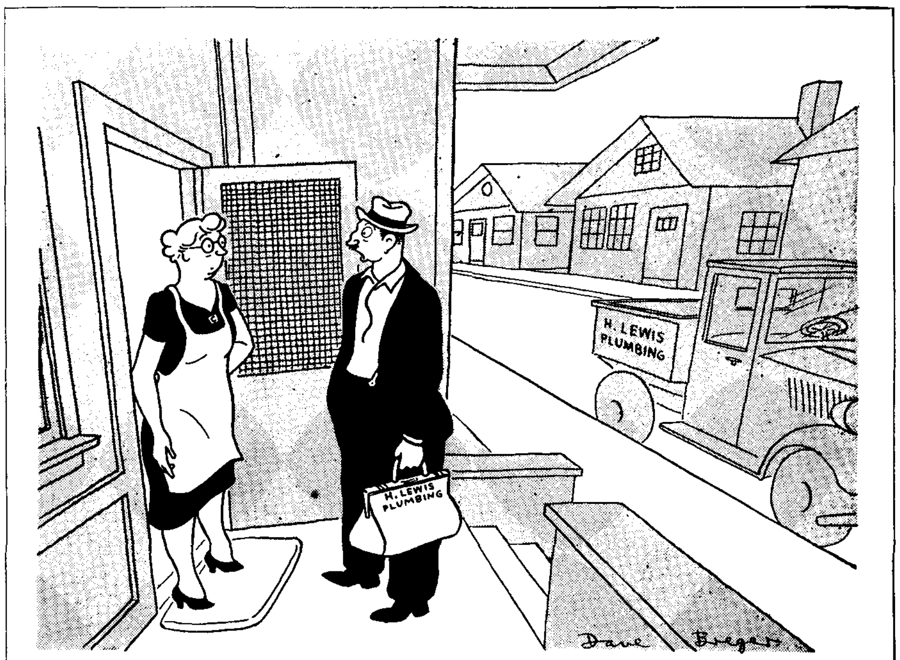
How ingenious and manifold were the designs of irony! Blind and tone-deaf to all she had felt, all she had done, all the finality that had been worked in her, he could stand there and say that—and say it warningly, even commandingly. In his mind, she was altogether his slave.

"I'm not likely to try, if Sir Eric is still there."

"He'll be there till I leave. It's now certain that I'm going to."

Doubtless that should pulverize her—the ending. She had dreaded it as certain to come in thunder and turbulence but really it came like a tiny dust flurry faraway. "Then," she said coldly, "the last memory I'll have of our—shall I call it our honeymoon cottage?—will be a memory of an intolerable brute whom it would be a great pleasure to kill."

"You are not permitted to criticize my—" Greg said instantly, with a rasping violence, his face contorted. Almost as instantly, with the rapid thinking that never failed him, he became peni-



"Well, if you say no one here called the plumber, it must have been the people who lived here before"

DAVE BREGER

tent and pleading. "It should not happen like this! You can't know how desperate I am. I mean no unkindness. I would make it up to you—I would—"

She let his arms go around her. Would she feel any emotion when he kissed her? . . . No, not even contempt. But at last she did feel something, an obligation, and she drew away from him. To make it clear, to get it said—for her sake, hardly at all for his.

"Things never happen with the right setting, or the proper music, or people feeling the way they ought," she said slowly. Yes, she was feeling a faint sadness now, a grave regret. "I got it for you, Greg. I got it—well, when a woman has done and been what I have, it seems absurd to stick at anything. But that's what I stuck at, getting that. It was no worse than anything else—I'd been false to everything decent in my life long before that. When that happens, it's silly to think that anything is worse than anything else. But that was the one thing I couldn't do. No reason. Just that there was where I had to stop."

She was remembering John Gabriel, who believed in her, bending over her in an anguish of alarm and gentleness. "I got it. You see, we had been in love. It's pointless to say that being in love with you was a kind of progressive corruption. If I was corrupted, I wanted to be. . . . You've had—oh, whatever there is that's worth anything in a worthless woman—whatever eagerness there is in a trivial woman's life. You had what no other man had had. That's true. That's why I had to do what I couldn't do. You wanted it and I got it for you and it's in your pocket. Call it a kind of memorial to a twisted love that was genuine enough. Call it a valentine with the best sentiments. I got it—and that finished me. It finished us. It's over. Anything we could say now would just be annoyance. Don't wait for any ceremonies—just go home."

With the last word her will leaped up, and its resurgence carried him into the hall, hat in hand like any casual visitor saying goodby. But suddenly he turned on her, pure fury: "You didn't find out what Thatcher saw the night of the fire. I order you to—"

"Now I can despise both of us," Natalie said.

There was a torrent of words and he caught her arm but she wrenched free and went upstairs. After a while she came back to the head of the stairs, and he was gone.

CALL that the end.

While she stood there, John came in. It was not possible for her to meet him with any assurance, it was hardly possible to meet him at all, but she must. The terror and alarm of last night's drama and of a consultation they had had this morning roused in her as she went down the stairs. But they were extinguished when she saw his face. It was lined and gray, it was exhausted, beaten.

"John!"

It was pitiful to see him try to smile, for he had always seemed as unshakable as the fundamental rock. He muttered something about detectives, and shame came flooding over her. He had been tortured all day long, fruitlessly trying to find out who had made an attempt on his safe.

Not the end but the beginning—now she could feel the knife beginning to twist that was going to twist in her forever.

She said, "There comes a point where it's wisest to give up altogether. You've driven yourself till you can't any more. You've got to rest."

He submitted to her, let her lead him into the library, sat heavily in a chair, watched her with gratitude wakening in his eyes. She brought a lounging coat and helped him into it. She said, "A drink will help—a little—for a while." She charged some Scotch with soda and said, "Drink this, my dear." She pulled the shades against the afternoon sun and touched a match to the logs in the fireplace—why, certainly, bring a fictitious cheer to this room which she had dishonored. He looked around him and she saw he wanted a cigarette, so she found one and held a match for him, and the gratitude that robbed her of her last strength kept growing in his eyes.

The worst of all was that he did take comfort from her. . . . She sat on the floor beside his knees. She had done this to him. So, now that it had been done, she could be sweet, consoling, the woman who had ruined him making him feel that she was the woman he wanted her to be.

The anesthetic was quite gone. This was where payment started. John began to tell her of the scene with Caleb and Hope, of their defiance, of the sequel, after Caleb had left and Hope had stayed to break her engagement. John's voice was husky; almost broken. It was the voice of a man in pain. Not the pain of grief. No, the pain of outraged vanity, of broken pride, of confidence destroyed. For the first time in his life John Gabriel was tasting the bitterness of defeat. For the first time his strength had been scorned, his love rejected, his righteousness impeached. He had failed, so he was fallible. The agony of lost assurance overwhelmed him. It meant that Natalie was all he had left. His betrayer was appointed to sustain him. This was her penance.

IT WAS Aunt Elinor's inconceivable innocence that made horror precipitate out of solution. Up to then there had been such a swift succession of impacts that Hope had been unable to feel anything but the exalted solemnity that had begun when Caleb's long story ended the night before. The truth was that, at John's, she had even felt encouraged. . . . It had been simple enough after Caleb went out. There had been John looking at her and she looking at John while the office grew quiet, the way a great wind ends. She had said, "Will you feel better if you say it, or do you want me to?" Hesitating among rages, John had begun a heated speech which she cut off. "No. We won't have any more accusations. There are a lot you could make. We won't have any more confessions. There are a lot I could make. Only, will it gratify you to say, 'Begone, unworthy woman!'? Or will your gallantry insist on my saying, 'Sorry, there seems to have been some mistake'? Or should we just say, 'So long, stranger'?"

He didn't say anything. His face was an angry child's face, and she remembered that Caleb had wanted help from him and she had too, and that was just too bad. Should she remark politely that the best intentions could be mistaken? No. She took off the big diamond and laid it on his desk—and there went her first love affair and there went that hallucination that she could be the mistress of Castle Gabriel. She laid it on his desk, just the way women did in the movies, and a sudden, unholy impulse made her say, "Stick to pure girls, John." She went out on the crest of a momentary but exhilarating joy—it was ended, the mistake was corrected, the delusion was blown away.

It had taken so little time that she ought to be able to catch up with Caleb. But his car was gone from the curb. She took a taxi home and on the way she remembered that, despite that conventional scene with the diamond, she still had John's signet ring. Finish it off, get everything fumigated! She went to get it—and began to shake, suddenly sick with the thought of what that jewel case

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had held. She was still shaking when Aunt Elinor came in.

Clearly some explanation had to be made. "It's just me with my pressed primrose and my memories. I took this ring on approval but it's going back."

Aunt Elinor nodded. "Of course. I've never been much disturbed—obviously it would take more than John Gabriel to hold you very long. I suppose this happened over Caleb? That's excellent. But you needn't be tremulous about it."

Right there was where the little horrors began to fuse into one great horror, and where it was no longer possible to dam back her terror. Aunt Elinor thought she was shaking because her engagement was broken. Aunt Elinor lived in a sweet, unshadowed world, a world where—where it was just "odd" that Bert should be drowned. She didn't know that Bert had been murdered. She didn't know about Bert and Caleb in Spain. She thought that now an unfortunate mistake had been cleared up, Hope and Caleb were going to fall in love and get married and have some cute babies. In Aunt Elinor's world there could be nobody like Heinemann, Bert Hendricks could not be murdered, Caleb could not—or, don't, *don't!* And there was no possible way of making her comprehend. She was like the police, who just had a drowning. Like John Gabriel, who thought Caleb had made up a nonsensical story to hide his unspeakable crimes. To all of them the whole thing would be just a silly yarn, less sensible than a fairy tale; they couldn't begin even to imagine it, still less believe it, least of all realize it. Stark horror was walking the streets of Wallisport and they could not even see it.

SHE had to get out! . . . She got out, saying something meant to be gay and airy. It was pure carry-over that made her drive to the mills. She had intended to take that signet ring to John and so, in a daze, she did. A guard told her that John had gone home, and she heard him as through thick walls, and in the same trance she turned around and started for Castle Gabriel. Cars and people in the streets were just something in a dream—in a nightmare. One of them was Nate Jenkins, saluting her at a corner. If she stopped and said, "Somebody murdered Bert Hendricks," he would just laugh at that. Jim Dowdy had already laughed at it. If she said, "Somebody may kill Caleb, I'm afraid Caleb may kill somebody," he wouldn't laugh, he'd tell her to see a doctor, so would anyone else, anyone would think she was going crazy. . . . And not far wrong at that.

She went up the imposing steps of Castle Gabriel and rang the bell and said she wanted to see John. Natalie came out of the library and said that John didn't want to see her. Hope handed her the signet ring, said, "I just wanted to give him this," and was a mile away before she bothered to think that she must seem queer to Natalie, and come to think of it, was it gallantry or just childishness that made John say he wouldn't see her? And Natalie didn't look any too happy herself. Who did?

She stopped the car. Hands on the wheel, foot on the brake, knees, shoulders—she was shaking all over. And her stomach was writhing. . . . A little before sunset. Here she was on a winding drive in North Wallisport, and people were going home from work, and the bay was turning purple. No chance that this was a nightmare—it was real! Heinemann did exist and these things had happened. Nobody would believe them until too late but they were real. . . . One by one the lowest floors had fallen out, and each time you had reached the most terrible place, but there were a lot more floors to go.

She would not faint! But Caleb! She had let him get out of her sight.

She made herself stop trembling. She refused to be either sick or faint. She drove to the common at about sixty, she went through the square at fifty, and once beyond the square she went seventy, seventy-five, eighty, and thank God for a good car and if there were any speed cops around they could speak to her later on. She turned down the side road with a slurring skid and was off again, slowing only a little when she reached Caleb's lane. Then she stopped with the brakes screaming and dust billowing up. For she had reached Greg Ashburn's and had seen Caleb's car in his drive. She was out of her car, running, and a fear that had no meaning was squeezing her. She saw Smurthwaite hurrying toward her but didn't have time for him. She burst through Greg's hall into his living room. And there was Greg smoking in a chair, and there was Caleb smoking in another chair.

She collapsed into a third chair and managed to gasp, "Oh! I've found you! You're all right!"

Caleb said, "Greg thinks he may be able to find the blonde for us." So he had told Greg, after promising her he wouldn't! Smurthwaite came lumbering into the room. Greg waved him out again with an angry gesture, and now that she was coming together she could see that Greg was tense, that there was a quivering sense of disturbance in this room. But, of course—everyone was tense—what did it matter? Caleb was here.

"I have a little surprise for you, honey— I'm going to take you out to dinner tonight!"

JOHN M. PRICE

No matter how right she might be about Greg, Caleb had been right too—for she could see how fearfully keen the man was, how aroused and alert. He was thinking hard and fast, he was thinking frantically. He could be dangerous—and dangerous in other ways than as a man who wanted to get his hand on your knee. She had abruptly learned that any man could be dangerous.

"It's an incredible story but how can anyone doubt it?" Greg said to her. Then to Caleb, resuming: "I tell you, not Wallisport. His car was found in Gorham. Everything must have happened there—that's where you've got to concentrate." Then with a sudden shift: "What did you two see the night of the fire?"

How do you know we were together? she thought instantly—you weren't at the dance, Natalie was with John. Oh, of course, Caleb had told him—Caleb had told him everything. Well, not everything, if he had to ask that—so if anything could be held back, it must be held back. She said, "All we saw was a fire and we never got to that." She was going to get Caleb out of here before he could tell anything more. So she stood up and made a mighty effort to be girlish. "I'm hungry." She caressed his arm. "It's all over, darling, you'll never learn anything more about it." She pinched that forearm as hard as she could. "Please find some food for me."

CALEB accepted it. And Greg, shifting fast again, was no longer thinking furiously but had become a genial family friend. "Take your girl to dinner, Thatcher. I don't promise any results and I'll need a little time to make a start. But come to see me tomorrow." That would have been just lovely, except that his eyes lingered on her. She shuddered, wondering if she had a dress on.

Caleb drove ahead of her to his house, and she came into his living room with an uprush of relief, the first ease she had felt in hours. "What's the idea?" Caleb demanded. "You talked like a debutante. I'm not taking you to dinner. Not this month."

"He scares me. I had to get out."

"But you see, we need him. . . . He didn't admit anything, of course. He didn't need to. Yes, his organization was in touch with labor unions. It had no contacts with unauthorized investigators, he wasn't much interested in rumors, but he had, well, call them representatives. He would see if they could learn anything. If I know him, he's got started by now. I gave him the snapshot."

"I hope you won't be sorry."

"We've got to use what tools we find!" he snapped at her. Then he smiled and, come to think of it, she hadn't seen him—or anyone else—smile for a long time. "To go back to where we left off," he said. "Here you are again, cluttering up my house. You shouldn't be. Go on home, darling."

So that was the line he meant to take—to seem to be re-establishing the casual comradeship of that long-ago time when she was the tweeds type and he was the charming loafer without a serious thought. . . . Did he think she wouldn't understand? Time was getting short, the inexorable walls were closing in—did he think she was too stupid to know that? Did he think she didn't *know?* Go carefully!—this was the time to be clever. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Tomorrow I'll go to Boston and see Tanner again—see if he's learned anything. I'll get back for the funeral. After that I'll talk to Ashburn again."

"I'll go to Boston with you."

He shook his head. "No."

She said quietly, "So you are in danger. You won't let me go with you."

Actually, he patted her cheek! Why didn't he offer her a lollipop and tell her to hurry off to school? "If I thought I was in danger of so much as catching cold, I'd hire a bodyguard. I'm just going to be busy seeing what I can find out. Too busy to take you to dinner for a while."

Well, try this one. "I broke off with John."

Caleb said, "Of course." He sat down by her and took her hand, just as he would take that schoolgirl's. "It would be nonsense to say I'm either surprised or sorry. I've known you wouldn't be able to take it. I congratulate you on recovering your health."

Just that — sunnily, in the most friendly fashion. He wasn't so bright—he didn't seem aware that this would make her absolutely certain. Only a couple of days ago he had said, "I could stop this car and be kissing you and that would be forever." The night before that he had been kissing her. . . . What resources did a woman have?

HOW quiet the house was, how far away from everything, how peaceful! The window looked out over Witchcraft, flowing through salt meadows to the sea, and in that twilight you might even believe that there were untroubled hours.

What resources? She leaned against him, and he smiled at her. She drew his arm round her shoulder and it stayed there, touching her lightly, with a friendly impersonality. They just sat there on the shabby leather couch. What had he said years and years ago? Something about once she had been about as seductive as a rag doll but that was all changed. It was Caleb who had changed now, and she wasn't seductive enough, she was helpless, the thing was going to happen and she could do nothing at all.

But try! "We could go to California," she said gently. "We could go to the Thousand Islands. There are a lot of places where we could go."

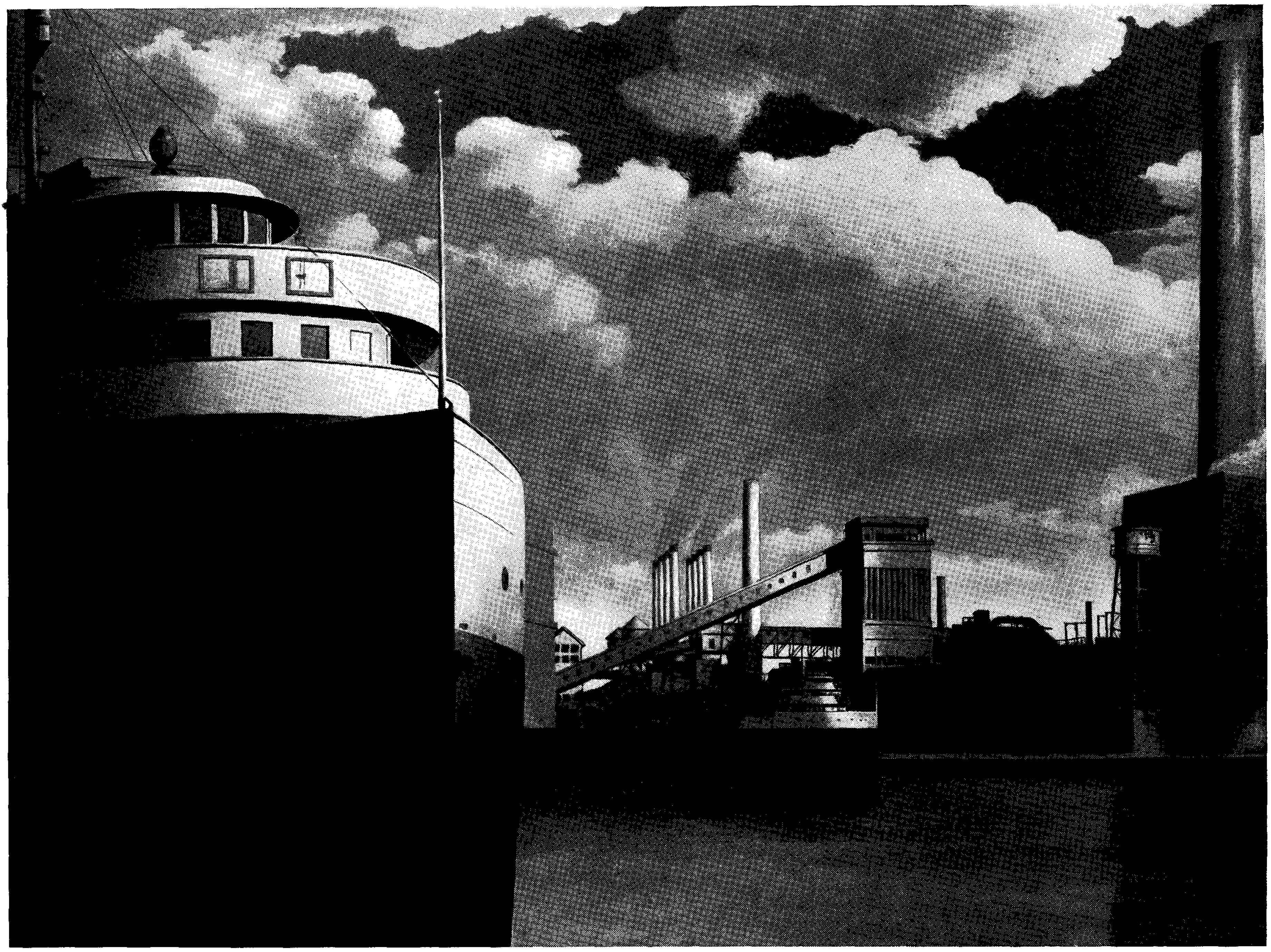
He nodded approvingly. "You ought to get away and forget the whole mess. Now it's over, you're entitled to a good time. Where would Aunt Elinor like to go?"

She shook her head. "I'm worth being honest with, Caleb. I was talking about us. You and me."

His arm did not tighten. He looked at her, and for a moment all that had ever been in his face was in it again, all she had first dreaded and then greatly desired. The moment lengthened on and on. He didn't move. Then he did move—away. She stood up. He did too. She tried to find his eyes but couldn't. She stepped close to him. She put her arms around his neck and pressed against him. He kissed her. So she had won, it was turned aside, their lips had settled it—it would be California, the Thousand Islands, anywhere at all but it was turned aside and they were safe. . . . No. He kissed her again, lightly and mirthfully this time. "You're a sweet child, Hope," he said, and he had got his voice so that it was almost convincing. "You have the most charming ideas but they don't suit the times."

There was nothing she could do about it. Caleb was going to kill a man.

(To be continued next week)



ANCHORS AWEIGH ON THE FORD FLEET

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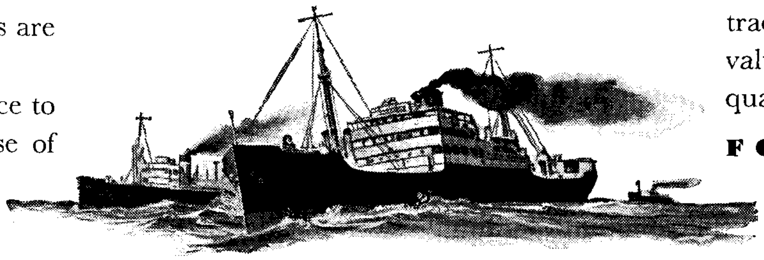

The ocean freight ships touch at Buenos Aires with Ford parts and at Venezuela, as well as Florida and the Gulf, with finished cars.

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FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Down Went McGinty

Continued from page 21

and west on 49th. The alcohol did handsprings in McGinty now. He wasn't drunk, nor even close to such a merciful condition. He was sharpened by the drinks and quite aware of all his sins, and punished by the silence of the girl who sat beside him in the cab. "It's not that I don't care," he said. "It hurts so much inside it's got me on the ropes. I used to be a champion, can't you see? It isn't easy just to be a tramp, to walk around without two bucks to buy a waiter or a cab. I'd like to save my dough. I know I'm wrong. I know you've waited seven years. I know we're always gettin' married next week, Mary, baby, or the next one after that. It's just —aw, hell with it, it's just—"

He took her in his arms. This was a part of him, this taking Mary in his arms. She fought a little bit. She said, "Let go of me; Barney, please!"

The cab was near Eighth Avenue. He let her go. "You love me, don'tcha, buttercup?" he asked.

She blew her nose. "Of course I do, you—you—I don't know what you are." He kissed her lightly. The cab had stopped, but not the rain. He paid the guy, then helped her from the cab. They made their way into the lobby of the Garden.

The Garden was sold out. Not to see the Sailor fight, but for the main event. Benny Montana was the man they came to see tonight, the chocolate Puerto Rican who held the middleweight crown.

The Garden lights were on inside and there was some announcement going on, and faces turned around to see McGinty and his girl. They always had bright things to say when McGinty walked the aisle, clutching the priceless tickets that Mike Leonard gave him free. Mike was the promoter, and he never gave things away, except to pals like McGinty who had helped to make him rich.

McGinty liked to hear the fight bugs yell and call his name. It let him know *he was alive. He wasn't any dope, they* were aware. He'd given up the ring when he was young and in his prime, while his brain cells worked as neatly as his fists.

An usher placed them in the second row, while some preliminary quarrel ground away. The Sailor had the semifinal ten-round bout. "I gotta see the Sailor," Barney said. "You'll like the guy. He hits like Louie Firpo used to hit. He's hay in the sunshine, Mary, doll. Just say a little prayer."

SHE raised two hands, with fingers crossed. "Luck," she said. She smiled the nicest smile she had. "No bets," she said.

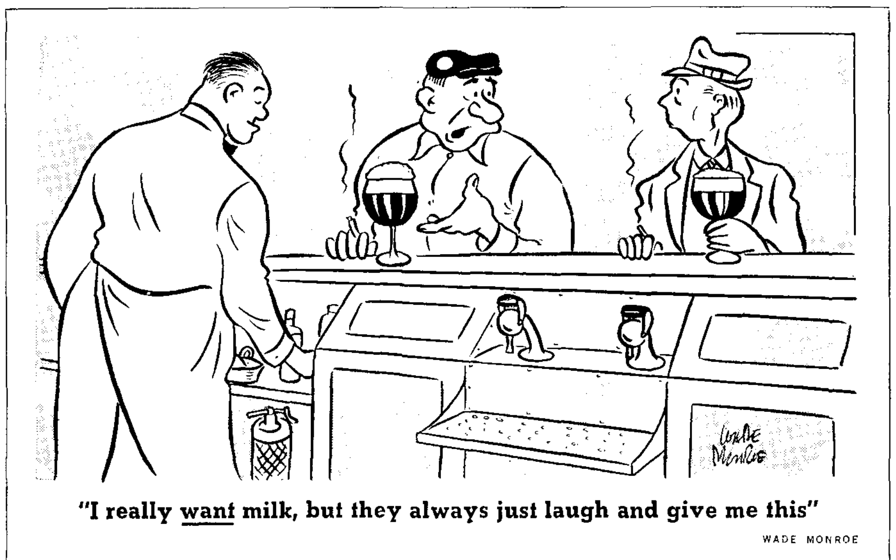
"No bets," he lied, but didn't worry for the Sailor's fate. He felt a bit unfaithful to her now, but hell, the bet was made before he'd even thought of what she'd say. The bet was made three weeks ago, when articles were signed. He'd bet Delaney's manager their own cuts of the purse.

Mary saw him walking with the Sailor through the crowd, with a little man named Fatso Berg who bore the burden of the towels and tape and necessary items of repair. Up into the ring they went, with most of the noise for McGinty, and not so much for his fighter, whom they hadn't learned to know.

Sailor Joe Rappaport was a mighty man, with bushy hair that stood like dry wheat upon his head. He was a quiet, unassuming guy, who rubbed his feet in the resin there and listened to the things McGinty had to say. He walked out to the center of the ring and shook the hand of Marty Delaney, the veteran from St. Paul. Marty was tall and nicely made, in the mold of Tommy Loughran and fancy lads like that.

The Sailor moved straight at Delaney and used a shuffle that was for all the world like one that Barney used when he was champ. Delaney found him difficult to solve. There was a brief exchange along the ropes. The Sailor ripped a short right hand inside, and when he walked away Delaney's back was on the floor. The crowd stood up. Delaney shook his head and struggled to his feet. McGinty shouted wise words to his man. The Sailor moved in calmly and measured his skillful foe. Delaney was no puncher and had to use his legs. The Sailor caught him on the ropes and splashed him with a left hook to the chin. Delaney swayed and clutched the atmosphere with drunken hands. The Sailor let one go. Delaney took it high and slipped inside and held with desperate strength until his head could clear.

THE Sailor was a wildcat in the clinch. Delaney moved away. The veteran was brave. His mouth hung open so the mouthpiece showed. He measured with a long left hand. He threw a desperation punch as Sailor Joe moved in. It wasn't such a fearsome punch. It wasn't one a sturdy welterweight could not endure. The Sailor's eyes rolled white. His gloves no longer beat the air. His knees went first and then the rest of him. The Sailor lay quite cold upon the deck.


"I really want milk, but they always just laugh and give me this"

WADE MONROE

The dust came up from where the Sailor lay. There wasn't any noise within the house. Just for a moment things were still. Just for a moment McGinty's heart had stopped. And then there was the noise. *The count was done.* McGinty climbed the steps up to the ring. His man lay still. There was no doubt this new Achilles had his weakness in his chin. McGinty was the heel. He kept his eyes away from Mary's eyes, where she sat quite still just two rows from the ring.

McGinty knew that he was through. There were no other straws to clutch for economic life. Somebody had a bottle in the dressing room, and Barney took a shot of glue the like of which he'd never had before. It lifted him a bit. He said, "The hell, the Sailor might've been a champ. It's not his fault his chin is glass. You guys've seen enough of that. You know the way it is."

He knew his eyes were just a little wet. Outside, he met Montana, coming from his dressing room. This year Montana was the champion of the world. Montana was a chunky man with dusky skin and eyes like raisins in a pie. His long arms let the fighting gloves hang nearly to his knees.

"Too bad, Mageenty," Montana said. "I guess the Sailor was a bum." Montana's teeth were white and small. They showed a great amount of gum. McGinty didn't know the man so well.

"He's not the only bum I know," McGinty said, and why he spoke like that he couldn't tell. Montana laughed a little bit, then moved along the corridor, looking back.

McGinty slipped inside and had another drink, then slowly made his way up to the ringside gate. He stood behind a cop and saw Paul Keegan sitting in his chair, talking there with Mary, as though the girl were his.

McGinty stood just where he was and watched Montana in the ring, the way he moved, the sudden, burning strength of him, and he was jealous while he watched. The guy Montana fought was quite a slob. He wasn't smart. Mike Leonard, the promoter, came and stood there in the aisle, beside the cop and Barney, looking at the ring.

Mike said, "The boy is good."

"Can be beaten," Barney said, "when the right guy comes along. A matter of style. A long left hand, a pair of legs."

"A guy like you?"

"I didn't say a guy like me."

"That's what you were thinking, though. That's why you mentioned style. You'd have a chance. Two years ago you'd have a chance."

"Today I'd have a chance! I'm only thirty, Mike. Except I'm not a dope. The smart ones stay retired."

Mike said, "You haven't got a dime."

"I got plenty packed away," McGinty *said. "I got it livin' with a family of* moths. I'll always eat."

"You'll eat at Keegan's, kid. That's where you'll eat. I hear that Paulie offered you a chance to run the other joint he's openin' up."

"Who told you that?"

"There's lotsa things I hear. Paul's a friend of mine."

"Paul is everybody's friend," McGinty laughed, and thought too many people learned too many things they shouldn't know. "See you later, Mike. I got to see some pals."

MARY said that it was tough about the fate of Sailor Joe, and all around the Midnight Club they said that it was tough. McGinty bought three rounds of drinks and signed a tab. The talk was of Montana now.

"A fast left hand will beat him," Barney said. "A guy who really moves can make Montana miss."

"I'd like to see you with him," someone said. "I'd pay a hundred dollars to see a fight like that."

"It's style, that's all," McGinty said. He nearly started in to shadowbox. "Montana might murder a lot of guys who were better men than me. But then you turn the thing around—"

"Your drink is dripping on your necktie," Mary said. It was about the only thing she'd said for hours now. "Let's not stand at the bar all night," she said. "I'd like a sandwich, Barney. I'd like to talk with you."

HE LET her lead him to a table. Mary said, "You're getting dangerous ideas." Her face was pale. Her eyes were tired. "The boys are selling you a bundle, Barney. Don't be a patsy for the boys."

"You're telling me? You know there never was a guy along Broadway was less a slob than me."

"That was just a legend you began. When you retired. Just let it stay that way."

"I didn't say—"

"But you were thinking just the same. I know." Her hands were nervous on the tablecloth. "You're going to pull some rabbits from your hat," she said. "I'm going back to work. We both can't sit around and live on dreams."

"You're gonna what? But, lookit, Mary, doll. We're gettin' married in a month or so. You know that's what we said."

"That is exactly what we said. Each month for seven years. I know that I'm as foolish as yourself. I know that I am helpless when you start to talk. But talk is not enough."

"I couldn't help it if the Sailor didn't win."

"That's not the point. The Sailor tried. He did his job. I know you bet your portion of the purse. I'm not exactly deaf, you know. I can hear them talking at the bar. You promised me you wouldn't bet. You couldn't do the slow and steady thing for once. You just won't try. Paul offered you a job."

"So I didn't take the job. So what? It's not my line."

"You could have taken it a little while. Until we managed to get on our feet. If you cared." The tears were in her eyes as active as the seltzer in his drink. "Well, he offered the job to me. I'm going to take it while I can. We aren't children any more. I have no weird objections to an honest job."

"Neither has Paul. He'll like it fine," McGinty said.

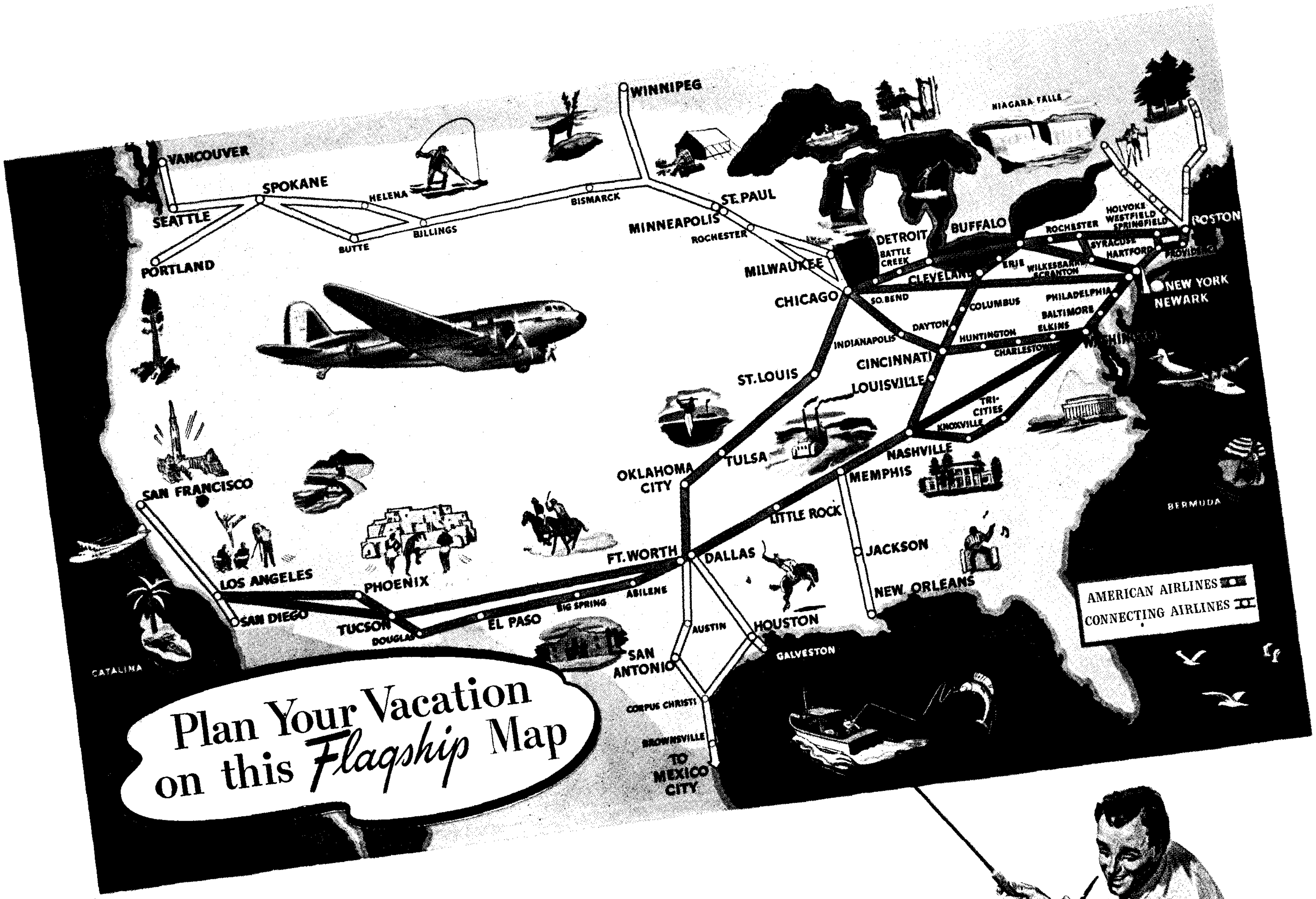
"Perhaps I'll like it pretty well myself," she said. "You'll have me off your conscience, anyway." He looked and *saw the resolution in her face.* "It may be that we won't be married ever," Mary said. "We might as well get used to it. Just come around and take me to the movies once in a while." She stood up then. "Montana will probably kill you," Mary said, and went away. He sat there looking dumbly into his drink.

He woke up in the hotel where he lived. He woke up with his head held in his hands, but with his memory in his head. He called the desk downstairs and asked for orange juice, with ice in it, and for a pot of boiling coffee, too, and for the papers. It was afternoon. "Get a coupla papers," McGinty said.

The papers said the things that he had said to Mike. "It's all a matter of style," the papers quoted him. "McGinty promises to regain the crown he gave away."

He telephoned to Mary's place. She wasn't there. "Gone to work," they said.

He called up Fatso Berg, who had a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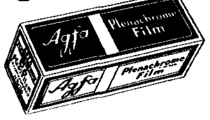

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ready sympathy for such mistakes. "You'll make a lot o' money," Fatso said. "You'll fill a ball park with Montana. You an' him will draw them in."

"You think I've got a chance?"

"You mean frankly, on the level, Champ?"

McGinty said he did.

"We'll see the way you go," said Fatso. "We'll see you in the gym."

McGinty was a picture man, the way he stuck his left hand out, the way he moved like music on his feet. That was the same. You couldn't take his style away, when he was punching butter-brains around a training ring. He dared not work with good men who would bring out his defects. He tired too fast, and punches hurt him more than they had hurt two years ago. He couldn't get the rhythm that he wanted in his hands; he couldn't get that extra juice from smoothly waltzing legs. It all was very stylish and was pretty, just to see, but McGinty knew inside that it was moving-picture stuff.

He fought Joe Burns, of Jersey City, in the armory over there. They went eight rounds and Joe was sliced like ham in a machine. Joe was a pudgy, feather-dusting man who bled beneath the punches he absorbed. They stopped the fight and all the critics said that Barney was a master of a long-forgotten art. McGinty was so tired that he could scarcely lift a hand. He didn't let them know how near he was to falling on his face. He signed to fight Montana on Decoration Day, outdoors in a ball park, for twenty per cent of the gate.

MCGINTY had some money now, and Mike advanced a generous bit to carry him through his training for the fight. Somehow he had no great desire to spend the dough. He worked along and did the best he could. He beat his body into shape. His weight was right, and all the drinking he had ever done would fit conveniently inside one pail. His eyes were sharp. His limbs were fast. Just didn't have the stuff that made him champ. He couldn't catch the rhythm that had made him master of his trade. All that was gone, except the picture stuff.

He hadn't heard from Mary in the longest while. He knew that she was busy, but he had hoped that she would call. He'd not called her. His need of her was very great, he thought. He walked one dinnertime into the Midnight Club.

She was much better as a hostess than she ever was at wearing tights, or singing songs.

"Hello, Barney," Mary said. She shook his hand. You'd think he was a customer who dropped in now and then. She went to fix a problem in the kitchen, then returned. "You're looking fine," she said. "You're looking splendid, Barney, honestly you are. You'll have a drink? A little one?"

"You know that I'm in training for a fight."

"Of course I do. It's just as well," she said. "In deference to Montana, huh?"

"Montana, hell. I'll stab his eyes out. He's a bum." McGinty reached around to find his hat. The way she talked. Who the hell was he, a traveling salesman from Duluth?

"Why, Barney!"

"All right; all right." He tried to grin. "I guess I'm just on edge, that's all. How's Paul?"

"He's fine. He'd like to see you, Barney. Why don't you wait around?"

"I just thought things might be slow tonight," he said. "I thought we might jump in and see the movie down the street."

Mary touched a wine list to her lips. They smiled. "Monday's always slow," she said. "Paul and I are going to a show. I'm sorry, though. I know he'd like to have you wait around."

"I haven't got much time to spend in barrooms," Barney said—and left.

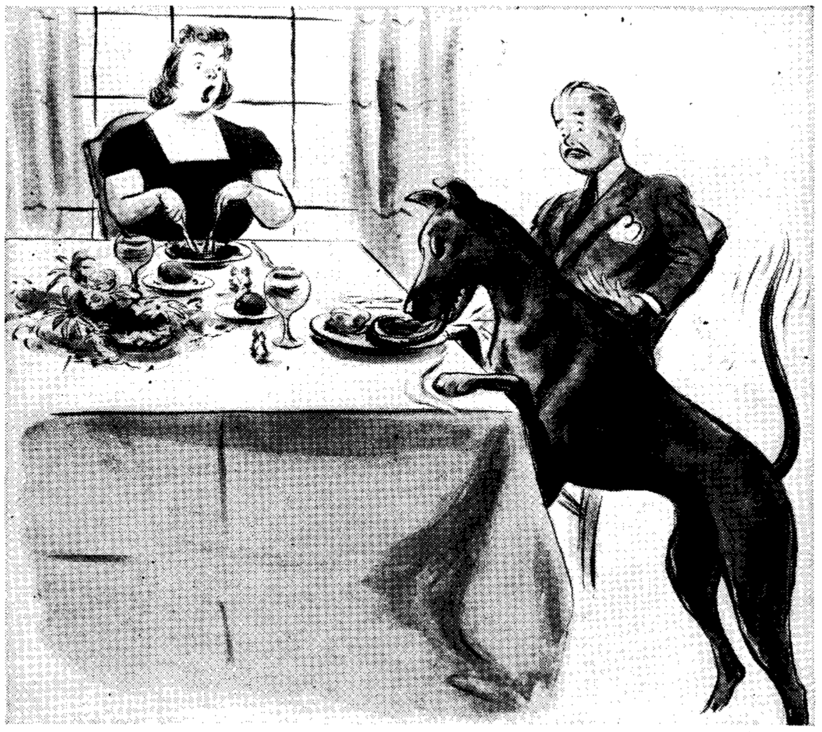
Montana was the first man in the ring, and then McGinty came. Montana was an animated chocolate ball. His hair was the kind of wire you use to clean a kitchen pot. He pranced there in his corner like a race horse full of hop.

Sailor Rappaport, vast and unashamed, maintained a pal would always be a pal and came with Fatso Berg into the ring behind McGinty.

McGinty listened to the introductions and the crowd. This time he hadn't bet a nickel on the fight. This time, at least, the lesson had been learned. He would like to make Montana miss, for just a little while. He would like to show Montana what McGinty used to be. He didn't wait for long.

McGinty moved like paper in the wind around his man. He found the champion's nose. Montana slipped inside and threw quick bombs to Barney's sides. The punches hurt.

McGinty stabbed him with a long left hand. He worked it fast and put some meat behind the jabs. A little bit of claret moved along Montana's lips. A left hook hit McGinty's chin. The ring lights were a sheet of gold, the swift and pretty lightning of a summer night. McGinty gave a deadpan to the damage done. His left hand was a hissing snake that took a quick reprisal as it burned Montana's flesh. There was the bell. There were so many rounds to go, McGinty thought.



"Be careful, Edmund! Don't disturb him while he's eating!" HOWARD BAER

MONTANA moved the beat up in the second round. The Puerto Rican burned his energy because he had so much. He carried six or seven hands, McGinty thought, and it was very hard to block them all.

"I stink in there," he said to Fatso Berg. "Can't box, can't do a thing."

"Keep movin' fast and make him miss." There wasn't any other thing a man could say. McGinty moved out for the third and found Montana boring always in, relentless as a steady rain. McGinty caught the rhythm of the fight for just a while. He tied the sweating brown man in a clinch, then punished him inside with tricks Montana never learned.

All this was fine, and then Montana came again. A left hook blazed again and didn't miss. McGinty heard the thunder in his head. He tried to hold. Montana trapped him on the ropes, then hit him with a leather bomb. McGinty hit the canvas floor. McGinty rolled around on hands and knees and heard the count.

He found his feet. He found Montana, too. They stood and punched. This was no fighter-boxer duel. It's hard to be a fancy Dan when your head is full of fog and funny lights. He punched some more. He hit Montana square. He felt the impact on his glove, a nice right hand. He slipped away and danced a bit and hoped that things would clear.

The hard hands found his head again. McGinty had been a champion, himself. He stuck it out. He moved against the leather storm, and then it was a funny thing. He didn't know just where he was. He just kept moving all the time.

THE voice was soft and clucking in his ear. The hands were kind. "You're doin' pretty all the time. You got 'im blind. The guy can't see so good no more." The voice was quick and soft, as though there wasn't time. The voice belonged to Fatso, and the Sailor rubbed McGinty's legs. The Sailor wore a look of quiet worship on his face.

McGinty heard the bell and moved on out. He saw Montana with the patches on his eyes that weren't there before, still coming in, but heavily, as though he walked in sand. McGinty shoved a left hand out. It made a soggy contact at the point where it was aimed. Montana shook the cobwebs from his eyes. McGinty tried again. It wasn't hard. Just stick it out, and then some more, although his arm seemed weighted with a thousand pounds. The blood was on the dark man now. There wasn't too much damage in the punches that he threw. McGinty really couldn't understand. He fought his fight on just the little strength he had until the bell. He sat down on the stool. "What round is this?" was all he wished to know.

Fatso said, "You got the fourteenth comin' up."

It's happened once to Dempsey and to several other guys, it really has. A punch comes up and memory goes away. A man fights on. It's not a gag. It's happened lots of times. It happened to McGinty. He said, "This guy's a tramp, but I can't throw no punches any more. I can't even walk two rounds."

"Go walk 'em," Fatso told him. "The other guy is dead. You were a champion once yourself."

They moved with soggy resolution. McGinty wore a grin. He faked some deftness with a wooden arm. He used long seconds just for tugging at his tights. He let Montana start a desperation punch, then moved away and left Montana stumbling by the ropes. McGinty did the gracious thing and helped him straighten out. The crowd thought this was wonderful and said so with its heavy voice. McGinty thought that he would die. He clowned the last two rounds away. He heard the final bell and kept his feet. He saw the judges write upon their slips of paper, the referee do the same. He saw them all collected and he heard the winner's name—his own. He held onto the ropes and said some pleasant things for those who called his name.

They led him through the crowd and to his dressing room. He wouldn't let them see the way he felt. Mike Leonard crowded after him and several writers worked their way inside. The clamor was too great. They shook his bandaged hands too much. Mike Leonard said, "It was the greatest fight you ever fought."

McGinty moved his swollen lips until they made a sick and little laugh. "It's just a matter of style," he said, and stumbled toward the showers. Then they saw the great McGinty topple over on his face.

His friends and telegrams kept coming in all through the following afternoon, to shake his hand and wish him well, to see the rainbow colors he displayed around his eyes. Then Mary came.

She wore a tailored suit and summer furs, a little hat that merely held her lovely hair in place. He thought she looked like the sweetheart of a thriving national bank. She wore a smile. She put her furs aside, then labored at the fingers of her gloves. "At least you'd think a gentleman would stand."

"I'd like to stand," McGinty said, "except that I'd fall down. It's nice to see you, Mary." He really couldn't tell her how it felt. "You look like all the pretty lights I saw last night."

"Last night you were tremendous," Mary said. "Today you are a flop. Just look at you." She had her gloves off now. She wore a diamond that looked bigger than a dime. It was the sort of diamond he had hoped to put upon her hand. "Paul must be doing extra-special fine," was all he said. He thought she didn't have to wave that ice beneath his nose.

"He's opening up a third place," Mary said. "He wants a place in Brooklyn, too. You can't be up to Paul. He's much too practical for me. I quit. I didn't want to be reformed."

"The rock," McGinty said. He wasn't quite as stupid as he seemed.

"I ALWAYS wanted one like this," she said. "I got it cheap. From you to me." She looked like all the sunlight in the world. "You gave it to me, Champ. You had some money on account with me that you forgot about. You never were too bright at figures, Barney dear. I had some money of my own, not much, of course. I bet the whole thing on the fight."

"I didn't even bet myself," he said. "I wouldn't bet a dime. You really didn't think I'd win the fight?"

"I thought I'd find your body in the morgue," she said. "It was a sentimental little bet. Of course, we all can make mistakes."

He kissed her on her warm and willing lips. "We'll do it now," he said. "We won't wait seven years. I'll quit this game before they pack me in a box." He kissed her once again. "And then what will I do?"

"That's up to you, McGinty," Mary said. "I haven't got the least idea."

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GEARED·TO·THE·ROAD

1940 IS MILLER'S 48TH YEAR IN RUBBER

Occupation: Widow

Continued from page 10

The man seemed to see nothing ridiculous in using that friendship as a reason for making threats.

"Would he find work for me in Berlin?"

"At once, Fräulein. You may rest assured!"

Carola walked to the window. She had a desperate choice here and she knew it. Stockmann's visit was planned to force her back to Berlin. It might be best to go, no matter what work Blaerchen might offer. Either she had to return or be hunted from city to city by an organization that would never let her rest.

She turned to Stockmann slowly: "You may tell Herr Blaerchen that I shall return to Berlin."

Stockmann smiled broadly and his fat cheeks wrinkled. "He will be delighted."

When he had gone Carola recalled what he had said. Blaerchen would be delighted! She smiled to herself. She remembered how she had fled Berlin in panic the night that she had heard of her husband's death. She had fled in grief and panic but she could return cool and clearheaded. By continuing cool she might find in Berlin the answer to a question that had made the years of her widowhood more miserable than most.

AT NOON on a January day Karl Dietrich stepped from a third-class carriage at the Friedrichstrasse station and walked away, as if to a certain destination.

In his early thirties, he was a tall man with broad shoulders and long, swinging arms. His face showed that he had once been much stouter. His gait was peculiar. He walked with a slight stiffness as if his back pained him. At each step he could not swing quite freely from the waist. His face was a large, round face, reddened, not unattractive, rather comic, for his features were oddly assorted, like the window of an odds-and-ends store. His clothes were of the cheapest.

On a bus platform outside the station, he took a few coins from his pocket and fingered them, as if they were his last. Then he boarded a bus.

At the corner on which Café Buda, with its neat blue-and-white awnings, stands, he got off and stood indecisively at the curb. Then, with that unbending walk, he entered the café, and went directly to a large round table at the rear.

A waitress brought water, a napkin, and a menu. She greeted him mechanically; then as if she had seen him first through a screen and now clearly, she stammered, "Herr Dietrich!"

"It has been long, Marie," Dietrich said. His voice was surprisingly deep, pleasant and musical.

"Yes, Herr Dietrich. What may I bring you?"

He saw her nervousness and smiled. "You get younger, Marie. You haven't married yet?"

"Oh, no, no sir." The girl was confused now. "What may I bring you?"

"There's no hurry, Marie," Dietrich said kindly. "Tell me, do the same people come to this table?"

"Few of them, *mein Herr*. You have not been here for how long, Herr Dietrich?"

"Three years, Marie."

"There are many changes in that time." She was eager to get away. "What may I bring you?"

"Coffee will do," Dietrich said, remembering how little money he had.

Marie left.

A heavy-set man of fifty came down the aisle, hurrying a little, looking neither right nor left, as if anticipating a pleasant lunch. Two or three steps from the table he stopped, recognized Dietrich and was flustered.

"Dietrich!" He came forward, smiling with hurried, forced warmth. "How nice to see you."

"It's nice to be seen."

"Strange to see you here." The man did not sit down.

"Strange to be here."

"You've just returned to Berlin?"

"I've just returned."

For a moment the man was embarrassed, then he said nervously, "Well, I must be going. I just came in to look for someone." He turned and hurried toward the door.

Karl was not left long alone. On her way to the kitchen Marie had stopped and spoken to the proprietor. Now he came to the table with the slightest trace of a smile.

"Herr Dietrich!" He was formally cordial. "It's like old times to see you here."

"Hello, Herr Hoynig."

"Waiting for someone?" Hoynig tried to be casual.

Dietrich smiled as if he understood what was behind the question. "No, I just hoped to see some of my old friends."

"The table is almost always empty."

Karl nodded. "Times change. Remember the day Blitzstein from the Philharmonic put his bass viol on the table so that no one would steal it?"

Hoynig nodded but did not laugh. He walked away uneasily.

Marie brought coffee and Karl sipped it slowly. He did not notice a thin young man, rather tastelessly dressed, coming to the table. He was nervous but from shyness, not uneasiness. His voice wavered slightly as he said, "Excuse me, but aren't you Herr Karl Dietrich? My name is Schimpf, Wilhelm Schimpf."

"Good evening, Herr Schimpf." Karl had never seen him before.

"Pardon my speaking to you. I have always admired you, Herr Dietrich. I always thought that you were one of the best comedians we have ever had in Berlin."

"You are kind, Herr Schimpf."

"No, no, I mean it." Schimpf's forehead was perspired. "I have admired you so much at the Krokodil Café."

"We had good times there," Karl said pleasantly. "Won't you sit down?"

"I'm not detaining you?"

"I have no other appointment."

"THEN I am fortunate." Schimpf went on quickly. "I'm a clerk in the Agricultural Ministry here but a student of the theater, especially comedy. I remember an act you used to do at the Krokodil, the one in which you played the village butcher."

Dietrich smiled. "'The Butcher and the Policeman!' I had almost forgotten it."

"I have not seen you perform for some time."

"It's been a long time since I was on a stage."

"I can tell you exactly," Schimpf said triumphantly. "Just three years!" Then he dropped his voice: "I remember the Krokodil so well. It is not the same place today."

"Still open?" Karl was surprised.

"There is just a dance orchestra, nothing more. By the way, do you remember Carola Dirling?"

Karl nodded.

"I'll never forget the way she sang," Schimpf said as if the memory were something precious. "She used to stand on the platform in just a simple homemade dress. You know, when she sang those sea songs you could feel in them the terror of the sharp rocks off Skagerrak and the fog off Kattegat."

"There was no one like her," Karl agreed.

"She disappeared so quickly from Berlin after her husband died," Schimpf said. "I never did know how he died."

"An automobile accident."

For a moment Schimpf was silent, as if he were still thumbing over his memories of the Krokodil. "I remember some of the stories you used to tell, Herr Dietrich." He laughed to himself. "The owner of the Krokodil was Herr Blaerchen, *nicht wahr?*"

"One of the owners."

"He's an important government official now, in the foreign office."

Karl frowned, then nodded.

"He's an important Nazi, too."

"I know that," Karl said with abrupt bitterness.

Schimpf looked surprised. Then, almost timidly: "By the way, if you aren't busy this evening, Herr Dietrich, perhaps you would dine with me. I should be honored."

"I would like that," Karl said frankly.

"There's that Hungarian place across the street if that would suit. At seven?"

"Anywhere. Anytime."

From a short distance off, Hoynig, the proprietor, was watching. Schimpf saw him gesture and turned to Karl: "Excuse me. I think Herr Hoynig wants me."

A few minutes later he came to the table, his manner shattered in embarrassment. "I am so sorry," he stammered. "Herr Hoynig has reminded me of an engagement I had this evening."

Dietrich nodded: "Don't be embarrassed, Herr Schimpf. You were kind to invite me. I shall remember that."

Schimpf's face showed his confusion.

"I assume that Herr Hoynig told you that it was not wise to be seen with me?"

Schimpf said nothing.

Karl was not concerned. "Just two questions—"

Schimpf interrupted: "First, Herr Dietrich, be good enough to let me help you." He reached in his pocket. "You must need money." He offered a hundred-mark note.

Karl hesitated. To hear that and to know it was true was a new kind of pain. The few coins he had in his pocket made pride ridiculous. "I shall take it as a loan."

"As a debt owed you, please," Schimpf said, "and long overdue, for the many times you have made me happy."

"Thank you. Now, two questions. Is the Krokodil at the same place?"

"Yes."

"I'll go there tonight."

"You're new in Berlin," Schimpf said, as if eager to give every help. "It's hard to get around the city at night. Everything is blacked out. You'll find the Krokodil a popular afternoon tea-dansant place."

"Then I'll go this afternoon." He hesitated.

"You had another question?"

"Yes." Karl still hesitated. "From which concentration camp did Hoynig tell you I had just returned?"

"From Sachsenhausen, Herr Dietrich."

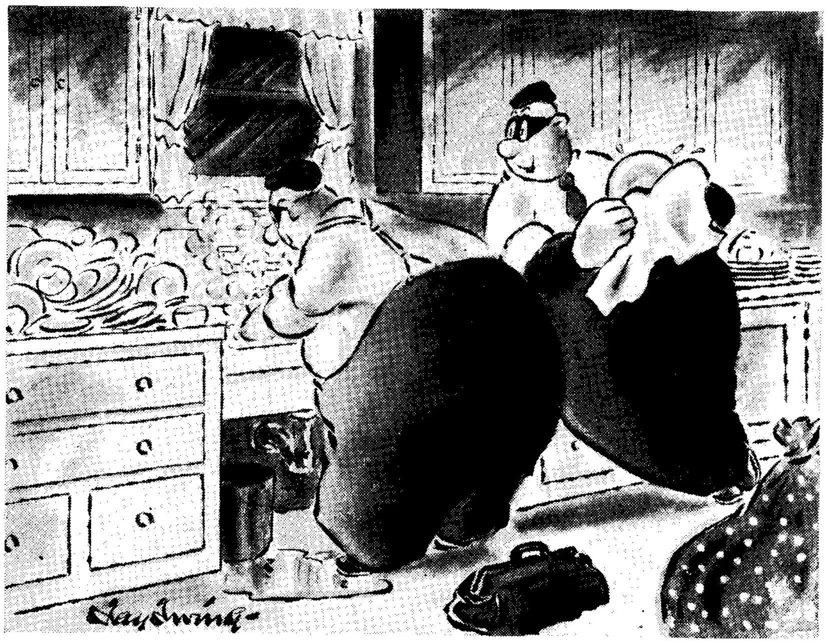
"He was wrong. I was in Buchenwald. It's by far the worse!"

IT WAS harder than Karl had imagined it would be to turn into Martin Lutherstrasse and go toward the Krokodil. A thousand times he had seen ahead the small sign over steps that led down to a basement. He could remember the time in 1933 that he and Blaerchen had hung up that small painted board. In those days cellar cabarets were opening all over Berlin. The formula for them was simple: a small stage, some tables and chairs, a piano, a few sandwiches, some beer, some entertainers and unlimited hopes. Blaerchen had interested a young wealthy man, Paul Lesser, in the Krokodil. With his backing it could run for more than a month, the usual life of the cellar cabaret.

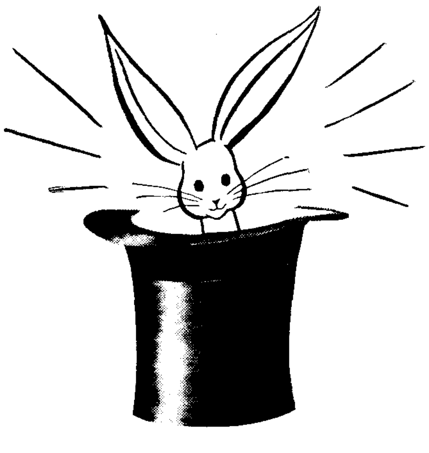
As Karl came down the street he saw a gaudy sign *ahead, with the word* KROKODIL. The entrance was deserted. Karl could remember nights when police were stationed at the door to prevent more people from pushing in. To go down the steps into the cabaret now took force of will. He was sure that everyone connected with the place was new and that he would not be recognized. It would be better that way.

A headwaiter greeted him, and led him to a table. Several dozen people were at other tables. Most of the men were in uniform.

In a moment he realized that he would not be uneasy and pained here; he would only be bored. The little stage was now a useless small platform protruding slightly into the room. A curtain, streaked and shoddy, hid most of it. Sometimes he had stood there for a half-hour, sometimes longer, saying whatever came into his mind, an ad-lib



"They'll think some li'l pixies has been here" JAY IRVING



"HOUDINI" JONES and the great "hair" trick

Observe, ladies and gentlemen, he plays nine innings of softball in the burning sun. Look at that hair, dry and dusty as the desert.

Now he takes a swim and the water washes away natural hair oils. The top of his head is beginning to look like a bird's nest.

He makes a thorough job of it; mows the lawn and lets the sun put on the finishing touches. Looks pretty hopeless, doesn't it?

Now watch closely. Nothing up his sleeves except a bottle of Kreml. He applies a little and behold! Hair looking its natural best. All the oil it needs—without that greasy look.

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comedian whose remarks went around the city the next day. A roar came at him from the audience, then another and another.

The crowd laughed, too, when he said, "You know, my friends, we should be grateful to our friend Hermann Goering. He says that after five years of Nazi rule every German citizen will have an automobile and at the end of ten years an airplane. Think, my friends, with an automobile and an airplane we can hunt that much farther for a pound of butter!"

Today no man could get on a platform and say such things. Once a man could laugh in Germany. Today no one could laugh lest some flea-skinned Nazi think he was being laughed at.

Karl looked slowly around the room. It was difficult to see the stage without thinking of Carola. No one else had ever left such a clear-cut shining memory. He never understood her effect on him; before her, he was always one of an audience, watching as a child watches, never able to break through the distance between them. Other men, he knew, felt the same way. Later, he realized that what he had interpreted as aloofness was only shyness and that was the greater part of her charm. She baffled him the more because he had grown up in the theater and was used to theater people.

He had taught her much about stage presence and stage timing and she had once said, "I should die from stage fright sometimes, Karl, if it were not for you." He remembered that remark always, because it was the most closely personal remark she ever made to him.

HE TOOK one more look around the room. Like so many other things in Germany, the Krokodil had changed.

He rose from the chair and started toward the door, but he had only taken one step forward when he stopped. At the doorway, looking around the room with a sort of blinking unbelief, was Carola. He told himself instantly that he did not want to see anyone from the past, even Carola, but he could not restrain himself. He went to her.

"Carola!"

"Karl!"

As Karl led her to a table he realized that he had not seen her since that night, three years ago, when men had come to this room, even as she was singing, with a message about her husband's death. She had finished her song and gone out, alone. Later he heard she had left the city.

It would be hard to pick up from there. It was harder than he thought. The girl seemed nervous, uncomfortable. "I've only been in Berlin a week," she said. "Every day I wanted enough courage to come here. If I hadn't, I should always have known I was cowardly. Now that I've come, the place is so changed that it's completely impersonal."

Karl nodded. "I felt the same way."

"You've been in Berlin all the time, Karl?"

He was startled. Obviously, she knew nothing of his recent history. She had left Berlin in a hurry a month before his arrest, and no one had known where she went. He hesitated about telling her the truth, decided against it and said, "I've been here off and on."

"You've changed, Karl," she said after a moment. "You look as if you hadn't smiled for years."

"Really?" He was tempted to tell her that he had just returned from Buchenwald but a man could not be too careful, even with an old friend. Yet he could not ask questions point-blank about her friends, her opinions, and he was silent, not knowing what to say. For one thing, it was hard to talk in this place. "I feel so awkward here," he said.

"How about having dinner with me tonight?" Carola asked.

"I'm sorry, I can't." He wanted to find a small hotel for the night. "But we could lunch tomorrow." That would give him a chance to ask the sort of questions he had to ask.

"Gladly," Carola smiled. Then she frowned. "I can't tomorrow. The day after? Tomorrow I'm lunching with Rolf Blaerchen."

Karl did not look up. That fact made any question unnecessary.

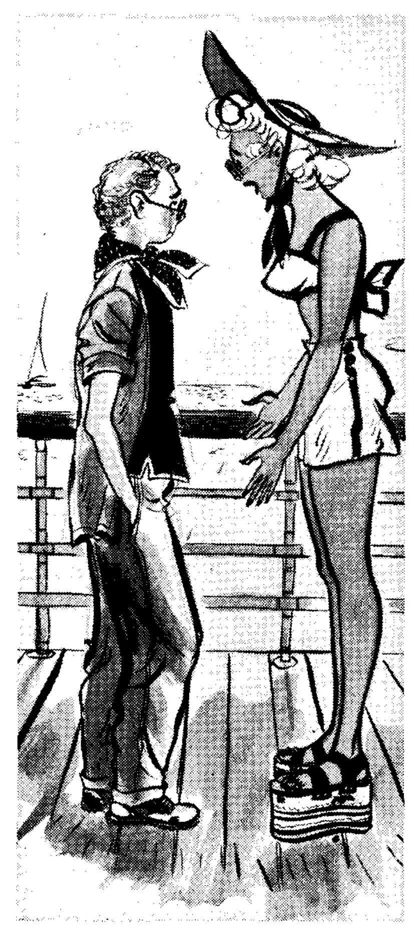
"Have you seen Rolf?" she asked.

Karl shook his head. It was best now to get away as quickly as possible.

"Suppose you call for me about one o'clock the day after tomorrow? I'll look forward to it, Karl." She gave her address.

"Certainly." Then, brusquely, "Shall we leave?"

They went out together. Carola said, "You haven't told me where you're living."



"But, Bob, I am wearing flat heels!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"At the Muenster Hotel near Friedrichstrasse."

They separated. It was bitter to have thought of a woman for three years, to have met her, and to have found her a person who was friendly with Blaerchen.

TWICE, while en route to Berlin, Carola had thought of turning back. She did not fear the poignancy of old associations, of having to live alone again in the surroundings where she had once lived with Paul. She did fear having to see old friends, and await their questions. Meeting Karl had set the whole problem afresh. She was grateful to him for not talking of the past. His awkward reserve had puzzled her. She assumed that he had changed with time as had everything else.

Since boarding the train for Berlin she had thought chiefly of Blaerchen. On arrival she found that, as usual, he had been thoughtful. She expected to find no one at the station, but a young man met her, took her to a small hotel and insisted that he be allowed to do anything possible for her comfort. A car was put at her disposal the next day and she found a small apartment.

Blaerchen had telephoned the first day, his voice as ever smooth, gentle and warm. He explained that he would not be able to see her at once but that he would arrange for lunch as soon as he could.

The lunch was tomorrow.

She had felt that their first meeting would not be difficult; with it imminent, she was not sure. It would take restraint not to speak of Paul's last letter, the letter that clearly indicated that Paul, who had gone on a confidential government mission to Warsaw, had suspected that he was entering a trap. She had destroyed that letter before leaving Rome but she knew every word of it by memory. It was the sort of last letter that a man facing death would write to the woman he had loved. But its poignance and its finality were less vivid than the last sentences in which Paul said that he was sure that one man had set the trap, that one man was responsible for his death—Blaerchen.

And now, lunch with him on the morrow!

ROLF BLAERCHEN had come to Berlin from Riga. Of his early years in Berlin Carola knew nothing. Because he was attractive, self-possessed and had a kind of boyish enthusiasm, people liked him. His only ambition, as he worked at one job, then another, was to get money, much money, and to meet people, important people. In a few years he was living comfortably and he was completely at ease in the homes of nobility along the Tiergarten, in the theatrical set on Kurfürstendamm or at lunch with the industrial crowd. People were his capital.

Paul Lesser came from an industrialist's family in Westphalia. He did have money. Paul was reserved, uncomfortable among people, lacking Blaerchen's gift for the quick remark, the proper phrase. It was inevitable that he should admire Blaerchen on first meeting. For the next years they were inseparable. It was Blaerchen who interested Paul in the idea of a cabaret, who hired Karl, who laid plans for the Krokodil. It was Blaerchen who found Carola singing in a run-down café in Munich, who brought her to Berlin, who introduced her to Paul. When Paul and Carola were married he acted as best man.

It was Blaerchen who interested Paul in politics. Until that time Paul's whole interest, like someone who has found a new plaything, was in the Krokodil. Blaerchen had been a Nazi even before Hitler came to power. Now he began to talk politics to Paul, and soon after, nothing but politics. To Carola that did not matter. She did not care what was said so long as she had Paul and her chance to sing.

"What opportunity have we young men of Germany had?" Blaerchen would ask. "With Hitler we have a chance."

To Carola that made no sense, but Paul nodded. Then he began to repeat those things. It did not matter what he said so long as he came to the Krokodil every night and sat at a front table while she sang.

She could remember the first night that he failed to come. He had gone into politics, he explained; he had a position at the Foreign Office. Official business required him to go to Prague. That was the first absence. Then absence became something measured not by nights but by weeks. He was in Bucharest, in Riga, in Paris.

Then, one day, he had gone to Warsaw! It would be hard not to remember that, as she talked to Blaerchen.

The next day she waited nervously through a long morning. She dressed carefully, purposely choosing a black crepe that outlined her figure well. If

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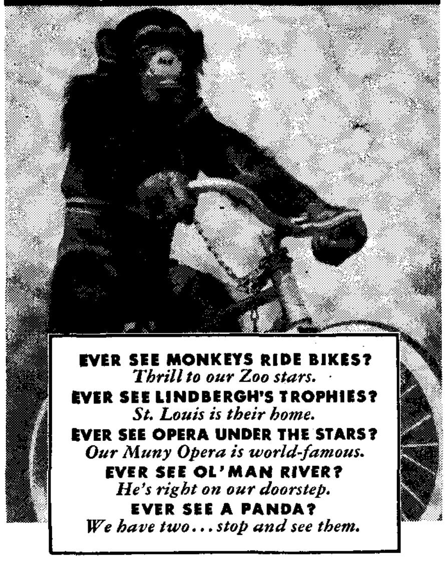

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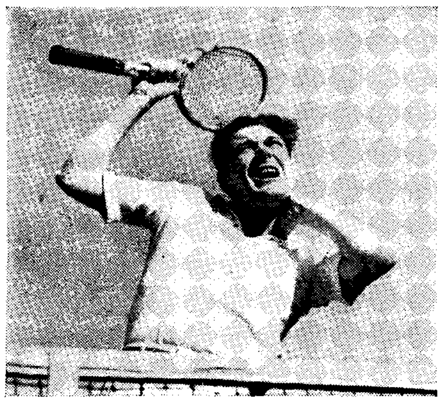

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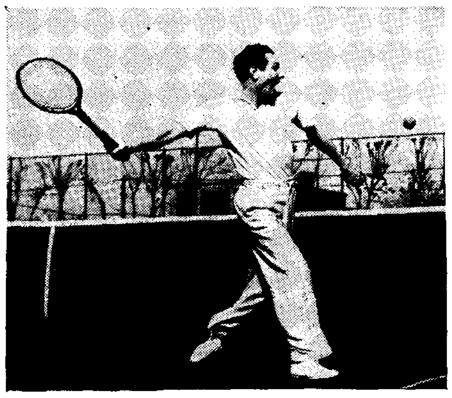

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Blaerchen remembered the simple gray, girlish dress she had worn on the stage this new one would be a surprise. At noon her bell rang. A chauffeur was waiting with an automobile. She took a last deliberate look at herself in the mirror as she used to do just before going out to face an audience, and went downstairs.

"I am to drive you to Wandsee," the chauffeur said.

The car headed out from the city. The January morning was too cold for comfortable driving. The roads in the suburbs were empty. The car turned down a side road into a large private estate. Carola had a glimpse of a tennis court, a long lawn that led to a lakeside and a bathing house and greenhouses. The drive led up to a huge, sprawling house of gray stone. On the porch Blaerchen was waiting.

He came running down the steps to greet her. As he helped her from the car his manner was that of a man greeting a close friend from whom he had parted just an hour before. Holding tightly to her arm, he led her to the porch, and into a smartly furnished living room.

"I am so glad you have come back to Berlin," he said. "You belong here."

"I am glad to be back." She had forgotten Blaerchen's skill in putting people at ease. She had to find something to talk about, something that would not lead directly to any question about the past, about the years in Rome. "You have a beautiful home."

"It's nice," Blaerchen said casually.

"Did you design it?"

Blaerchen laughed. "No, I picked it up at a sale—very cheap. The former owner decided that he preferred to move from Berlin, you see."

Because it was vital to be relaxed, to appear perfectly friendly, Carola laughed too. She knew what his remark meant. Many people had fled Berlin in the years of Nazi rule; their homes and their possessions, too, went to the State and the Nazis were the State.

A butler called them to lunch. Food was served that was on no restaurant menu in the city: beef fillet, fresh asparagus, fresh tomatoes. Green bottles of Rhine wine were cooled in a silver pail.

As if Blaerchen realized that Carola might be ill at ease, he asked no questions. He talked about his travels, about changes in Berlin, about the Foreign Office.

"YOU must have an important position," Carola said, hoping to get some clue to the work he wanted her to do.

"It's very interesting." Blaerchen smiled, as if guessing her purpose. "Have you been to the Krokodil?"

"I went there for a few minutes yesterday afternoon. Do you know who I met there? Karl!"

Blaerchen did not appear interested. "Karl Dietrich? Is he back?"

"Where has he been? He looked very ill."

"After you left, things went badly with him," Blaerchen said carelessly. "He was never very discreet, you know. Remember the things he used to say on the stage? After all, there are some things in life that one does not joke about."

"What happened to him?" She was holding a glass at the moment and it trembled in her hand.

"I warned him once or twice but it did no good. The police arrested him and he was sent to prison for a time. I presume he's just out."

She wanted to jump up and run, to run out and through the city at once, remorseful at having failed to recognize yesterday that he needed friends. No person in the world was gentler, more sensitive than he; Paul himself had said that many times.

"I should advise you strongly not to see him again," Blaerchen continued. "People like that are best avoided."

"Yes." She forced herself to sit back in the chair, to seem relaxed, to sip from the glass. "But I made a luncheon engagement with him."

"I should suggest that you break it," Blaerchen said. "For your sake, of course. People might misunderstand."

She wanted to throw the glass at him but she realized that she must appear unconcerned. At the moment her purpose in coming to Berlin was the important thing. She had to change the subject now and she did it awkwardly: "Your friend in Rome spoke to me about possible work here."

"There's plenty of time to talk about that," Blaerchen said.

"I really would like to know what I can do."

He ignored the sincerity in that. "Listen, Carola, I am so glad you are here in Berlin, so glad." He reached across the table for her hand. His voice was suddenly gentle: "I shall never know why you ran away so suddenly. I do know how Paul's death affected you. I wrote you many times urging you to return. You never answered my letters."

"THAT'S all past now," Carola said, grim in spite of herself.

"You could have come back before this. Why didn't you?"

This was to be the subtlest sort of inquisition, a delicate but thorough probing into motive. She was sure he held her hand for a purpose, to sense any reaction. She reached out and put her free hand on top of his and held it tightly so that he could feel no trembling in the hand he held. She answered slowly, "I hated to be reminded of Paul at every turn." Slowly she withdrew her hands, then took a compact from her purse and opened it.

Blaerchen lit a cigar and sat back in his chair. He looked at her intimately. "You're even lovelier than I remembered you. Stockmann told me a curious thing about you."

"Yes?" She held the compact tightly.

"He said that you were disinterested, shall I say, until he told you that I was in Berlin again."

Mechanically, she began to powder her face. She could not have looked at Blaerchen at that moment.

"I wanted to ask you, Carola—did my being here make your decision to return for you?"

She was frightened now, frightened cold. If he had guessed her thoughts about Paul's death then she had better run quickly. She had to look up at him and she saw his face, and fright left her at once. Instead of suspicion she saw silly satisfaction. As he caught her glance he smiled the pleased smile of a man who has guessed an absurdly simple puzzle.

"We can be good friends again," he said gently.

"Of course we can," she said gaily, not sure where the conversation was going now.

Irrelevantly he continued, "I have never married, Carola."

"You must be very lonely at times."

"Not any more," he smiled. "Not any more, with you here."

She could have shuddered at that, at its deliberate implication. This and not any desire to give her work might be his whole reason in having her back in Berlin. Any attempt of his to assume some intimate basis could be checked for a time by reminding him that she still loved Paul. For a time!

He stood up and took her by the arm. She did not like the way he held her. "I'll have to return to my office shortly," he said, "but first let me show you around my place."

She did not follow. If Blaerchen as-

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LATER
COMING

3 **Peg:** "What a marvelous show, Dick! And that new star—didn't she have the loveliest smile?"
Dick: "Sure, but your 'Hollywood Sparkle' can match hers any day!"

CLUES
By Harrison Carroll
HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT

1. Who played the part of a Confederate spy in "Virginia City"?
2. Who leads a quiet life with her adopted son, Michael?
3. Who has blonde hair, blue eyes and—like so many other stars—a vivacious Calox smile?

(Check your answer below. Star's name is at bottom of page)*

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CALOX TOOTH POWDER
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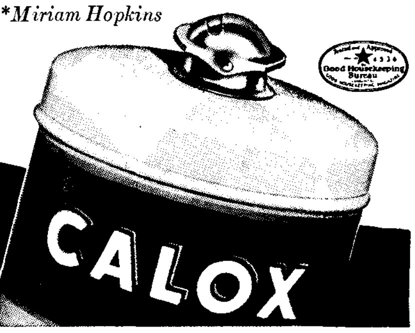
**Miriam Hopkins*



Helps your "Teeth shine like the stars" by bringing out natural lustre

sumed that some close, intimate relationship was going to develop, that had better be cleared at once. "You have said nothing about the work I am supposed to do."

"We'll discuss it later," Blaerchen said carelessly.

"I cannot accept money unless I know that there is work I can do for you."

"There is work you can do for the Foreign Office," Blaerchen said. "From time to time there may be some slight favor. That's all."

That was scarcely clear. "How would you describe that occupation?"

"Oh, well," he said carelessly. "Occupation: widow. And a very attractive widow. Isn't that sufficient?"

It did not satisfy her at all.

"For instance," Blaerchen said, suddenly matter of fact, "accept every invitation you get. Meet all the people that you can."

"And nothing more?"

He laughed. "Enjoy yourself! Now, come and see the greenhouses. There's a fine collection of orchids in one of them, odontoglossums, and particularly hard to grow. The poor fool who owned this place was crazy about them. Today he wishes he had the price of one plant!" With the air of a proprietor he took Carola by the arm.

She went along, uneasily, troubled by his vagueness, his hints about being "good friends," his request that she avoid Karl. His manner might be that of an employer to a new employee. It would be upset at once by mentioning Paul's last letter. She could question Blaerchen point-blank but that would be the ridiculous question of a silly, hysterical woman and easily denied. Thereafter Blaerchen would suspect her for her suspicion.

"YOU must see my country estate, in Pomerania," Blaerchen was saying. "It's rather large but for a man in my position—!"

No direct question would ever tell her what she wanted to know. If she was ever to find out the truth about her husband's death, she would have to agree for the present to whatever Blaerchen might say, and do whatever work he wished her to do.

"We'll have many a pleasant week end in Pomerania," Blaerchen smiled, holding more tightly to her arm.

But it was difficult not to be uneasy, difficult not to shiver now as she felt his hand on her arm. His might be the attitude of proprietor or of an employer. *But it might also be that of a man who has caught something uniquely pleasant and desirable in a clever trap!*

(To be continued next week)

Mexico Must Choose

Continued from page 11

Almazan—his full name is General Juan Andreu—is the people's choice. His lieutenants say he will sweep the country if there is an "honest election" on July 7th, when every married man over 18 years of age and every unmarried man who has reached his 21st year goes to the polls to vote.

Cardenas, in a statement that is both a confession and a promise, has guaranteed that for the first time in Mexican history there shall be an honest election. The validity of such a promise, of course, is relative in a country where there has never been an accounting of the number eligible to vote, where ballot falsification and box-stuffing and bribery have been as common as terrorism and murder.

Camacho Sans Political Machine

Into the election against middle-aged, vigorous Almazan, the machine of the PRM, *Partido Revolucionario Mexicano*, controlled by Cardenas, has projected Avila Camacho. Honest enough not to want to be a "machine candidate" and sensitive to the cries of the people against having a candidate thrust upon them by the outgoing president, and mistrustful anyhow of Cardenas, Camacho in his recent campaign speeches has indicated he wants to stand on his own legs. He has said, in effect, that he wears no man's collar. That may split the PRM machinery and, if it does, Almazan may be elected, honest election or not.

There are two other candidates in the election. Neither is important at the moment but when the ballots are finally counted—well, you never can tell. One of them is Rafael Sanchez Tapia, former secretary of national economy. The other is Joaquin Amaro. Like Almazan and Camacho, a former undersecretary of war, they are generals. There are so many generals in Mexico that in 1925 500 were put on the retired list at one stroke.

Sanchez Tapia is a real threat in the election because he may be used by Cardenas, the wise ones say, to double-cross Camacho, by throwing to him the support of the PRM. *The Partido Revolucionario Mexicano* is in turn supported by Lombardo Toledano's CTM, the *Confederacion de Trabajadores Mexicano*, Mexican equivalent of the C.I.O. and all-powerful labor organization. It includes in its dungareed legions the "Eighteenth of March Division," an armed body of men whose pistols and rifles, added to the weapons of that portion of the army controlled by Cardenas, may be the deciding element in the balloting. Pulque and pesos will help, of course, as will the free rides on government busses and trucks, but the strong-arm squad is a tower of strength to the PRM and CTM cause.

But it is generally conceded that it will be between Almazan and Camacho that the issue will be decided, barring unpredictable internecine quarrels that cloud Mexican politics with the frequency and violence of the tropical storms that sweep the Eastern Coast. Almazan's platform as enunciated in his campaign speeches to date is a simple one. It consists largely of promises to fulfill the promises of past candidates regarding agrarian reform, the rehabilitation of the church in an officially anticlerical land and the amelioration of relations with the United States.

Almazan's friendship for the United States is one of long standing. Back in 1931, in a report to President Pascual Ortiz Rubio, he wrote:

"In the event of another war, Mexico should unhesitatingly and, with the utmost dignity, place itself beside the United States. That is the only way by which we could derive any advantages."

In a nation that has suddenly become aware of the danger it faces from Communist and Nazi and other foreign forces working for the appropriation of Mexican markets and the rupture of the peaceful life of the country, Almazan's avowed friendship for the protector to the north is certain to gain votes. Personable and powerful of build, Almazan is the figure of the "strong man" the Mexicans love so well.

Almazan is about forty-nine years old and stands well over six feet. He speaks with intelligence and vigor and with enough of demagoguery to cause the sombreroed thousands who gather about him to shout until the burros rear with fright.

He is a "*general de division*" the highest of the "general" ranks, and comes of an old family of revolutionaries. He is on official leave from the army to make his campaign. He became a revolutionary at eighteen, when he was studying medicine at the College of Puebla.

As a child he lived in the home of revolutionists. Once when soldiers came to arrest the family he was sneaked out by friends and with them took to the hills. He gathered a group about him and at one time had a following of 20,000 men in the Guerrero hills. He helped the brigand Zapata overthrow tyrannical old Porfirio Diaz and bring Madero to power.

To the peasants and the more articulate of the peons, Almazan is Zapata and Madero and Villa. In Cuatla, the headquarters of the former Zapatistas, a daughter of the famous revolutionary made a stirring speech and she wound up by saying: "Almazan picks up the flag of Zapata, the flag of my father," and you could have heard the cheers all the way to Durango and Monterrey. Zapata was the first to promise the peons and peasants land.

Almazan's educational program is popular with the latently Catholic and frankly religious masses. Under the Cardenas regime, education was placed directly under control of the State in his socialization program. The constitution was amended along Marxist lines, excluding all private and religious schools. He abolished teaching in convents, monasteries and religious institutions.

Almazan has promised to guarantee the investments of foreign capital in the belief that indolent Mexico needs the aid of foreign investors who have the funds, skill and energy to exploit the nation's resources.

Even Cardenas' enemies admit that his program for socialization of the country was more misguided than evil or intentionally Soviet in aspect. Whoever succeeds him inherits a cockeyed economy and a completely empty till.

Who Gets the Army Support?

In the proportion that Almazan is the big hurly-burly boy of the campaign, Camacho is the smoothie. He's almost as smooth and silky as the olive-skinned, curly-haired Vicente Lombardo Toledano, his pal. Camacho, too, is a "division general." As such he should have the support of a large section of the army but, the experts down there say, he hasn't, except what he picks up from the fact that Cardenas raised the soldiers' pay from one peso per diem, roughly 16 American cents, to one peso 40 centavos.

There are 50,000 soldiers in the Mexican army and since it is not known how many voters there are in the whole country it cannot be estimated how important the soldier vote would be in the elections. There is no commissary department in the Mexican army, by the way, and on that one peso and 40 centavos per day the Mexican infantryman must feed himself and his family. In peace time he lives with his whole family. When on active military service in war, the soldier's wife is the commissary. She forages for her man and has camp ready for him at night after a battle, with the kettle boiling. The children, if old enough, come along to war, too.

Almazan, however, gained the confidence of subalterns and privates while in the army. They say he's their hero in peace as well as war. He's supposed to have a number of "great victories" to his credit, while Camacho was largely a swivel-chair general.

Almazan is personally skeptical of getting a fair break at the polls. This is the way he puts it:

"There is no electoral census in Mexico. Never have the voting lists been published. No one knows how many or who have the right to vote. We are carefully preparing our voting lists and, if necessary, we will install our own polls. We hope that on Sunday, July 7th, President Cardenas will place the army in charge of watching the polls, not only for the purpose of maintaining order, but, particularly, to count the votes of the citizens and render true affidavits."

Although the election is on July 7th, Mexico will not know who won until late in August. On August 25th, the electoral college of the Federal Congress meets and canvasses the returns and announces the result of the voting. Five days later, the outgoing president makes his valedictory to congress and continues in office with lame-duck powers until November 30th.

Anything Can Happen

If trouble there is to be, it will come between July 6th, pre-election night, and August 25th, the day the election results are announced, with danger of revolt ever present, of course, until the new president takes office at the end of November. Mexico, anybody will tell you, is a country where anything can happen.

Last December there was a series of political murders, particularly in the state of Puebla, stamping ground—but maybe it's just a coincidence—of Candidate Camacho's well-muscled brother, General Maximo Avila Camacho. Mexicans say the killings, placed as high as twenty, were done by terrorists drafted from among the lower strata of the Spanish refugees.

In recent appearances in the north country, Almazan has been met with stonings and on one occasion the roof of a public building collapsed just before he entered. Two or three of his lieutenants were injured. Another time shots were fired at his party, and aides were wounded. At least three nonpoliticians were killed in a shooting scrape at another Almazanista rally.

On paper Camacho is in—solid. This largely because of the support of the CTM and affiliated labor unions, which are thoroughly thumbed by the able, energetic, reputedly Communist, Toledano. His main union boasts a million members and that's at least a million votes for Camacho. There are no peasants in those unions.

The union members are held together by a political expedient known as the "exclusion clause." This is an article in the bylaws of the union under which a worker who refuses to march in a parade, carry a banner or vote as his leader tells him to is blackballed on some union technicality and loses his job—a practice not altogether Mexican.

That there are some union elements in Mexico who hate Señor Toledano's viscera was exemplified last May Day. During the big parade down Mexico City's main street, a group of workmen shouted in the teeth of Toledano's gun-equipped thugs: "Down with Camacho. Viva Almazan." Maybe Toledano's totalitarian troopers aren't exactly solid. Republican Mexico may march on.

In the event there is an obvious or at least provable skulduggery on the part of the machine, Almazan says he's going to name his own electoral college and set up shop in Monterrey with a rump parliament and everything. This might mean the establishment of a two-party system in Mexico and end the long line of quasi or total totalitarians who've ruled the country for decades.

It might mean revolution, too. Outgoing Mexican *politicos* die hard.

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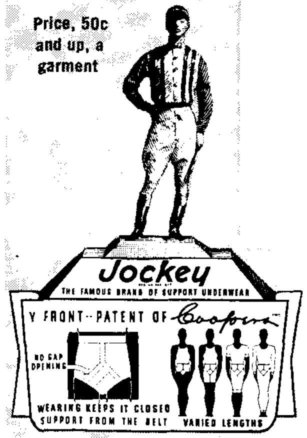
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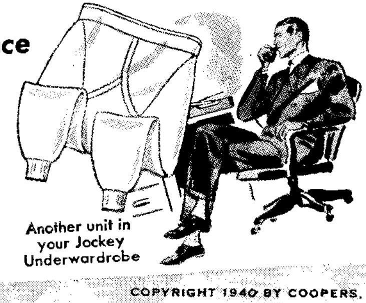
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Where Credit was Due

Continued from page 17

Beemish had been expecting some such move to break up his and Rita's business proximity, and he knew for sure now that Harry was what he looked like—a snake in the grass.

Beemish said: "You mind your own business, and I'll mind mine, Harry. There'll never be any other cashier in our store but Rita. In fact, that's the main condition of our partnership."

"I was afraid of that," Harry said. "How such a perfect girl as Rita can be such a rotten cashier is beyond me. Do you know how many times I've asked her to quit cashiering and marry me, Beemish?"

"I don't want to hear about it," Beemish said.

BACK at the store, he told Rita that henceforth Pollard Hardware was on a strictly cash basis, and Rita agreed that it might be a good idea. Then Beemish suggested, since an all-cash business meant a busier cashier, that she had better save her eyes by laying off the love books.

She didn't take his head off when he suggested that—she just got superior. She asked: "Which is more important—love or hardware?"

Beemish nodded in defeat.

They opened their cash business the next Monday, and Beemish did a little advertising and worked up quite a traffic of customers. But the end of the day and the end of the week and the end of the fortnight found Pollard Hardware running behind. Cash and sales never checked. Rita's absent-minded cashiering was costing the business a pretty penny. And there was an argument every ten minutes around the cage that was ruinous to good will.

When a third week took them to the very brim of bankruptcy, Beemish hinted that they might attempt a modification of the partnership agreement as to her being the exclusive all-time cashier of Pollard Hardware. She refused to listen; and Beemish hastily dropped the matter by saying: "There's a good show at the Palace, Rita."

"I know there is," she said. "I'm going with Harry Harmon."

So Beemish just put his nose back on the grindstone, and went on with his losing hardware fight. Day followed day, and loss followed loss. At the end of the fourth week his original investment was chicken feed.

He stepped into the cage with his mind made up.

"Rita," he said.

"Yes," she said.

"I love you, Rita. I want you to marry me."

She looked up at him with her big blue eyes, and her voice was sad and sure. "You'd do anything, wouldn't you," she said, "to get me out of this cage? You'd even prostitute love."

"Prostitute love?" asked Beemish.

"Yes, just like in this story I'm reading. Oh, you can't fool me, Beemish Todd. I may not know as much about business as you do, but I know love. I've read love and studied love—"

"But I love you, Rita!"

"That's what you say. How would I ever know you weren't marrying me just to get me out of this cage, the way you've been wanting to do from the very first?"

Beemish had no answer that would go over with one as deeply versed in the mysteries of love as she. He put his nose back on the grindstone for a fifth week and fought desperately to prolong their waning partnership.

On the next Saturday, Harry Harmon came in.

"My father wants to see you, Beemish," he said.

"He wants to see me!" Beemish said.

"Pronto, Beemish—and I'll do the waiting-on-trade for you till you get back."

Beemish slowly removed his store coat and got ready for the trip over to Harmon and Son. This must be the end, and he felt regret only that it would be the end of Rita. He knew his powers and possibilities. There would be other businesses and other money—but never a girl like Rita.

HE FOUND Mr. Harmon a whole lot like Harry—easy to look at and easy to talk to. Mr. Harmon took him into an inner office, made him comfortable in a big easy chair with a cigar, and proceeded to talk to him like a father. His every sentence bespoke hardware erudition, and he voiced a veteran's appreciation of the sheer merchandising genius that must be Beemish's.

"To keep going so long, under such conditions," he explained. "But the present picture of Pollard Hardware, as Harry paints it, has given me pause."

"Pause?" said Beemish.

"Exactly, Beemish—pause. If I didn't have pause, I'd be closing you up this minute. As it is, I'm giving you till the end of next week. But if you'll do one thing for me, I'll back you to the sky, Beemish, for you are a born merchandiser."

"What is that one thing, Mr. Harmon?"

"Get rid of that Rita."

"I can't, Mr. Harmon. It is in our partnership agreement."

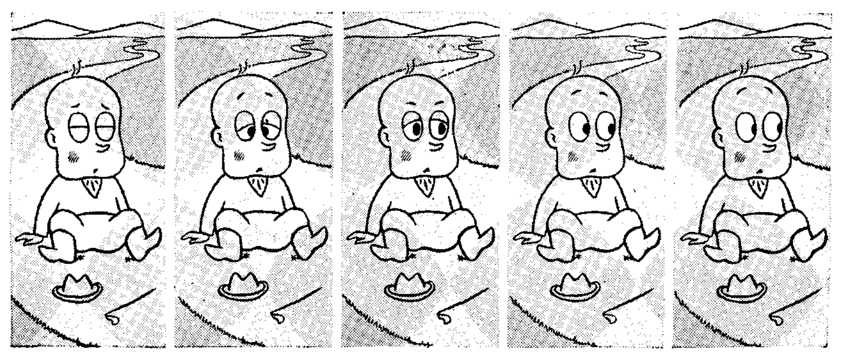
"Then I'd better close you up today, so you can open up next week alone with my unlimited backing."

"No, please! Don't do that, Mr. Harmon. I love Rita—and which is more important, love or hardware?"

"Why don't you marry the girl, Beemish?" Mr. Harmon asked reasonably.

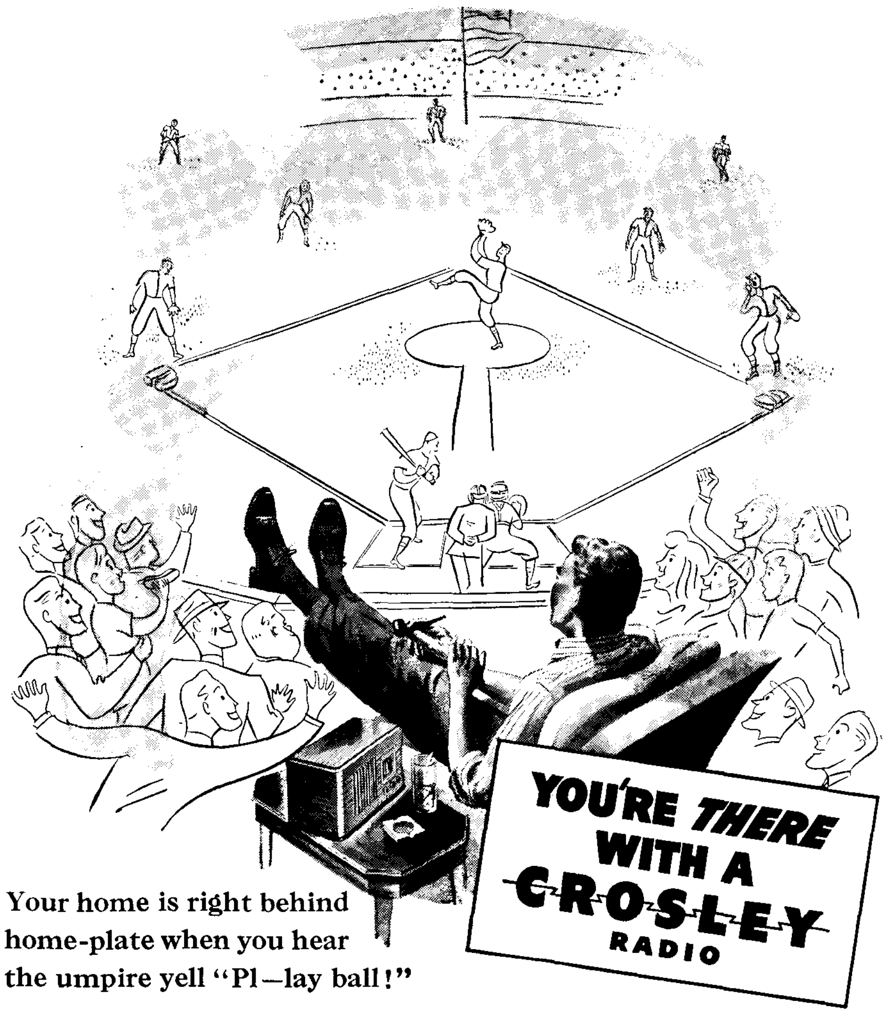
"Because she won't marry me, sir."

Mr. Harmon swore a little.



EMPTY SADDLE

CROCKETT JOHNSON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ADHESIVE BANDAGES

"Well, I'll have to close you down a week from today, Beemish," he said.

Beemish went back to the store. There were two customers in the store waiting to be waited on, and Harry had his head stuck through the window of the cage talking to Rita.

"All right, Harry," Beemish said.

"All right, Beemish," Harry said. He pulled his head out of the cage. He said: "All right, Rita—then we're all set for the last show at the Palace tonight." He walked out of the store.

Trying to rid himself of the awful realization that a week more would sever him and Rita, Beemish rushed over to the customers.

"Who's first?" he asked.

The man looking at the electric irons said he was. Beemish explained to him the differences in price and guaranteed performance of the three models, and the customer pleased Beemish by deciding on the most expensive iron—a ten-dollar de luxe number that Beemish was afraid he was stuck with for life, or rather until next Saturday now.

Beemish wrapped up the iron, and then the customer told him to charge it. Beemish pointed at the CASH ONLY signs all over the store and told the man that nothing was ever charged at Pollard Hardware or ever would be.

"You don't trust me, hey?" the customer said, and went stamping out.

Old Mr. Morehouse, the other customer, was handing over an electric-light fuse.

"Give me a slip on this fuse, will you, Beemish?" Mr. Morehouse was saying. "My radio plug had a short circuit in it last night and blew out all the lights in the right-hand side of the house."

"Certainly, Mr. Morehouse," Beemish said.

Beemish gave him the package and a five-cent sales slip, and said: "Thank you, Mr. Morehouse—come in again, Mr. Morehouse." Then Beemish went into the back office and sat down and gave way to gloom and disillusionment. He'd applied every principle of cash merchandising he'd learned at night school, yet in a week he'd be closed up because Rita hadn't been able to handle the cash. In one short week she would be gone from him forever. What could he do that he hadn't done? How could he stop the dissolution of their partnership that would drive her into Harry Harmon's waiting arms?

"Listen, Beemish!" Mr. Morehouse said from the doorway. You could fry fish on Mr. Morehouse's face, and it was the red of astonishment.

"WHAT is it, Mr. Morehouse?" Beemish said, jumping up.

"She gave me this!" He was holding up a five-dollar bill. "I gave her a dime to pay my nickel sales slip. I said: 'Five out, Rita.' She tossed my dime into the till, said: 'Five is right, Mr. Morehouse,' handed me this five-dollar bill and went on with her reading."

Beemish just stared at Mr. Morehouse, and Mr. Morehouse stared back at him. Mr. Morehouse came out of it first.

"Listen, Beemish," he said. "You'd be far better off with no cashier at all than with a cashier like her."

Beemish kept staring. Then suddenly he jumped.

He put his arm around old Mr. Morehouse and hustled him to the front door.

"You keep the five dollars, Mr. Morehouse," he said on the sidewalk. "Put it in a frame and I'll buy it back from you for a thousand dollars one year from now."

"Will you have a thousand a year from now, Beemish?" the old man asked.

"You bet I will!" Beemish exulted.

He went back into the store, locked the front door, and pulled down all the shades.

"Hey, Beemish," Rita kicked. "How can I read with—"

"Rita!" Beemish said.

"Yes, Beemish? What is it?"

"Did you ever hear of a man sacrificing his principles for love?"

"Of course I have—right here in this story I'm reading. Say, you either put up those shades or switch on—"

"Well, that's me, Rita. I'm sacrificing cash for love. There'll be no more cash in Pollard Hardware."

"No more—"

"And I'll triple the business, see if I don't. It's a new idea, born of love and faith—faith, for instance, in that man who almost bought the flatiron just now. No money of any kind will be accepted in this store—everything's to be on credit. Collector goes around once a month like the gas company—wearing Pollard Hardware's special uniform. People won't mind. Neighbors will say: 'It's the man from Pollard's where you can't pay cash even if you want to.' And people will buy more."

He paused, took a long breath and went on: "You hear me, Rita? Everything will be sold on credit. There'll be absolutely no cash, and hence—no cashier!"

He braced himself for the worst.

RITA got down slowly from her chair. She came out of the cage toward Beemish, and in the twilight of the shaded store her golden beauty raised unplumbed havoc with Beemish.

"You figure you're keeping within the terms of our partnership agreement, Beemish?" she asked.

"Absolutely," Beemish said boldly. "It was agreed that only you would do the cashiering in Pollard Hardware. So I've abolished the cashiering—and incidentally got unlimited backing from Harry's father, so the future's rosy."

Rita yawned.

"Thank goodness that job's over," she said.

"You mean you don't mind leaving the cage!"

"Of course I mean it—having my reading interrupted a thousand times a day. Why do you suppose I stayed in there—because I liked it? I stayed in there because I recognized you as my true ideal that day you came snooping around, and I was bound no other girl would get into that cage to be winning you away. And if you were to ask me to marry you again, people certainly couldn't say you were doing it just to get me away from the cash, for there isn't going to be any cash."

Beemish closed in.

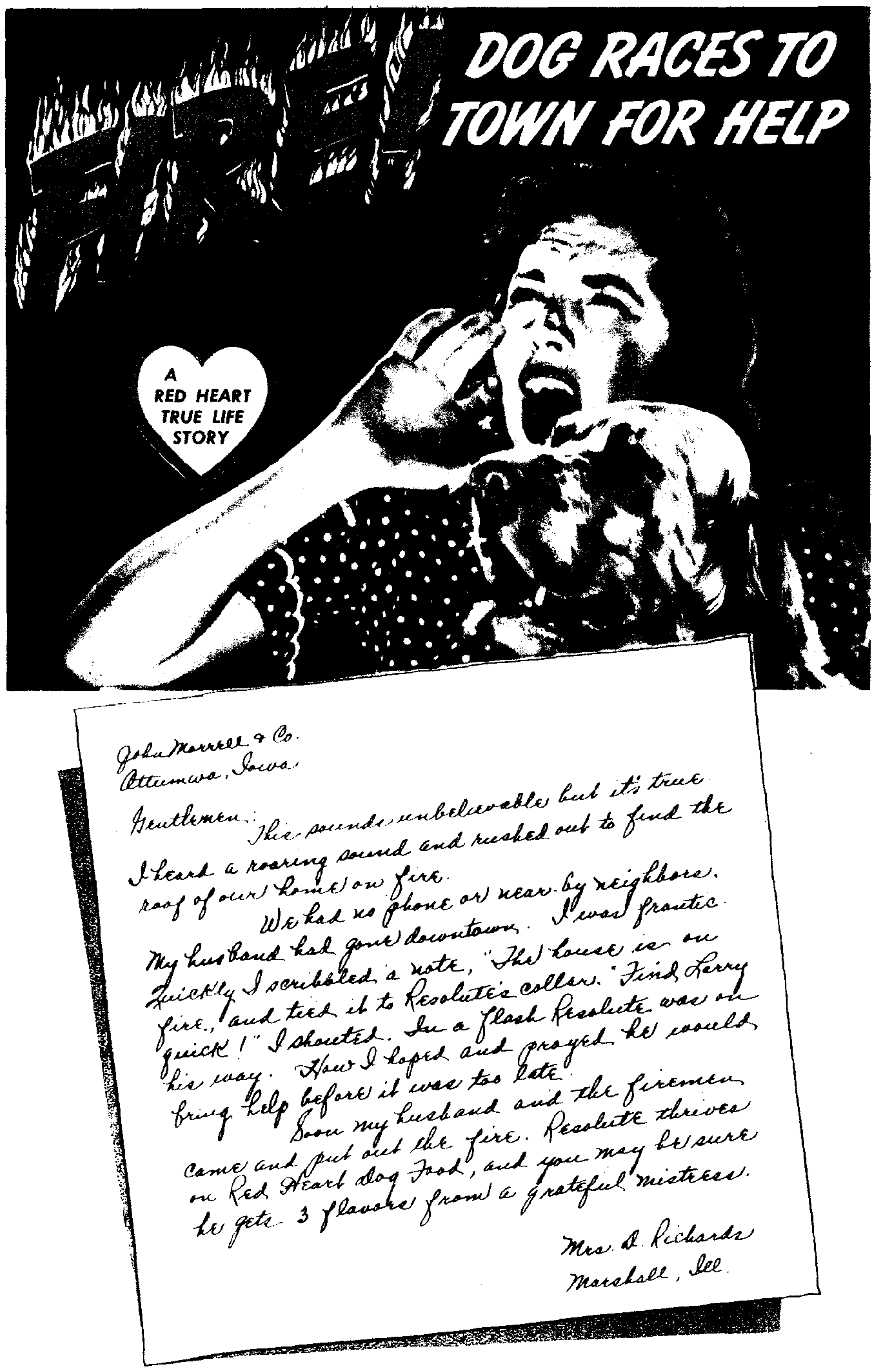
"You mean you'll marry—"

"You get away from me, and put up those shades in a hurry, Beemish Todd. We'll see what's what after the movies tonight—"

"But you're going to the show with Harry!"

"Oh, no, I'm not. I'm going with you, Beemish."

And that's the part of his story that Beemish, for business reasons, doesn't tell. Certainly he's revolutionized retailing in America. But I'm sick of reading that the STRICTLY CREDIT slogan of his four hundred twenty-seven stores in three hundred fourteen cities and towns in the forty-eight states of the United States and the nine provinces of Canada and the northern half of the Mexican province of Coahuila was the child of Beemish's vision and Beemish's brains. Sired by a chance remark of old Mr. Morehouse, it sprang into his head at a time when STRICTLY CASH had got his love urge down and only STRICTLY CREDIT could get it up. So let's give credit where credit was due.



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his way. How I hoped and prayed he would
bring help before it was too late.
Soon my husband and the firemen
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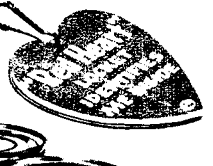
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Front Seat in Flanders

Continued from page 13

the French army increased. They had thought of everything and yet if a plane flew over the observer would see nothing but green French woods and fields.

Then came the last mile and the lieutenant laughed and said that from now on we'd be under observation by the Germans. There were two open fields to be crossed. The German shells had been dropping here all morning. There is a technique about crossing open fields at the front. The young lieutenant asks you whether the restaurants in Paris are still as good as ever. You light a cigarette and start walking casually across the field with him. And you tell him about the food in Paris. You start with the *pâté maison* at Pierre's, then touch on the fish at Armenonville and by the time you are discussing the small wild strawberries that Maxim serves you are safely across. Of course you're sweating a little.

Then finally you are at the last outpost. You go down into a large dugout and for a while watch the colonel in action. He has men at telephones and others with maps and he sits with his staff. His command has the fight of its life on its hands today. Earlier in the day, prisoners had been captured. I had talked to them. I had read instructions taken from their pockets. "Stand fast," they read, "if you retreat you will be court-martialed." The instructions were signed, "Your Fuehrer." Yes, the colonel had a fight on his hands. He knew that 15,000 men had been ordered to break through his lines or else. But he didn't seem worried.

"How long you been here?" Pierre asked me suddenly.

"Four days and four nights."

"You like it?" André asked.

War Correspondent's Mecca

Like it? That wasn't a tough question to answer. At this moment I wouldn't have been anywhere else in the world. I had a front-row seat at the greatest show ever staged. I wasn't with the army, I was in front of the army. A month ago I was listening to Eddy Duchin and loving it; I was having a drink with my colleagues at Collier's and loving that. I was worried about Carl Hubbell's left arm and Mel Ott's legs. Now? Now I was in a steel-and-concrete observation post in No Man's Land, watching flashes from German guns a mile away, listening to the roar of French guns in the rear. Like it? Hell, I loved it.

There are a lot of keen young newspapermen around here now working their hearts out, lying, conniving, manipulating, doing anything to get near the front. But for today the front was mine.

"*Le Boche*," André said, and there was excitement in his voice.

I haven't met a French army man who ever refers to the Germans as anything but "le Boche." They never say Germans. I looked through the slit and the woods seemed quiet. Then I looked up. It was a Messerschmitt. That's a good plane. He was flying lazily down our valley. By now this valley belonged to us. He flew quite close to us and Pierre swore very indelicately in French. His right wing almost kissed our side of the hill but, of course, he didn't know we were there. He was up for reconnaissance. Then, miraculously, two black specks appeared. I knew where they had come from. I'd spent last night there at that little lopsided ridiculous airdrome. Then they weren't specks. They were French Moranes—small, maneuverable ships. Nothing like the Messerschmidt. But nothing is, except the English Hurricane and the American Curtiss.

The Messerschmidt wheeled quickly. We watched and the guns suddenly stopped. The three planes wheeled all over the valley in front of us. Then one of the French planes seemed to get tired. When planes are shot they invariably blow up in a glorious cloud of flame and smoke. It's always like that in the movies, anyhow. During the past four days I've been living in a place where fights between planes are commonplace. Planes don't die spectacularly. They die slowly. The French plane wobbled and then glided down happily in back of us. It seemed to be well under control, but it was out of the fight.

Now it was one against one. A Messerschmidt against a Morane. The Messerschmidt dove at the Morane and I held my breath. Eight hours ago I sat in a Morane.

"It is simple," the pilot explained, "You hold the wheel with your left hand. When the Boche gets within the circle of your arm, your right hand presses this button on the dashboard. Simple? That released your two guns, 'Dop, dop, dop.' "

CAUGHT

WITH OUR GUARD DOWN

It will take two years to arm the National Guard. Yesterday you laughed as they awkward-squadded up the armory floor. But with Hitler thinking westward and his agents digging in below the Rio Grande, we've stopped laughing. The world's richest country may have to fight tomorrow's blitzkrieg with yesterday's guns. Walter Davenport gives you the low-down—

In Next Week's Collier's

That's what the pilot of that little Morane was doing now. Within two minutes one of these pilots would be dead. It isn't fun seeing men killed. I see men killed quite often, now, but I never get accustomed to it.

The experts could tell you the maneuvers. The Messerschmidt was below the Morane and then suddenly the little French plane raised its nose in the air. He raised his nose and gained altitude and suddenly he was on top of the Messerschmidt. Pierre grabbed my arm. I realized suddenly that my mouth was dry, and that the neckband of my shirt was too small. I've seen all the great fighters of our time but I never saw anyone like this anonymous French pilot. He was up against superior speed, superior armament, superior maneuverability. And yet he wasn't getting hurt.

Then suddenly the Messerschmidt wheeled sharply to the right and passed perhaps within two hundred yards of our little nest. And the Morane was a hundred yards behind him. The Morane had a gun on either wing and both were spurting lead. I couldn't see the lead but I could see smoke trailing from the wings. They hit something. The pilot? I don't know. You aim for the pilot now in air fights. His motor is armored too well. Shoot off half his tail and he can still hobble to the ground; aim for the pilot.

I think the pilot was hit. The Messerschmidt wobbled questioningly, uncertainly and then dropped rather slowly into the woods a mile away, the woods which hid the German battery that had been sending shells at that farmhouse all day.

It was very quiet, the guns of both sides hadn't resumed and, ridiculously, birds were singing protestingly above us. There was a phone at Pierre's elbow. Every ten minutes he had talked into the phone. He had usually said, in French, "Nothing to report."

Now he said it again. He was talking to a dugout two miles back, "Nothing to mention, everything is quiet, Captain." He was right, of course. Only a reporter who didn't know any better would be tense and excited at what he had seen these past few hours.

"We'll Get Them"

My escorting lieutenant had appeared from somewhere. We said goodby to Pierre and André and started back. It was a long walk and then the darkness fell like a quick, black blanket. It began to rain; slow miserable rain. There was no path to guide us. Now and then one of us would slip and more than once we ran into barbed wire. But we couldn't show a light, couldn't even smoke. Finally we got to a small village where troops were quartered. We went into headquarters. A dozen officers sat around smoking. It had been a hard day for them. One of them grinned and said unexpectedly, "*On les aura.*"

They all smiled and something came back to their faces. "*On les aura*" is an expression made famous by General Petain during the last war. He was at Verdun and things were bad. He sent one three-word message to Paris: "*On les aura.*" It means "We will get them."

The men around me were smiling now. One finds nothing but supreme confidence at the front. Defeatist talk is the theme song of the loafers in the Paris bars. You never hear that kind of talk from soldiers at the front. They know they are in a tough war but they know too that they are going to win—or die. You get to believe them. I do.

I walked outside into the night. The guns were roaring again but that is a sound that is unheard after a while. Like the sound of city street traffic, it is all part of the scene.

It was pitch-black, but now and then flashes from the guns would streak upward through the night to light it for a moment. Trucks were rumbling past. Through the blackness I could distinguish a white square of the side of each truck. Inside the white square there was a red cross. These trucks were going away from the front. They were all full. One truck stopped and there was incredibly the sound of swearing in an unmistakable American voice. This was one of a group of ambulances belonging to the American field service. One after another they passed ghostlike through the night. There were a lot of them. They told the story of what had happened. It had been a tough day.

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all ways

Enjoy life with Miller HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

United Brewers Industrial Foundation

MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Batting Averages are Cockeyed

Continued from page 23

Tiger speedballer, in the fourth inning. The bases are empty and one man is out. The Yankee slugger tops one of Newsom's fast balls, it dribbles down the third base line and Joe beats it out for the luckiest of scratch hits.

There is every difference in the world in those two hits. The first broke up the ball game while the second merely broke the monotony of a dull game. Yet in the present system of scoring, those hits amount to exactly the same in the percentages.

Or take an even more interesting example: Charlie Gehringer is at bat in the ninth with the score tied at 5-5, two out and the bases filled. Red Ruffing is pitching for the Yankees and the struggle is tense. Ruffing is a great pitcher and Gehringer is one of the keenest-eyed hitters in baseball. Working very cautiously, Ruffing gets the count up to three balls and two strikes. The next pitch means everything. The ball speeds toward the plate and suddenly breaks down toward the inside corner. Gehringer starts his swing, but suddenly checks it and lets the ball go by. Umpire Moriarity calls "Ball Four," gives Gehringer a walk and forces over the winning run.

Later in the season, in Chicago, Gehringer is again the batter. This time there is nobody on base and it is only the first half of the third inning. Two men are out. After fouling the first pitch off, Charlie catches the White Sox infield asleep and dumps a bunt toward third base, easily beating it out for a hit.

Under the present scoring rules, Gehringer's expert judgment in the first case got him nothing but the satisfaction of winning the ball game. In fact, officially, he wasn't even up to bat. In the second instance, his bunt meant just as much in the averages as a home run.

Obviously, something is wrong and another method of scoring is needed. In this article I am suggesting a new plan that I think will establish the true offensive worth of a player to his team.

An Equitable Rating System

The start of a scoring system of this kind must be, of course, from the highest standard. Under my system, a home run with the bases filled is perfection. Since this is a perfect performance, all other offensive actions by a batter are relative to this.

A base on balls with nobody on is actually worth the same as a single with nobody on. A single plus a steal of second is as important as a two-base hit. A single plus a steal of second and third is worth as much as a triple with nobody on. With men on second and third, a single scoring both is worth more than a single that scores nobody. In short, a batter's true worth is dependent not only on the length of his hits and his speed of foot but on the number of bases he has advanced his teammates.

This system of rating is based on the fact that getting to first base is the most important thing of all. If the hitter doesn't get on, there is no chance for a rally and no chance to score a run. The old adage still holds: you can't steal first base. After long investigation I have found that the following ratings are most equitable:

I have rated first base two points; first to second one-half point; second to third one point; third to home 1½ points.

This may sound complicated but it is really very simple. A batter hitting a home run with the bases loaded would score 12 points, made up as follows: he gets compensation for the bases he makes, 5 points; he scores a man from third, 1½ points; he scores a man from second, 2½; he scores a man from first (½ + 1 + 1½), 3 points. Total: 12 points.

The base runner gets extra points when he achieves an extra base through his own efforts. In the case of the home run with the bases filled, he would get no extra credits because the cause of that success would be due to the hitting exclusively. However, if a runner on first goes to third on a single, he is given credit for one extra point. His advance to second base would be caused by the hit but his progress to third would be his own achievement. A slow man wouldn't attempt it; a fast man will make it. He gets proper value for that feat.

Likewise a batter who sacrifices with runners on first and second gets ½ point credit for advancing one man to second and one point for advancing a runner to third, or 1½ points. A batter who hits a long fly and scores a runner from third or advances a runner to another base gets credit for each advance, although he gets no direct credit for his own hitting since he did not reach first.

Should a batter receive a walk with the bases filled, he would get five points; two for his own advance to first base and the others for the advance of each base runner. If hit by the pitcher, the batter would get the same credit as if he had obtained a base on balls.

If a batter gets to first on an error or if runners advance on an error, no credit is given since the success comes from blunders of their opponents rather than from any effective effort of their own. Naturally the hitter would get no credit on an intentional base on balls.

Some Figures Do Lie

That brings us to percentages:

If a batter is up four times in a game and has made as a hitter and base runner three points his first time up; four his second time up; five his third; and none his fourth, he would have accumulated twelve points in his four appearances. Now, if he had a home run with the bases filled on each of the four times up, his total in points would have been 48. Therefore, the total number of points he could have achieved by a perfect performance for the day divided into the number of points he actually made would give his offensive rating or efficiency average.

Well, frankly, I consider this method outshadows the weak and unjust system of averages we now have. For the first time a man really gets credit for every good offensive action he takes. Batting averages under my method take into consideration the kind and length of hits, the number of bases the runners are advanced by these blows and the ability of the hitter as a base runner. If he can take extra bases on hits and steal bases, he is rewarded for it in the averages.

MING SOON
NOW PLAYING
NOW PLAYING
BORIS ORLOFF IN VENGEANC OF THE DEAD"
R.TAYLOR

"Whew! That certainly kept me on the edge of my seat!"

RICHARD TAYLOR

We have talked a great deal for years of a "player's player," meaning a good man whose fine work did not show up in the averages, but it was not always so pleasant for that man himself when he went into the owner's office and tried to get a better salary in his next contract. All the owner had to go by were the figures he saw in the percentages. Unless the manager, who knew the worth of the player, also happened to be the man who set the wages, it was not always so good.

"We'd like to do something for you," the owner would say, "but the figures don't lie."

The figures do lie and they have lied for years.

Joe DiMaggio gets most of the headlines for the New York Yankees and it is almost certain that he would retain his supremacy under my system because of the timeliness and long range of his hitting, but the offensive value of a man like Joe Gordon would get proper credit. If the records of last year could have been worked out under the system I propose, I am confident that Gordon would be right up around the top. Gordon strikes out a lot and often looks bad but the opposing teams are always scared pie-eyed for fear the little guy will pop one into the stands in the clutch.

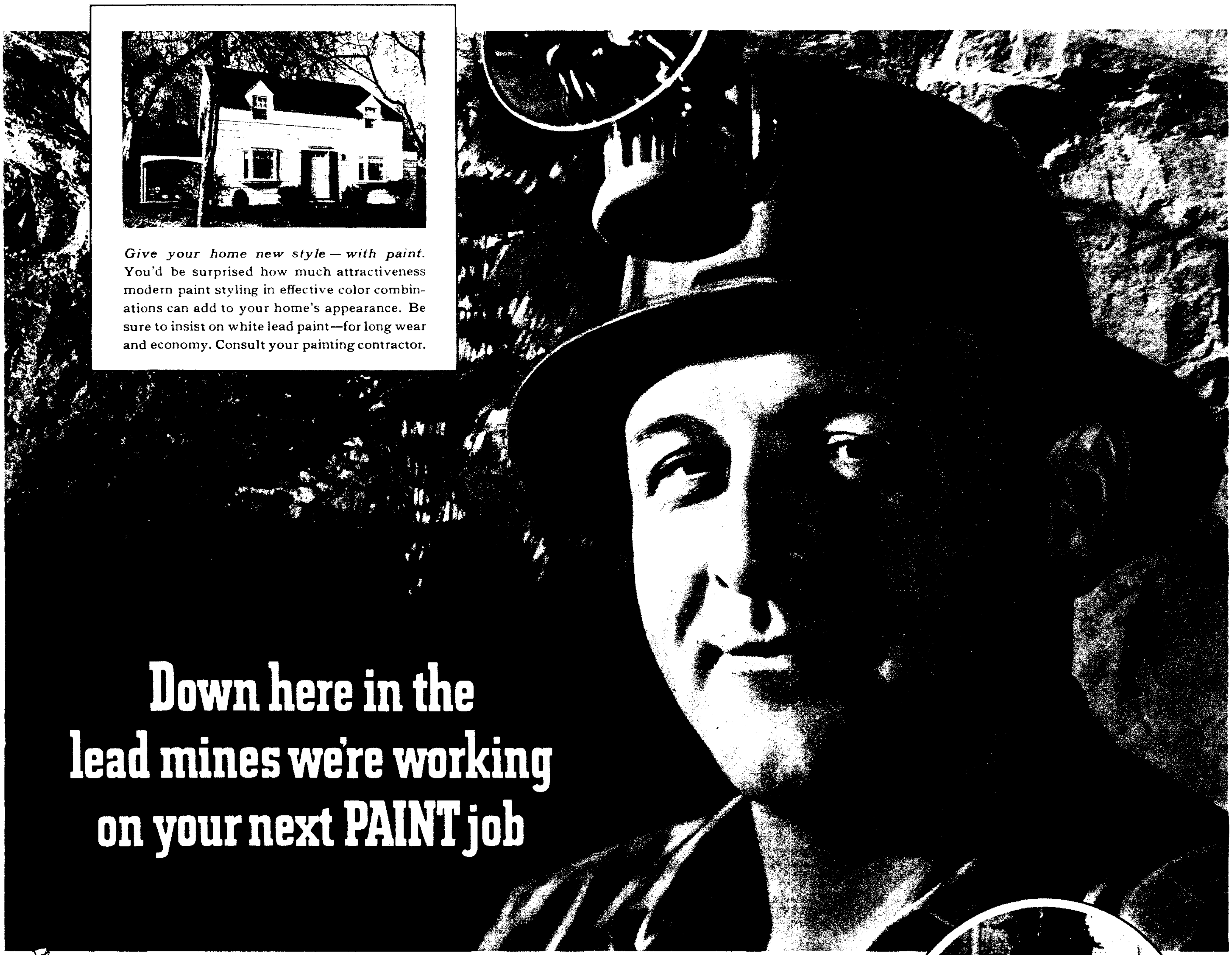
Look at the World Series

The last World Series proved a lot of points for me. According to the official averages, Crosetti batted a mere .063 in the classic, which looks horrible. Rolfe, on the other hand, had .167. However, under my system, Crosetti had an efficiency rating of .0347, which placed him three points ahead of Rolfe with .0318. It is further interesting to note that in the same series Bill Dickey, New York catcher, had an official batting average of .267 while Frank McCormick of the Reds hit .400 in the same four games. Dickey, however, was actually more valuable as a hitter. According to my figures, he had a rating of .1196, putting him fifteen points ahead of McCormick at .1042.

Charlie Keller broke up that series with a succession of long-distance slams and happened to win both top ranking in the regular system and in mine, but it might easily have been possible for another hitter specializing in innocuous singles to have topped him in the official ratings. One poke from Keller at the proper moment was enough to wipe out five misplaced singles by the Reds but he was only credited with a hit that meant no more than a wasted gesture.

As a matter of fact, the complete futility of the present system of averages was beautifully revealed in the third game of the series. The Reds got ten hits and three runs in that contest and the Yanks got five hits and seven runs! The difference was that four of the Yankee slams happened to be home runs, three of them with men on base. You would never know that from the records.

I don't want to be too chesty about the system I have proposed and it is quite possible that there is another one that will be even more effective in correcting the present abuses, but I am convinced that something must be done. The players have always sensed that something was wrong and I think the fans will realize it when it is presented to them.



Down here in the lead mines we're working on your next PAINT job

Give your home new style — with paint. You'd be surprised how much attractiveness modern paint styling in effective color combinations can add to your home's appearance. Be sure to insist on white lead paint—for long wear and economy. Consult your painting contractor.

NOW take this lead we're mining. You know how it's used for outdoor metal work because it's so tough weather doesn't seem to harm it any.

But plenty more is used in making white lead that goes into paint. And white lead is no slacker, either, when it comes to standing off rain and sun.

So it's easy to figure why white lead armors paint against the elements—makes it tougher and longer-lasting. It goes on smooth as velvet, too, and lasts for years — *without cracking and scaling.*

What's more, white lead paint wears away so evenly it doesn't need burning off or scraping when you repaint. And when you figure in its longer life, you make a double saving.

So if you're looking for real satisfaction it's a good idea in buying paint to find out how much white lead it contains. It's a pretty safe rule to follow: *the higher the lead content, the better the paint.* You can't, for example, get a more durable paint than one containing a hundred per cent white lead. This is the kind good painters mix from lead-in-oil. In many places it is now being sold in prepared ready-to-use form, in white and colors.

Remember, most good painters recommend white lead paint. Try it on your next paint job and you'll find it's one case where the best is cheapest.

• • •

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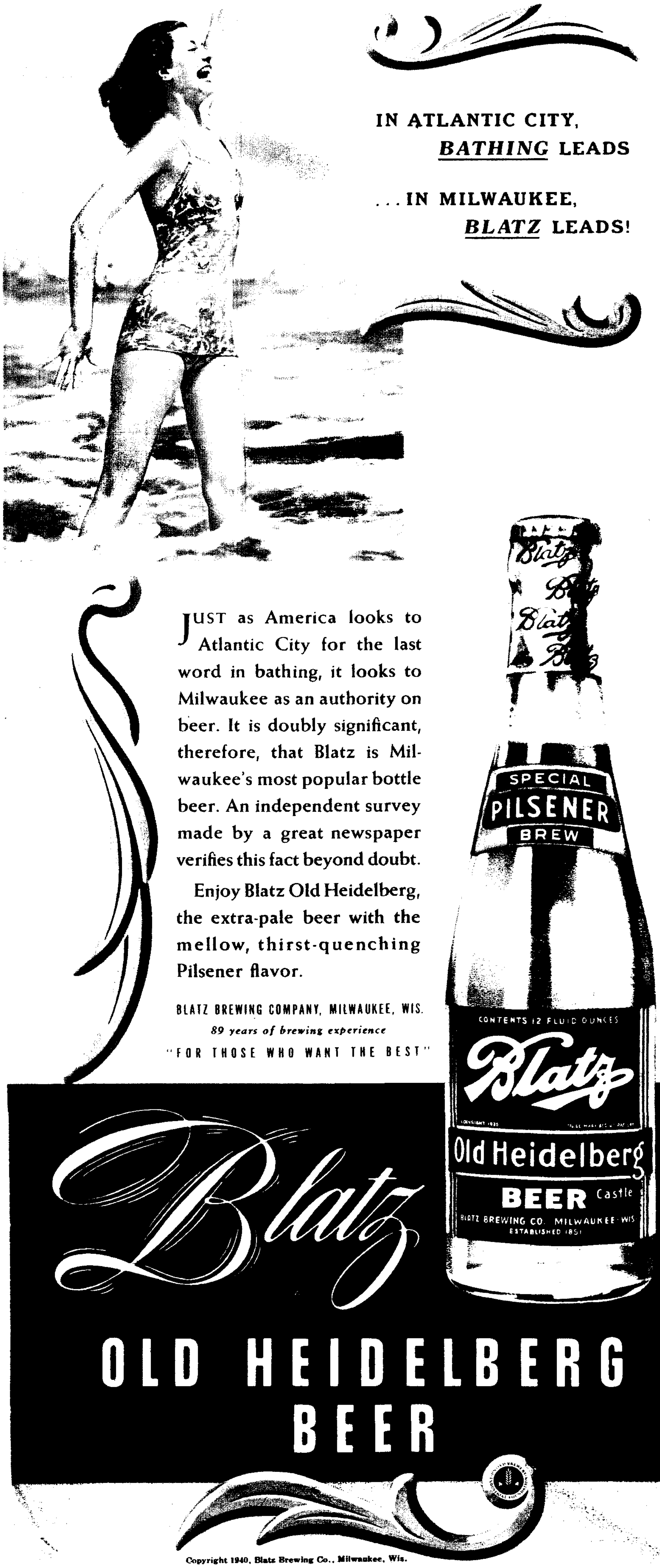

IN ATLANTIC CITY,
BATHING LEADS

. . . IN MILWAUKEE,
BLATZ LEADS!

JUST as America looks to Atlantic City for the last word in bathing, it looks to Milwaukee as an authority on beer. It is doubly significant, therefore, that Blatz is Milwaukee's most popular bottle beer. An independent survey made by a great newspaper verifies this fact beyond doubt.

Enjoy Blatz Old Heidelberg, the extra-pale beer with the mellow, thirst-quenching Pilsener flavor.

BLATZ BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
89 years of brewing experience
"FOR THOSE WHO WANT THE BEST"

Blatz
OLD HEIDELBERG
BEER

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Fast New World

Continued from page 19

attention of those who are naturally fascinated by the activities of business and trade.

The ease of transportation and, still more, the refreshing independence of service and storage made possible by the compactness and convenience of U-235 will cause our cities to spread out all over the countryside, even to territories barren and now uninhabitable. Agricultural lands will be returned to Nature, and wild life will share in the bounties of U-235. Humanity might well become a single, uniformly spread community, sharing as neighbors the whole surface of the world.

The new generation will take much of their recreation out-of-doors; for shelter and rest they may retire to their underground apartment. The problems of air conditioning will be reduced to a minimum by the insulation of the earth and perhaps by a surface swimming pool which would serve as a roof.

Life Goes Underground

Their plants will be grown under artificial heat and light, using the technique of hydroponics, in the water that flows through the rocks just below their underground ranch. Light is generated by fluorescence which occurs around the U-235, and is piped under the house through transparent plastic sheets along the interiors of the rooms.

Normally, the household supply of U-235 is stored, and slowly used, in the chamber where the plants are grown. Appropriate portions are automatically delivered by a tube-distribution system to stations where they are needed to provide heat or power for machinery or cooking.

In a world where energy is free, servants are unobtainable. There will be no excuse in the world of the future to lose our human dexterity, no matter how many ingenious gadgets are invented.

The occupants of the completely private underground home, refreshed from a sleep in perfect quiet under minutely controlled conditions of comfort, may arise to take their baths of water, or vitamins, or perfume, or ultraviolet light, and proceed to their garden to satisfy their taste for fresh fruits which they pick from dust-free, sterile plants, and prepare in a few moments in the high-frequency cooker their favorite breakfast foods.

An elevator to the surface lands them at the door of their automobile. It is a spacious room or rooms of transparent plastic, with drawn blinds overhead to keep out the direct sun. The wheels are big as tractor wheels, to minimize disturbance because of bumps and to prevent damage to lawns or fields. Roads are practically unnecessary, except for main thoroughfares used mostly for freight transportation. There is no conceivable use for a railroad.

The automobile is suspended from an overhead axle so that it banks itself on turns and permits the occupants to write letters or do chores while under way.

Unencumbered by a complicated engine, minus a battery and heavy metal transmission system, your car will be light in weight and delightful in simplicity.

It will be something like a trailer, roomy and able to make long journeys through the wilderness. It might well be built in the monocoque construction developed for airplanes, whereby all the rigidity is obtained through the outside skin. Since this will be a plastic, and transparent where necessary, there need be no windows or other seams in the surface, and the vehicle might easily serve as a power boat as well as a land yacht.

For long journeys a special type of airplane will be developed. It will depend on a remarkable property of U-235, not yet described. This property is a by-product of its energy generation, and consists in the ejection of high-speed particles. Such a process can be used as a means of propulsion in the same manner that the ejection of a stream of water can be made to cause a lawn sprinkler to rotate. Such a device would eliminate the necessity for a propeller, and would do well what a heliocopter can do only badly. It would overcome gravity, and cause an object to rise vertically. Airplanes of this character would be able to fly at any height above the earth because they are not dependent on the atmosphere to keep them aloft. At a height of, say, fifty miles, the resistance of the air is so slight that such craft could attain speeds of several thousand miles an hour. You can have supper in Paris, and speed across to New York faster than the sun, to see a matinee performance on Broadway. You can see what happens to the time scale; and, of course, geographical and national boundaries will lose their meanings too.

In the hands of eccentrics and criminals who might be capable of using U-235 for destructive purposes, a weapon of extraordinary power will be available. The destructive power of a U-235 explosion is even greater than you would judge merely by its energy content. A ton of U-235 might well be made to destroy every creature for hundreds of miles, and the atmospheric concussion it would set off would be heard around the world. Moreover, some of the rays given off through U-235 are deadly in character and imperceptible to the ordinary sense. They could be used to mow people down by destroying their blood corpuscles. However, they would be effective only for a few yards. There is, actually, no indication that U-235 or anything else will ever supply the dreaded death ray.

No Room for Imbeciles

Clearly, in any case, the destructive potentialities of U-235 are great enough to make it imperative that the citizens of the future be educated better than they are now with respect to their social responsibilities. Certain kinds of abnormalities, ordinarily considered lightly, will have to be overcome or their possessors destroyed. At the same time, society will have to keep track of all the Uranium produced and refined, and take action at once against any individual who tries to accumulate a dangerous supply.

That, roughly, is a suggestion of the revolution that may be brought about in daily life *in our own time.*

None of the things mentioned have yet been worked out, but the difficulties are difficulties of detail. I can justify every one of the possibilities that have been indicated. In some senses the picture is an understatement. If anything, it is not imaginative enough. Certainly, things as surprising as all these things will come to pass when U-235 is produced at the rate of ten thousand tons a year.

The story of U-235 is fascinating in itself.

Uranium is white, as most metals are when clean. It is practically as dense as gold but much harder. It forms beautiful compounds, which often fluoresce and are sometimes self-luminous. It is a complex atom. It is like a miniature solar system, with 92 planets swinging about a nucleus.

These miniature planets are called electrons; they consist of particles of negative electricity. Such electrons may circulate in their orbits many billions of times in a millionth of a second. The force that holds them in their orbits is the attraction exerted by positive electricity located at the center of the orbits. Hydrogen, the simplest of the elements, has one positive electrical charge at its center, or nucleus; Uranium has 92 such positive particles in its nucleus. These positive particles are called protons. The 92 positive protons just balance the 92 negative electrons.

To cement these protons together, it is necessary that there be associated with the 92 protons in Uranium a still larger number of similar particles which differ only in the sense that they carry no electricity. These particles are called neutrons because they are electrically neutral.

Most Uranium atoms contain 92 protons and 146 neutrons, making 238 particles in all. About one Uranium atom in 140 lacks three neutrons, so that it has 235 particles in all. Thus, U-235.

All heavy atoms are fairly unstable and that is why so many of them are radioactive and break up spontaneously. Up to the discovery of Element 93, Uranium was the heaviest atom known. U-235 is on the verge of instability, so that if one neutron is added the nucleus splits up into simpler and more closely knit parts. The physicist speaks of the fission of Uranium when it takes on an excess neutron.

There is an important accompaniment of the fission of U-235. Not only do the parts separate with a billion times the energy that an ordinary atom has; but in the process of fission two or three neutrons are born or are thrust out from the products of fission. When that fact was discovered physicists became wildly excited. Here is the reason:

One neutron was put in; one atom of U-235 was destroyed; two atoms with a billion times as much energy were produced, and two new neutrons were made available to repeat the process. Any banker would be excited about that kind of compound interest.

Energy as You Need It

The actual scale of the atom is so small that the neutron can reach its mark in much less than a thousandth of a second, provided only that its original high speed is cut down so that it does not rush past its goal too rapidly. Hydrogen in water, wood or paraffin is used for the slowing-down process. We may say, then, that neutrons could reproduce themselves and double their number a thousand times a second if there were enough U-235 about to provide the necessary fissions.

To control the energy-production process it is necessary only to insert into the Uranium a small percentage of cadmium. The cadmium nucleus has the property of absorbing slow-moving neutrons with exceptional ease, and very few escape to reproduce themselves by Uranium fissions. By changing the amount or position of the cadmium the rate of production of neutrons, and consequently the rate of production of fissions and thus the rate of generation of energy, can be modified at will.

The power for your automobile of the future probably will be supplied from a tank about the size of a typewriter. This will be filled with water. Into this a small chunk of U-235, say a few pounds in weight, will be immersed. For chemical reasons the U-235 will start "burning"—neutrons will begin splitting atoms all over the place. It is as though the tank were crowded with a lighted bunch of invisible but immensely powerful Chinese firecrackers. The water will be turned into steam. This will run turbines, from which the power will be transmitted to your wheels.

Meanwhile, the physicist plies his trade with minute amounts of U-235.

U-235 is so similar to ordinary Uranium that it is extremely difficult to separate them. That, in fact, is the real barrier at present to cheap atomic power. Uranium can be had by the carload for around one dollar per pound. If the one tenth of an ounce of U-235 in a pound of ordinary Uranium could be extracted for one hundred dollars it would still be a fuel several times cheaper than coal at $5 a ton. I estimate that the cost of extracting that much U-235 by methods already known would be less than twenty dollars. Professor Wilhelm Krasny-Ergen of the Wenner-Grens Institute, Stockholm, Sweden, described the design of a suitable plant. He started to build it but had to stop because of the war. The trouble is not the operation cost, but the initial cost, which would run to millions of dollars for a practical plant. It is like an oil well. The first quart it produces might be said to cost $10,000 and that is why many people have done without wells.

It's Only a Beginning

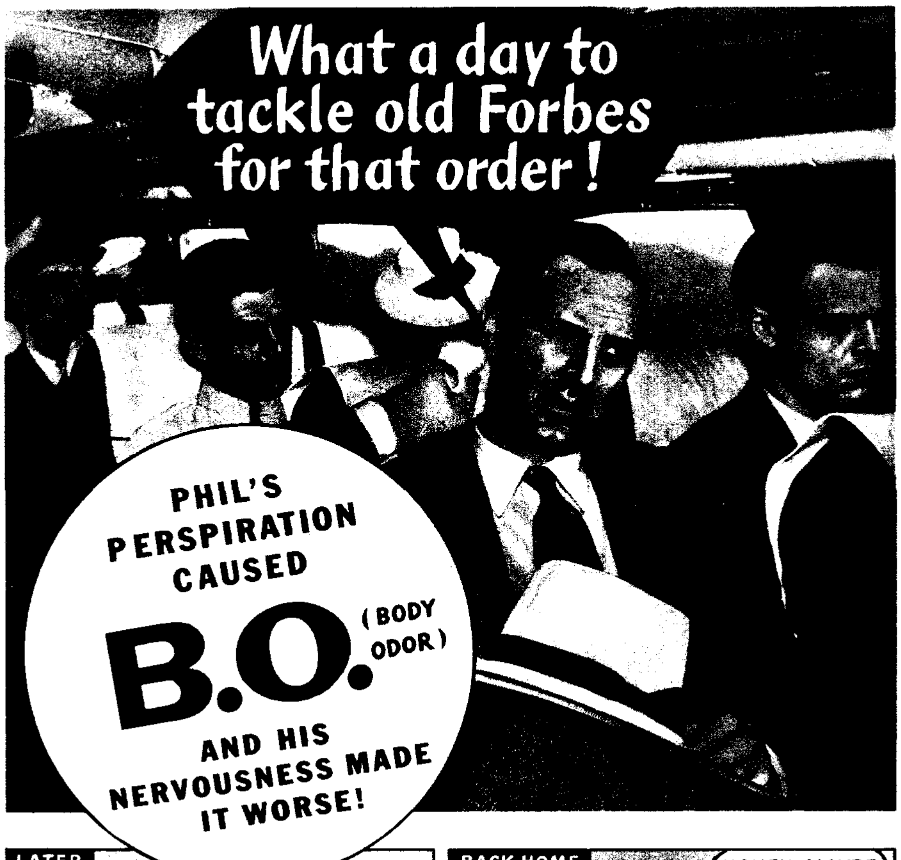
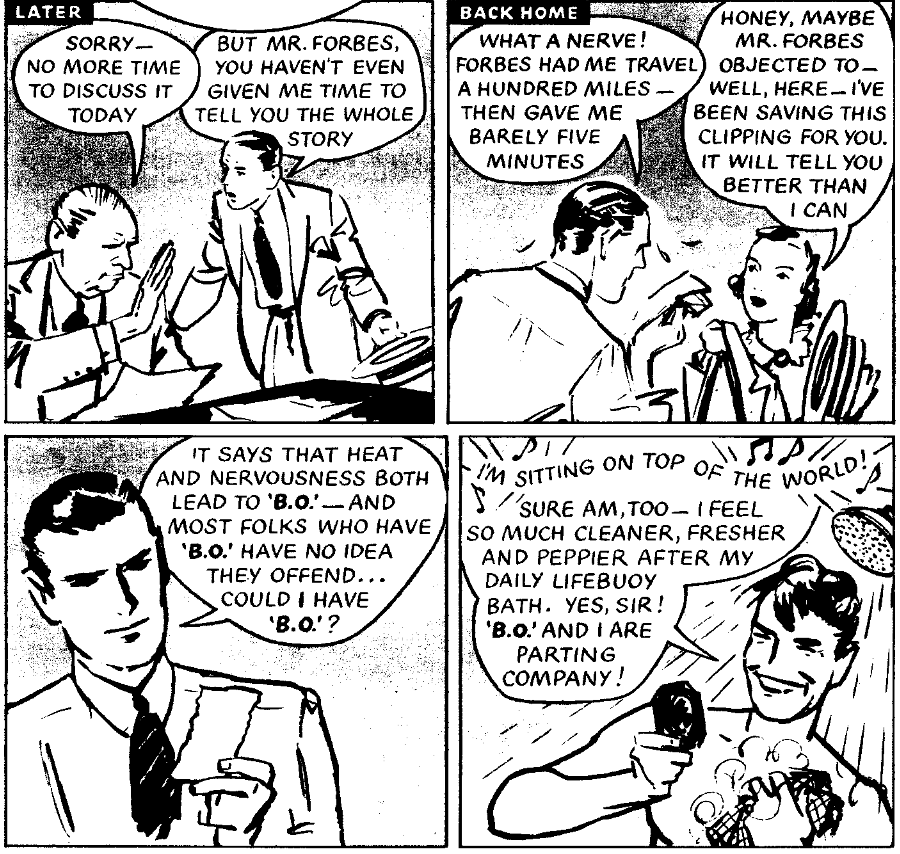
Now it has just been reported that Professor Krasny-Ergen has stepped up the production more than ten thousand fold over the previous rate announced by Professor Nier at the University of Minnesota only a month ago.

The Germans, who take science seriously, were the first in the field. They are quite active but they say nothing about their results if any. Probably no one else is close to getting a useful quantity, although the French under Joliot were doing very well up to the start of the war. I feel that one year of peace would bring a gram of U-235, and two years a ton. If the Germans have production and waste it for bombs, they are madmen for sure because with U-235 a nation could win a peace and no one would be a loser.

Possible developments almost in sight may extend horizons far beyond what has been contemplated in this article. We could, if we liked, send rockets to the moon. A method could be worked out for using the copious supply of neutrons generated through U-235 to reproduce on a small scale the conditions that exist in the interiors of the stars. Under these conditions, the most commonplace form of matter becomes a far richer source of energy than the U-235 dealt with in this article. The kind of civilization we might expect, when technique has reached that far, is so different in kind from anything we know that even guesses about it are futile.

The newly discovered Elements 93 and 94 are produced by neutrons that strike U-238. These elements are almost certainly as subject to fission as U-235.

For the immediate future it is safe to say that the practical applications of U-235 open a new world for invention and ingenuity. A whole generation of bright young men and women will be unable to exhaust the opportunities presented by this universal tool. There will be no end of applications to our wants and needs and they will contribute to the richness of life and bring rewards of wealth and satisfaction to self-made men in the tradition of Duryea, Edison, Kettering, McCormack, Westinghouse, Ford and the Wrights. Only some of the glory must be reserved for the physicists.


What a day to tackle old Forbes for that order!
PHIL'S PERSPIRATION CAUSED B.O. (BODY ODOR) AND HIS NERVOUSNESS MADE IT WORSE!

LATER
SORRY— NO MORE TIME TO DISCUSS IT TODAY
BUT MR. FORBES, YOU HAVEN'T EVEN GIVEN ME TIME TO TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY
BACK HOME
WHAT A NERVE! FORBES HAD ME TRAVEL A HUNDRED MILES — THEN GAVE ME BARELY FIVE MINUTES
HONEY, MAYBE MR. FORBES OBJECTED TO — WELL, HERE — I'VE BEEN SAVING THIS CLIPPING FOR YOU. IT WILL TELL YOU BETTER THAN I CAN
IT SAYS THAT HEAT AND NERVOUSNESS BOTH LEAD TO 'B.O.' — AND MOST FOLKS WHO HAVE 'B.O.' HAVE NO IDEA THEY OFFEND... COULD I HAVE 'B.O.'?
I'M SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD!
SURE AM, TOO — I FEEL SO MUCH CLEANER, FRESHER AND PEPPIER AFTER MY DAILY LIFEBUOY BATH. YES, SIR! 'B.O.' AND I ARE PARTING COMPANY!

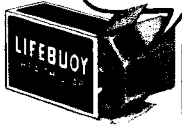
AN EXCLUSIVE DEODORIZING INGREDIENT TO HELP PROTECT YOU

HURRAH! WE CELEBRATE TONIGHT! I GOT THAT ORDER FROM FORBES TODAY!
THAT'S GREAT, PHIL
SHE THINKS
LIFEBUOY WILL HELP HIM GET MORE ORDERS TOO

HOT DAYS are "perspirey" days..."B.O." days. Also, edgy nerves or feelings cause nervous perspiration, later "nervous B.O." So "B.O." is a double threat to your popularity and success in summer.

Use Lifebuoy Health Soap in your daily bath, and put "B.O." out of your life. On a hot day, what a cooling relief! Loads of zippy, purifying lather help relax, refresh you. Time short? Take a Lifebuoy "quickie"—hands, under arms, feet. More folks use Lifebuoy for their bath than any other soap. Get Lifebuoy today. It has an exclusive *deodorizing* ingredient!

TRY ME — FOR A TANGY, REFRESHING BATH THRILL!



LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Its crisp odor goes in a Jiffy — Its Protection lasts and lasts

Giant thinks Jack a killer-diller

Jack swapped his mother's cow for some beans and a stick of Dentyne—(that delicious extra chewy gum). His mother, quite mad, threw the beans out the window. Next morning Jack found sky-high bean stalks, climbed and found the giant's castle. Hidden, he saw the giant count his treasures. But the giant sniffed hungrily in Jack's direction.

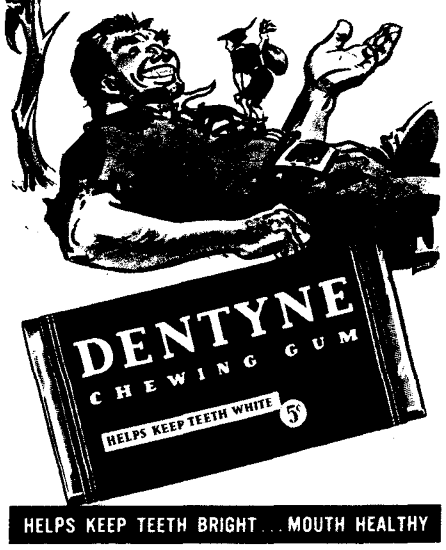
"Ho," said Jack, stepping out bravely, "Why eat me?"

"It's my teeth," said the giant, "They need exercise."

"Right-O," smiled Jack. "Just try Dentyne. It has a superior cinnamon flavor and an extra firm consistency that gives teeth and jaw muscles just the exercise your dentist would recommend."

The giant tasted and cried, "Jack, you're a killer-diller! Take my treasures — but leave me your Dentyne." So Jack went happily home.

Moral: Even giants need mouth exercise. Dentyne provides it in its pleasantest form.



HELPS KEEP TEETH BRIGHT . . . MOUTH HEALTHY

These Our Rulers

Continued from page 24

for another. He gave a fellow named Ben Fink $350 to burn a barn for the insurance—a little matter of $35,000. Moe was indicted for this, but confessed, turned state's evidence and escaped prosecution. Later, in a moment of inadvertence, he was caught stealing 2,800 pounds of copper from a train bound from Utah to New York. For this he did a stretch of thirty months in Leavenworth. This, of course, was a crude job. It was before Moe entered politics and learned that there were more respected ways of lifting more refined metals and accomplishing the same result.

For instance, after graduation from Leavenworth, Moe settled down in the junk business and then organized the Cook County Trust Company. He got some 272 receiverships from some dozen judges and he and his counsel, Jake Arvey—now his successor as boss of the Twenty-fourth—did very well at this. This is one of the fine things about Chicago politics. Little irregularities like copper snatching, arson and such did not prevent an ambitious young fellow like Moe from getting along.

His brother Mike was boss of the Twenty-fourth and a member of the Sanitary District. He died in time to escape indictment, leaving to Moe the junk business and the Twenty-fourth Ward. "Me and Tony Cermak," said Moe, "found the Democratic party flat when Brennan died, owing $200,000. We got the money together and cleaned it up." He meant the deficit, not the party. Thereafter Moe was one of the party's chief lawgivers and its biggest frogskin-giver.

Good Old Generous Moe

Before Tony Cermak died Moe handed him in various sums over $90,000. He peeled off in that same time, to various aldermen, frogskins to the sum of $92,000. They got from $2,500 to $5,000 each in the campaign. He supplied precinct workers with cash to the tune of $300 per precinct on election day alone. On one occasion he gave Tony Cermak $30,000 to pay a Cook County deficit. On another he handed him $25,000 to man the polls at a judicial election. Judicial elections are important in Chicago. After all, justice is an asset not to be sneezed at. But the circuit judges elect the South Park Board commissioners and that board has the dispensing of countless millions in patronage and contracts. Kelly was elected commissioner of the South Park Board by the judges.

Moe handed money to judges, to public officials of all sorts—loans and campaign contributions. And not only did he go outside his ward, but even outside his party, so boundless was his generous heart. Everybody loved him. Henry Horner, the night he was elected governor, went to Moe's headquarters in the Twenty-fourth, embraced Moe and kissed him on the cheek.

Moe seemed to be especially generous when matters affecting the telephone company or the power companies were at stake—in elections, before the aldermen, the legislature.

In two years Moe, according to his own estimate, passed out to politicians in Chicago $500,000—which is quite a sum for a humble junk dealer, whose junk yard was by no means imposing. The question naturally arises—where did all this money come from? It reveals where a lot of politicians got money. From Moe. But where did Moe get it?

One day the Treasury Department indicted Moe for ducking his income tax. They said Moe had failed to report a mere matter of half a million dollars in two years. Moe was heartbroken. And worried. So were Kelly and Nash and others. Nash did all in his power to extricate Moe. Democrats even offered, it is said, to raise $150,000 to pay the tax. Moe and his lawyer, John L. McInerney, Mayor Kelly's counsel, went to Washington. And there Moe told the following story—secretly of course. It was never intended for publication.

The $500,000 referred to as income by the Treasury was not income at all, said Moe. Moe was in the junk business, but that was just a subtle device for providing money for political purposes from the utility corporations, particularly the Insull companies. Insull's companies had immense quantities of old iron, copper and other discarded metals. The companies sold it at a very low price to Moe. He then sold it to the regular scrap trade at the market price. The difference was his—or so the Treasury insisted. But Moe said no. It was for use among the politicians. It was just a way of converting old rails, broken-down trolleys, ancient fly-wheels, old copper wires and dynamos into the precious metals to be handed out to judges, lawmakers, public officials to be in turn converted into laws, orders in council and good will for the power companies. It wasn't Moe's income. It merely passed through his hands. It was just a well-concealed, legal method of equipping Moe to buy the friendship of the boys for their great and good friend Sam Insull and other utility leaders. Having revealed this precious morsel to the tax authorities, he then proceeded to give the names of all the politicians to whom he gave the money. This he did under the careful questioning of Kelly's counsel. Of course Moe was supposed to keep some of the money for himself. He kept plenty. But alas! Moe, whose business was to make suckers out of the voters, was something of a sucker himself. Politics was his game—buying politicians, judges, aldermen. But Moe liked to play other people's games. He bought stocks. He dropped $280,000 with the brokers in two years. He tried his hand at finance—the Commercial Finance and Discount Company—and thus Moe was taken for another ride of $220,000. He had losses in two years of $640,000, besides paying out half a million to the boys.

When Moe told this story to the Democratic Treasury Department in Washington (he had been indicted by the Republicans) he and his counsel took a train for Chicago. On the way he was taken ill. He died a week later. He was given a grand funeral. The judges, the aldermen, the great of the town gathered around the bier. Mayor Kelly was there. He made a little speech.

After Moe's death, somehow—through some treachery perhaps—Moe's complete statement to the Treasury Department leaked out and was made public. It helped to explain to many students of public affairs where the dough comes from—at least some of it.

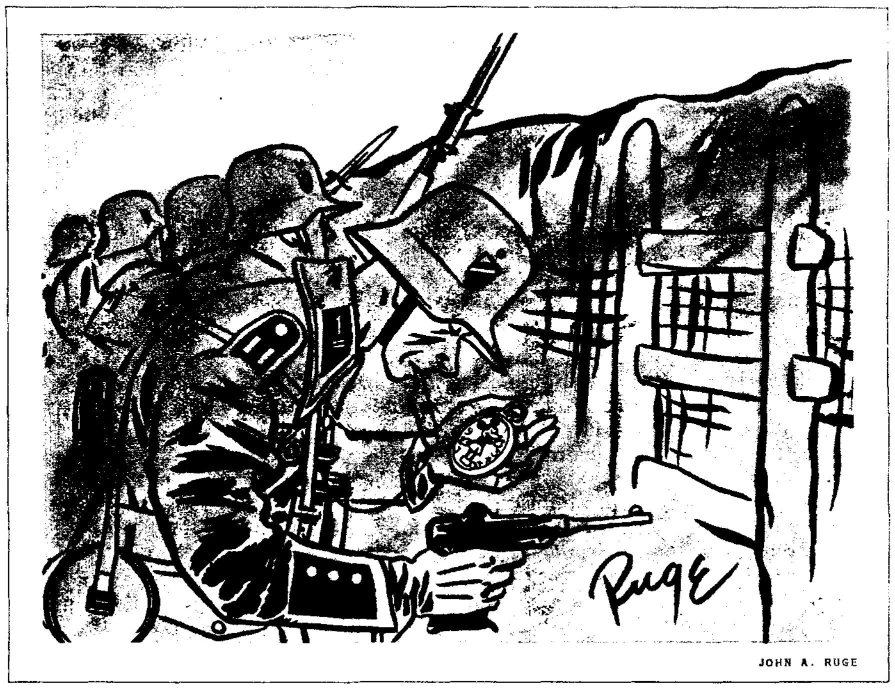
When the mayor spoke at Moe's grave he said tearfully: "Moe was a father to me." The mayor was not always happy in his expressions of gratitude. Unfriendly critics were always twisting them. On another occasion he had said: "All that I have I owe to the people of Chicago." But this was not strictly true. It turned out that, like Moe, he too owed some of it to the people of the United States.

Some Questions for His Honor

In fact, only a few months after Mayor Kelly took office, a rumor popped up and danced about the Loop about "some important person" who had been nailed for a hundred grand income tax by the government. Who could it be? Reporters went to Kelly's house. They asked if he knew who the public official could be. He said he didn't. And he allowed that he was not interested in knowing.

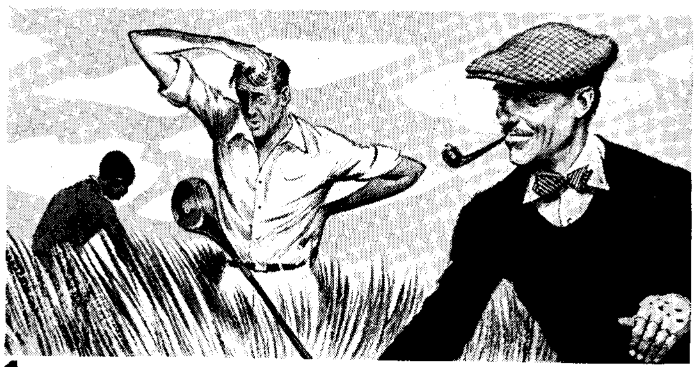
Then four days later the facts came out. The mayor, it seems, in the three years covered by the Sanitary District scandals, had failed to report some $450,000 in income.

The Treasury had made the discovery, had gone after Kelly about it and, instead of indicting him as it did Moe Rosenberg, had permitted him to settle the claim. It had all happened before he became mayor. The Treasury had settled with him for $105,000 and he had paid it with a check from William D. Kenny, Al Smith's old friend and a wealthy Tammany contractor. It had all happened during a Republican administration. But it had been done quietly—no court action, no publicity. Some powerful Republican influence in Chicago had managed it. Not a peep

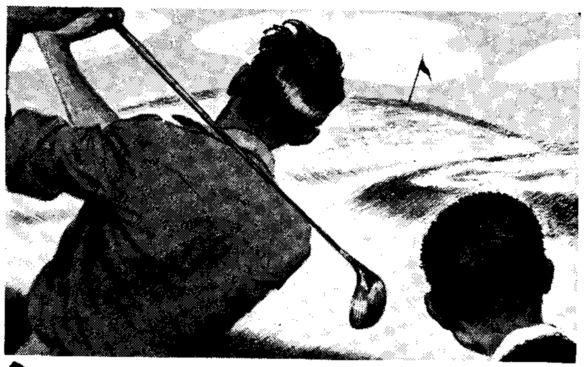


JOHN A. RUGE

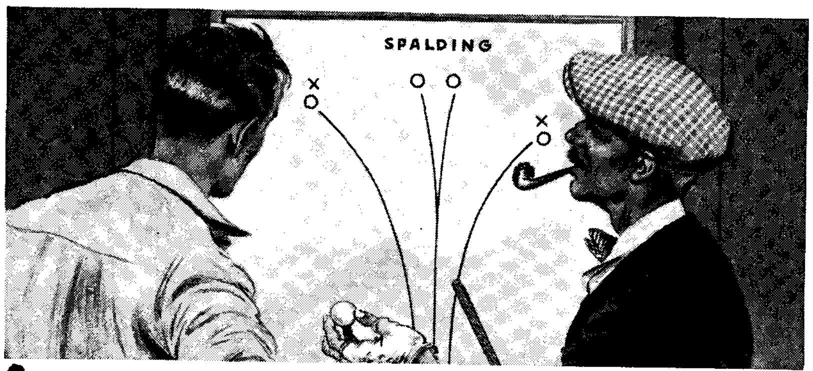
"D-d-darling I just b-b-broke ninety!"



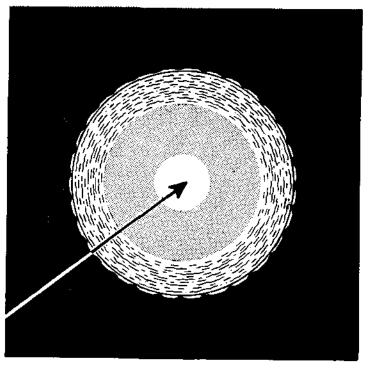
1 "So help me, honey...sober as a judge. Listen, on the 6th I wouldn't've given a dime for my chances. There I was, in the daisies, cussin' my slice. Up pops Tom the Pro, *'Hold everything! Your form's okay. Maybe it's that ball that's making you slice. Here, next hole play this...'* "



2 "He hands me a Spalding. *Zowie,* I hit a screamer ... dead to the pin. From then on, baby, was I hot! Miracle? Tom says it's that Spalding *balance.* The old ball I've been using was *off balance,* sliced or hooked even when I hit it clean."



3 'Look', says Tom, showing me a chart. *'Here's what the driving machine proves. Hit an off-balance ball over 200 yards and it may slice or hook 20 yards. But Spalding balls will vary less than one yard!'* Golly, no wonder I cut 5 strokes off my score. Well, honey, the boys want me... What? Oh, okay, I'll be right along..."



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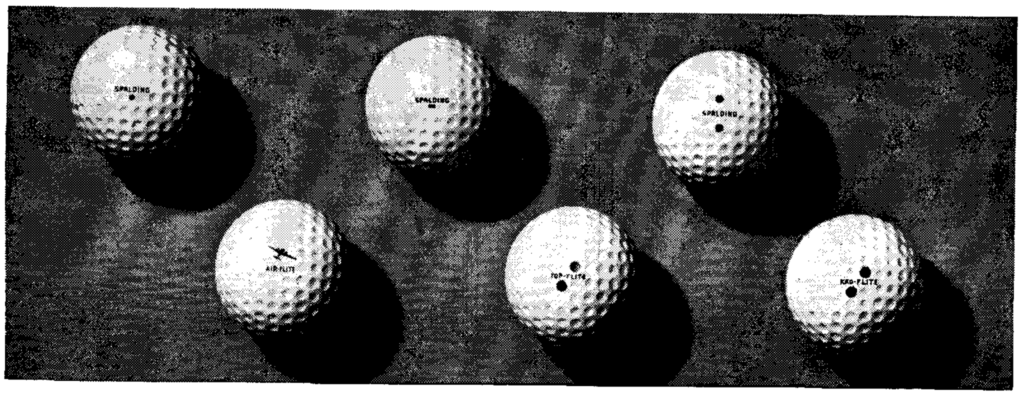

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had reached the public ear until now.

Of course the papers demanded to know how a $20,000-a-year engineer got $450,000 in three years. And people asked—what would have happened in the Sanitary trials if it had been known that Kelly had such an income in those years?

At first he refused to say where he got the money. Then he said it was a "lot of hullabaloo about nothing—just a simple business transaction." Then he intimated that he had advanced a lot of money to the Brennan campaign for the Senate and this was a return of that money. But it was pointed out that the total cost of the Brennan campaign was only $97,000. And, moreover, the return of a loan is not income and not *taxable. The reporters pushed him* cruelly for a better explanation. He said crustily: "I won't talk. Anything I say will be used to put me on the spot."

The Mayor Explains

But finally he decided to explain. And the explanation was even more startling than the original charge.

The mayor said he had had an income in the ten years from 1919 to 1929 of $724,368. In that time he had a salary of $151,000. In other words, he had an income in those ten years of over half a million dollars in excess of his salary.

His salary in that time averaged $15,115 a year. But his total income was $72,436 a year. It was almost five times as great as his salary.

Then he added that this large sum *did not include the $450,000 claimed by the Treasury*. And he let it go at that. He never did tell where that $450,000 came from. He merely insisted it was not income. But, of course, he had not contested the point when the Treasury called on him to pay $105,000 taxes on it. He had paid up.

Taking his own figures for the years 1926, 1927 and 1928, his income was truly surprising. He had an average of $72,436 in those three years which he admitted, reported and paid income tax on. And in addition to that he had the $450,000 or $150,000 a year that the Treasury unearthed and that he had concealed. The two together gave him an average income for those three years of $222,436 a year.

How much he made in those ten years outside of the $724,000 he reported and the $450,000 he didn't report we do not know. Taking merely the admitted figures, we find that this $15,000-a-year city engineer made over $1,100,000 in ten years. And all this was in spite of losses of several hundred thousands of dollars in the stock market and on real estate.

He was asked to explain the explanation. But he never did. He has never revealed where that $450,000 came from. It may be that it was not income. It may be that it was merely money passing through his hands. But from whom and to whom?

The incident rises now to plague him anew. For now he is the leader of the Roosevelt forces in Illinois—indeed in that whole region. Kelly has said his organization was the spearhead of the whole Roosevelt movement in the West. His enemies—and Roosevelt's—have taken him at his word and are asking him what he thinks of the dictum of Mr. Roosevelt when he was governor of New York.

When Samuel Seabury revealed that Sheriff Farley in New York City had over a hundred thousand dollars in cash in his tin box, Roosevelt removed Farley because he refused to say where it came from. Roosevelt said: "As a matter of general sound policy I am very certain that there is a requirement that where a public official is under inquiry or investigation, especially an elected public official, and it appears that his scale of living or the total of his bank deposits far exceeds the public salary which he is known to receive, he, the elected official, owes a positive public duty to the community to give a reasonable, a credible explanation of the sources of the deposits or the source which enables him to maintain a scale of living beyond the amount of his salary."

The revelations about Kelly produced some revelations about Pat Nash and Jake Arvey. Arvey is a lawyer—a member of the firm of McInerney, Arvey and Epstein. McInerney is Mayor Kelly's personal lawyer. Jake Arvey, in addition to being a lawyer, is also Moe Rosenberg's successor as boss of the Twenty-*fourth Ward, Kelly-Nash* leader of the Board of Aldermen and vice-chairman of the County Committee. He ranks next to Kelly and Nash—is in fact the Number Three Big Shot. Many say he is the real brains behind the throne. This is all merely by way of dropping in here the fact that the Internal Revenue Bureau in Washington leaked several times more and spilled the information that Pat Nash had been nailed by the Bureau for an unreported and unpaid income. He was charged about the same amount as Kelly—$108,000 for income tax in the same years, 1926-28. Jake Arvey was caught for a very much smaller sum. Another gentleman—Mr. George Chamberlain, a political contractor, head of the United States Electric Company, of which Arvey's partner, McInerney, Umbrella Mike Boyle and George Chamberlain were the organizers—was one of the ring that got juicy contracts from the Sanitary District. And he too was hooked for $110,000 in unpaid taxes and penalties for those same years—1926 to 1928.

Mr. Sweitzer is Persecuted

One of the important mechanicians of the Cermak and later the Kelly-Nash machine was the Honorable Robert Sweitzer—genial, jaunty, gay, festive Bob Sweitzer. A prince of a fellow. He had run for mayor twice and had been overwhelmed by Big Bill Thompson. He was in no sense a small potato. In fact he was in every way a big potato. He was made a Knight of St. Gregory by the Pope. He was the glass of fashion and the mold of form—a man to grace any social or ceremonial occasion. He stood out among the hardier and lustier sons of the sod who grew out of the rough soil behind the stockyards. He too, like Moe Rosenberg, was a good fellow. He too was ready to peel off a grand or two for a needy judge or ward committeeman with a fight on his hands.

Mr. Sweitzer was city clerk for years—a post of importance. He was known also as a very considerable investor. Almost any sort of invention or gadget or project looked good to him. He put money into making a new type brick, a new kind of drug chain, a modern streamlined monkey wrench. He invested in a bond house. He took a share in a race track. He entertained lavishly. He loaned money freely to his colleagues in statecraft. As a matter of fact he ran a regular loan business—only without charging any interest, just an accommodation to the numerous members of the guild of mechanics of the Cermak-Kelly-Nash machine.

But where did he get the money? Why, bless you, where but right out of the treasury of the city! His offices collected fees of various kinds that somehow got lost in the maze of municipal bookkeeping or lack of it. Besides, he was in the office so long that he sort of got the notion that the thing belonged to him. And so his office became a kind of loan agency for the politicos. What was the harm? He wasn't stealing

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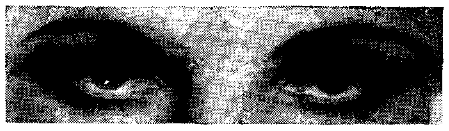

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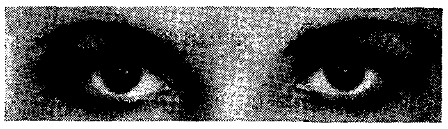

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the money, just lending it. Was it his fault if the boys didn't pay it back? In any case a time came when auditors went over the books and found he was $400,000 short. He had to be indicted and cast out of office. He was very indignant, however. He refused to believe that he had done anything wrong. In fact, he felt deeply wounded by the indictment—he was a very sensitive man. He had a heart-warming philosophy that enabled him to perceive only the good he had done with the funds.

The funds were fees, he complained—fees allocated to no purpose. They really belonged to no one, he argued. In fact the city owed him money. He had been taking care of these and other funds for years as city clerk. That was a treasurer's job. Therefore he should be paid as a treasurer. He demanded about $250,000 from the city. He was tried by a jury of his peers. And the jury seemed to agree with him. Naturally he was triumphantly acquitted.

Tribute to a Hero

The city, however, sued the bonding company that guaranteed him and got a judgment against it for $298,000 on the ground that dear old Bob had stolen the money, for the stealing of which he was acquitted by the jury. That is to say, when Bob was tried the jury said he didn't steal it. When the bonding company was sued, the jury said he did. Thus Bob went free, the city got back $298,000, a lot of good political leaders had been aided in distress, and nobody suffered but an insurance company which had no soul anyhow. The experience undermined Bob's health. He died. And he, too, like Moe, was given a splendid funeral, as became a great tribal chief, with Governor Horner and the mayor and all the other tribal chieftains present.

Take the case of another one of those grandees who stood around in power the day that Ed Kelly was crowned. That was Frank V. Zintak, a ward boss as well as Clerk of the Superior Court. He too was a prince of a fellow—always good for a loan. In fact, he ran a loan club for judges. And, presently, one day it was discovered that he was operating this private politico-judicial bank with the court's funds. He was $26,000 short when the auditors looked at the till.

Zintak too was indignant at his indictment. He had loaned to the judges—the judges, can't you understand? He was tried on five embezzlement counts in 1937—and triumphantly acquitted.

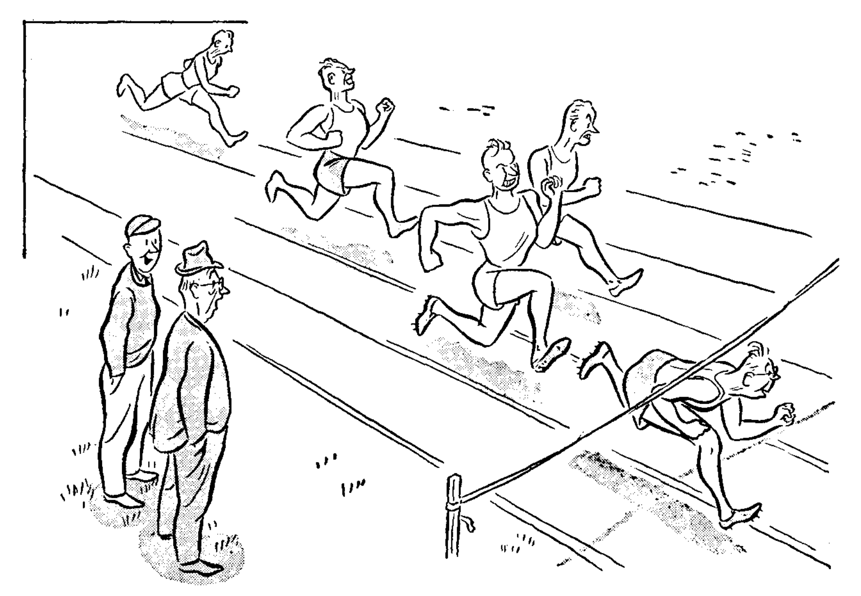
You ask—how do they do it? Well, this particular jury got into a little trouble. They were hauled up for contempt of court. It seems that when these jurors were supposed to be locked up, buried in profound deliberation on the fate of Mr. Zintak, they were in a tavern enjoying gay drinking parties and banging away at the old slot machines. Five of them were sent to jail for five days, six for three days and one was fined. The bailiff who guarded them got six months and two other bailiffs were fined. A federal receiver, Mr. Robert V. McKinley, a friend of Zintak, was tried for offering to bribe one of the jurors. It is pleasant to record that he was acquitted, but that the juror who told of this proceeding got a year in jail.

Of course most of this, but not all of it, was brought to the attention of the people of Chicago by 1935 when Kelly had to stand for election. But it must be said for Chicago that she did not permit herself to be swayed from the main issue by these irrelevancies. What the main issue was I do not know. But the record shows that Kelly and the Kelly-Nash machine were triumphantly reelected in 1935. And I am bound to record that such distinguished citizens as the late Bishop Donald Stewart, Protestant Episcopal leader, various other prominent clergymen and such unquestionably good citizens as Harry Barrett Chamberlain, head of the Crime Commission, endorsed Kelly's re-election.

To an outsider it is a little puzzling. I asked two distinguished Chicago Republican leaders about it. One was Judge Robert Crowe, one of Chicago's most famous and audacious Republican leaders—the Crowe arm of the once powerful Thompson-Crowe machine. The other must be nameless.

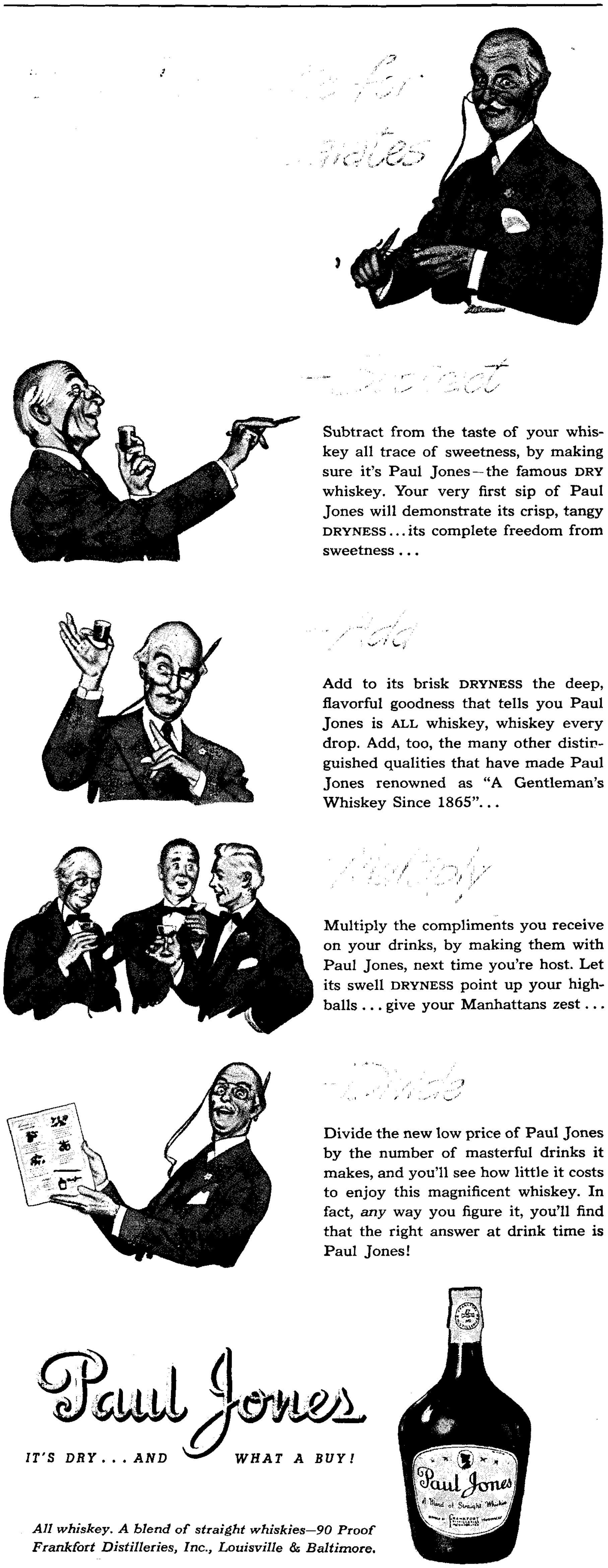
The nameless analyst put it thus: "First of all," he said, "a machine must have patronage—that is its heart, soul and stomach. No jobs—no machine. Every day in the year the machine has political work to do. It takes men. There must be workers in every precinct. They have to cultivate the voters, do them favors, establish friendly relations with them, keep them registered, round them up at primaries and on election day. It's hard work. No one will do it save one whose bread and butter depends on it and whose bread and butter is controlled by the machine. The only way to create and support an army like that is on the public pay roll. Therefore the machine, by the very law of its nature, must hunt jobs, jobs, jobs. Jobs on the public pay roll. Jobs with private concerns dependent on political aid and protection—public contractors, taverns, bookie joints, gambling houses, race tracks, power companies and so on.

"The Kelly-Nash machine has all the



"He always gives the second man the honor of breaking the tape"

D. HUFFINE



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jobs—national, state, county, city and a horde on numerous private pay rolls. The Republicans have absolutely none. Therefore the Republicans have no machine. It's a case of a machine against no machine. No one can lick a powerful machine save another powerful machine or an aroused mob. There was no machine against Kelly in 1935 and there was no occasion for a mob.

"The Kelly-Nash machine was pretty bad. But the Republicans had been bad and they offered no alternative that anyone need get excited about."

I asked Bob Crowe, astute, audacious, plain-spoken, Republican Cook County boss or ex-boss. I got a blast from him about the Republicans. "The Republican party of Cook County," he said, *paraphrasing a public attack he once made*, "is like a fine old house that used to be inhabited by nice people, who have moved away. The neighborhood is run down, the house is empty, the shutters are hanging on one hinge, the windows are all broken, the porch is sagging, the whole place is weed-grown and filthy, is infested by rats and inhabited by tramps. That was the organization that opposed Kelly in 1935."

To the Rescue of the Schools

There was, of course, no uprising in 1935. There was, however, an incipient uprising in 1938 when that powerful machine got a taste of its unsuspected weaknesses. There was a little more of an uprising, right in its own ranks, in 1939 (of which more later). There are grave signs of what might be called discontent, restlessness now. That is the reason given in Chicago for the zeal with which Mr. Kelly leaped on the Roosevelt third-term band wagon in the spring and began whooping it up for "Roosevelt and Humanity." It was really for Roosevelt and Humanity and an unnamed hero named Kelly.

And one of the elements of politics that is causing no end of trouble for Kelly now is this eternal search for jobs. One must stand aghast at the industry with which jobs are created or seized. And at this very moment the school people are in arms because, they say, the Kelly-Nash machine has wrecked the school system and attempted to turn it into a Sanitary District job factory.

There are some professors of bossism who teach that the boss should keep his hands off the schools. The people are funny about them. Dr. Kelly and Dr. Nash are exponents of the other school which teaches that a job in a classroom is just as good as a job on a garbage wagon for political purposes. It is merely a difference in techniques.

Poor Kelly! He has certainly learned that it is better to monkey with a swarm of bees than with an army of school teachers on the warpath. When he took office the schools were in tragic disarray. The town was virtually bankrupt, people had stopped paying taxes, so the school board was broke. There was $22,000,000 in back pay due the teachers. And the ladies were pretty hot about it. The schools were dirty, unpainted and unrepaired. There were hundreds of portable tin classrooms doing duty for a board that had no money to build schools. And there were tax-conscious gentlemen in State, Randolph and LaSalle streets who were talking about closing the schools. Kelly had to cut expenditures, raise revenues to resume pay rolls and raise money to pay the unpaid bills. There wasn't a chance of doing this and getting off with a whole skin.

There are men—particularly what are called State Street Men—who will tell you that Kelly made a good job of this financial snarl. Perhaps so. Kelly has a feeling for money. He has handled a lot of it. He will tell you that he paid that unpaid bill of $22,000,000 in back pay, that he has kept the pay rolls going since, that he has painted and repaired every school and built twenty-two others and all without injuring any essential educational function. There are Chicagoans, however, who will tell you there is another side to the story.

Kelly's critics say he thought only of the money problem. There are values—imponderables—in the schools for which the schoolmen have struggled for years. There are services that took decades to build—services for protection of the system and the teachers from politicians. School leaders say Kelly seemed not to be aware of these; was not in sympathy with them.

The Democrats didn't have control of the board until Kelly was made mayor. *He appointed what he called business-men.* The teachers say they were political businessmen. He appointed James B. McCahey president of the board. McCahey is a coal dealer—a political coal man, just as Kelly is a political engineer and Nash a political contractor. McCahey had been a leader of the coal dealers. He had had a good deal of very unpleasant criticism because of his alleged part in founding what Chicago knows as the T.N.T. (Truckers and Transportation Exchange). It was a sort of combination between the coal merchants and the Teamsters' Union to monopolize the coal trade. McCahey was charged with representing the coal merchants; Red Barker and Three-Finger Jack White—two gangsters, subsequently slain—represented the union. But the teachers lifted their eyes and suggested that this was an odd appointment to a school board.

School boards, it seems, must have labor members. So Kelly named Mr. Charles W. Fry, of the Machinists' Union. Whatever might be said of Brother Fry, he was no scholar. Back in 1915 he was indicted for an attempted shakedown along with Mike Galvin and Mike Artery. On that occasion when reporters asked him for comment he said: "Don't youse ask me no questions. I ain't got nuttin' to say."

Mr. Fry on Education

After his appointment to the board, a teachers' and parents' committee listened to the following neat little speech from him on educational policy:

"I ain't got no ax to grind . . . Let me say to you young ladies and gentlemen educators who are so uncouth . . . if you were members of my union you would get disciplined. There probably is never a year that Chicago University ain't facin' a deficit . . . When I ask them (students) that has been receivin' this kind of education that you are advocatin' . . . what they want to be . . . as God is my judge, they don't know what they want to be. They receive so much of this kind of education, it shoved them from spot to spot, that they cannot make up their minds what they want to do. That is no kiddin', boys and girls."

Then he added: "God bless you mothers and fathers. God bless you—that is the only thing I can say—and give you more sense."

For some reason many teachers and educational organizations felt that these new members were not too conscious of what might be called the intellectual and subtler cultural values in education. It seemed to the friends of the schools that since cuts had to be made they should have been made by men with an obvious sympathy for and understanding of the institution. But it was these gentlemen who did the cutting. It seems pretty raw. They abolished the junior college and all the junior high schools, discontinued half the kindergartens, most of the physical education and enormously important supervisory service.

McCahey forced the naming of a gen-

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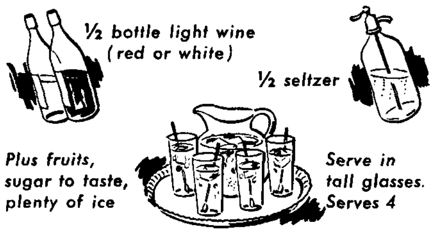
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tleman named William Harding Johnson—a school principal—as assistant superintendent. And when Superintendent Bogan died, which he conveniently did very soon, they made Johnson superintendent. He has become a storm center. He has just been elected for another term and this has set off another wave of teacher indignation.

Johnson's star performance was a famous principals' examination. Principals must be chosen by a merit test. The test is divided into two parts—written and unwritten. The candidate must get not lower than 70 in both, but the average must be 80.

Written examinations were marked according to accepted standards. But an oral examination may be easily rigged. The examiners could give the candidate a high or low mark arbitrarily in the oral test. They could flunk him with a low oral test mark or pull his average up to passing with a high one. Johnson controlled this examination. And some strange results were turned out. Some 830 teachers took the examinations. Of these 155 passed. One curious feature of it was this: Miss Marie McCahey, the sister of Coal Man Jim McCahey, president of the board, is a teacher. Twice before she had taken examinations and failed. This time she not only qualified, but was near the top of the list and was among the first fifteen appointed immediately. Of these fifteen, eight were friends of McCahey or his sister, six were relatives or friends of influential politicians. And another curious incident was that one teacher, universally regarded as one of the most brilliant in his profession, widely esteemed as a scholar and teacher, flunked.

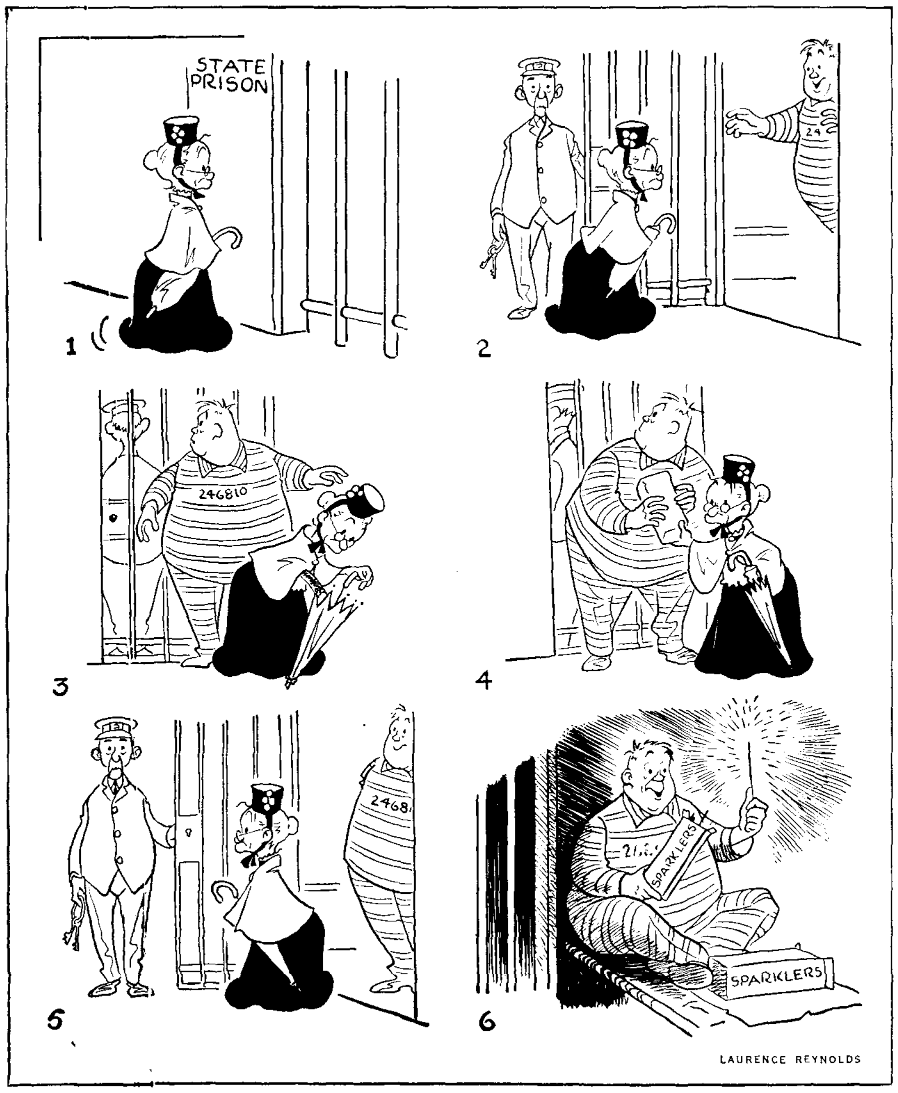
It was, perhaps, human that teachers should be suspicious. In any case they raised Cain. And then in good time their worst suspicions were confirmed. One of the examiners who had left the system—a district superintendent—made a statement under oath describing what had happened. The examination, he said, was headed and controlled by Johnson. Before a candidate entered the room for the oral test Johnson would indicate whether he or she was to pass or not. "This lady is out," he would say. "She is not loyal to me." Or "This fellow is a troublemaker. Mark him low enough to fail him." When this rather shocking revelation was made another one of the examiners corroborated it.

It helped explain, for instance, why 122 of the 155 who qualified were pupils of Superintendent Johnson in a class he conducted for pay at Loyola to prepare teachers for the principals' examination. It also brought out the fact that eight out of every ten of the 155 had failing marks until they were boosted to a passing mark on the oral test.

That examination still dogs the steps of Johnson and of Kelly. It is, however, but a single count in the long indictment of the Kelly-Nash domination of the schools. It makes clear what Dean Freeman, of the School of Education of the University of California, means when he says that the Chicago schools are one of the sore spots of the Union. It explains why, as I write, the school system is in an uproar over the sudden snap reappointment of Johnson, in the face of denunciation and protests from almost every civic organization interested in the schools.

However, the machine has the jobs and that, apparently, is what counts. And it is that search for jobs in order to support political machine workers and the hunt for money to lubricate the machine that accounts for so many activities in so many other directions—labor, gambling joints, mob leaders, contractors, banks, power companies—every kind of person or institution that can yield up an honest dollar or a year's work for a faithful soldier. It carries the bosses and their satellites into strange places. We shall presently see some of them.

The third of this series of articles will appear next week.



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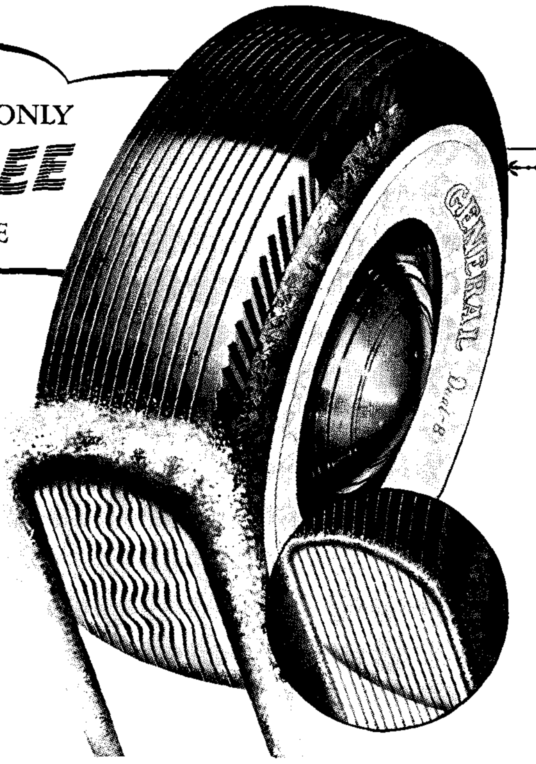

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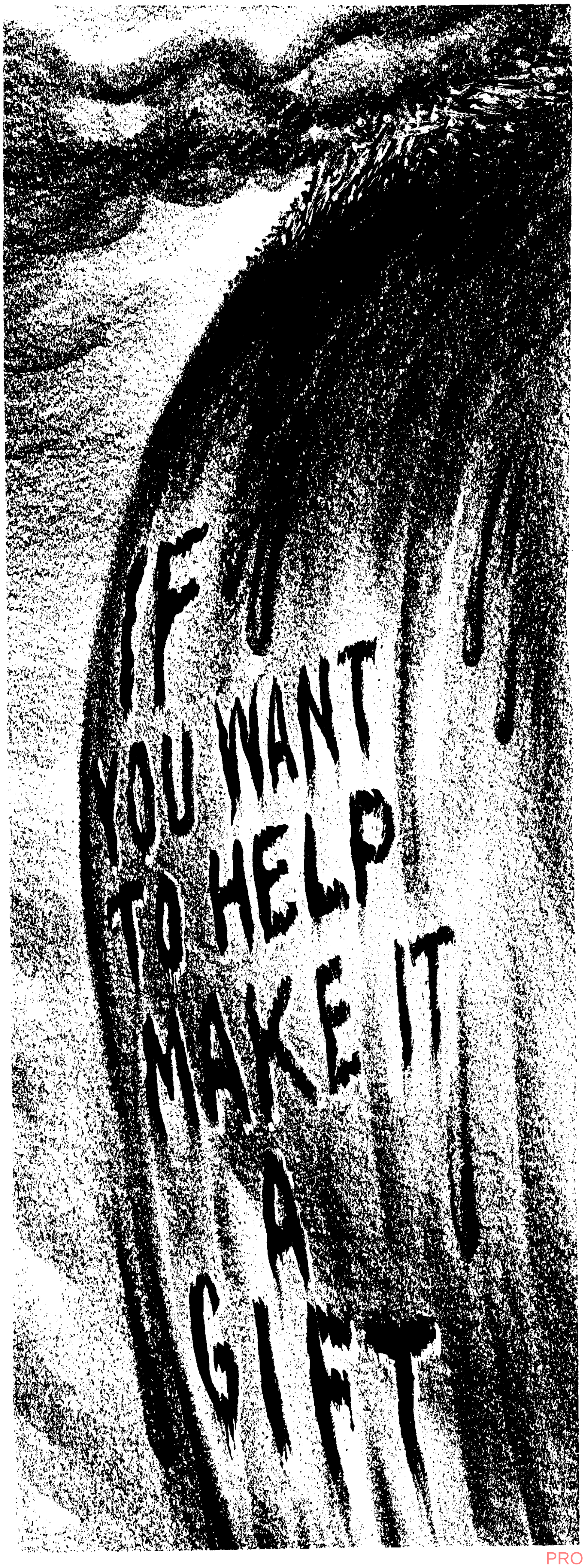

IF YOU WANT TO HELP MAKE IT A GIFT

U. S. Help for the Allies

ABOUT 24 hours after the fearful battle of Flanders (May 10th), United States majority public opinion veered sharply to the belief that the United States ought to send the Allies every possible form of help short of actually sending another A.E.F. to Europe.

Whether isolationism is right or wrong, if that is the way Americans feel, that is the way Americans feel. Most of us at this writing, so far as the most respected public-opinion indicators show, do want to help the Allies by every means short of going to war ourselves.

So the main question under this head becomes: What is the best way for us to help the Allies?

From a 22-year perspective on the previous big war, it looks as if we helped the Allies that time in about the worst possible way. We rounded up an army of about some 4,000,000 men, and sent about 2,000,000 of them to France. In addition, we financed a considerable part of the whole Allied war effort; it was in that field that we possibly made our big mistake.

Our mistake lay in not foreseeing that the World War was going to bankrupt the Allies, practically, and in confidently expecting to be paid back all our money in due time afterward. The war debts overhung world money adjustments for years, soured relations between ourselves and Europe and in the end were repudiated in large part because our debtors simply could not pay.

If we're going to help the Allies this time, why not go the whole route as regards the money, while withholding the men? We mean simply give the Allies what planes, guns, munitions, food supplies and clothing we can, and forget about repayment, because we shan't be repaid anyway.

If the Allies feel like putting up some real estate as collateral—Bermuda and Jamaica, say, and some of the French West Indies—all right. But if most of us really believe in the justice of their cause, it would hardly seem gracious or generous to press them on this score. (Of course, though, if Germany wins, we should at once move to make sure that if any of that Caribbean real estate changes hands, it shall come to us.)

The main thing, it seems to us, is for this country to nurse along as much good will as it can into a postwar world which at best will be badly crippled with assorted hates and hopes for revenge.

Some Cats, Your Life and You

IT'S well to know that most people can learn things from animals—almost any animal. It comes over us that plenty of people could learn nothing less than a whole way of life from the Siamese cat.

The Siamese is the blue-eyed cat, usually beige-coated with seal-brown points, which was brought to this country in the old days by sailors who ventured up into Siam, and about which numerous legends are told of its having been crossed ages ago with monkeys or rabbits or pandas—such legends being 100% untrue.

But the Siamese does differ from most other cats in one striking respect. Aside from being as affectionate as a dog (most Siamese cats, given any encouragement, will climb all over you, kissing you with their little sandpaper tongues and draping themselves like fur pieces around your neck), the Siamese takes a phenomenal interest in the place where it lives and the people it lives with.

It never seems to tire of exploring its own home, large or small; of studying every little nook and cranny of the place where Fate has elected that it live. And it obviously gets endless fun out of this simple practice of taking its own world as it finds it and eternally surveying and resurveying that world.

Isn't there a hint in this for human beings? To know your own job, your own chink in life, your own personal world, as thoroughly as you can, and to keep refreshing your interest in it by everlasting study of its details, its changes, its story—that's one road to happiness, and probably to a more and more spacious personal world.

Why Hound the Alien?

WE MUST confess to some alarm over the huge multitude of plans for policing, regulating, restricting or, in plain English, hounding aliens as a part of our national defense drive.

There are now some 3,800,000 unnaturalized foreigners in the United States. From some of the proposals to fingerprint them all, make them all trot around and report to some bureaucrat once a week or month, forbid any of them to possess guns or shoot off firecrackers, etc., etc., you would suppose that every last one of these persons was a whole fifth column, complete with parachute and false whiskers.

We doubt seriously that many of our foreigners are as bad as all that.

There must be a large number of them who are so glad to be living in a relatively happy country that they are more loyal to our government than is many an old-time American who takes this country and its liberties for granted. Another large number of our foreigners must be afraid to plot against our institutions even if they wanted to, and still another husky percentage of them must be just too dumb to plot against anything.

Keep professional agitators and members of subversive groups under strict surveillance—certainly. But why make citizenship or noncitizenship the criterion? Let's use some discretion. Our traditional hospitality to newcomers has been responsible for most of our growth as a great nation. Why toss it away?

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